

# LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

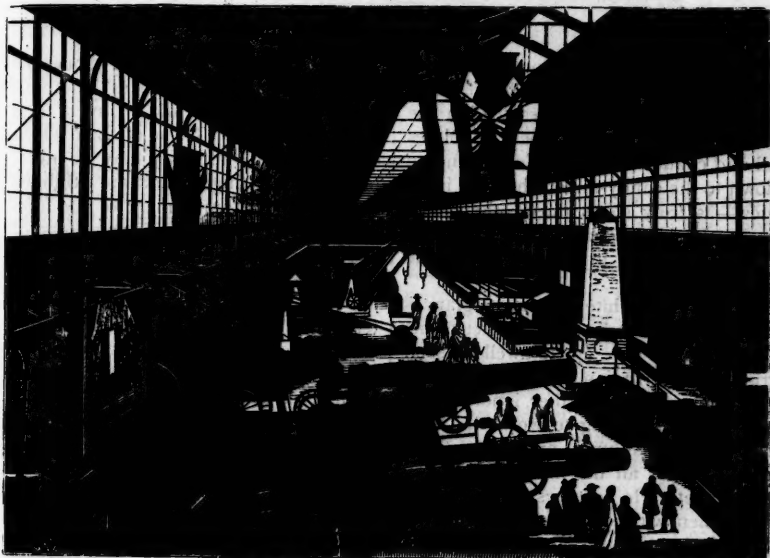
OF

POPULAR LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

SEPTEMBER, 1876.

THE CENTURY—ITS FRUITS AND ITS FESTIVAL.

IX.—THE HOUSE OF THE IRON HAND.



GENERAL VIEW OF INTERIOR OF MACHINERY HALL, FROM GALLERY NEAR KRUPP'S GUNS.

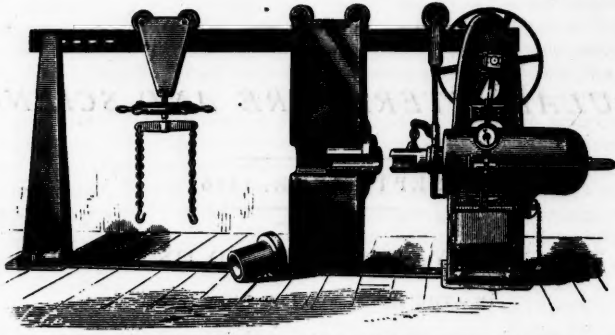
WE are confronted on the left of the principal entrance to the grounds by a shapely structure covering four times the space of St. Peter's, and ticketed, like a satchel or a Saratoga trunk, "50." This label of Machinery Hall is hardly distinct-

ive. It might be clapped on all lookers-on and on everything looked at, artificial or natural, since all are machinery, built up on system and working to fixed ends by fixed laws. The human machine, impelled by an internal motor that rests

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not day or night, looks around at those of iron without recognizing brotherhood. Nay, it calls them its creatures and makes them its slaves. Its action has brought theirs into play—checks, stops, renews

and accelerates it at pleasure. The machine conscious of this power and act of creation—and creation for a purpose—claims the possession of a will, and is by the latest philosophical advices credited



THE SELLERS HYDROSTATIC WHEEL-PRESS.

with the same. It separates itself, accordingly, from those which do not boast that attribute, and declines to don the common badge and number. Acolytes all and chattels, from the Corliss engine down to the candy-mixer, they are in its view—as truly so as those others, less easily classified as clearly having a will, which trot about in harness or wriggle in aquaria.

The cultured white man, as he glances above and around at this muster of his laborers, is as little apt to dwell on such truths as the Indian who makes fire by rubbing two sticks together, ignorant that he is therein setting to work the force which fills his lungs and his arteries and produces all the life there is upon the planet. He becomes more likely to recall them with each step down the nave toward the transept, for as he moves toward the great central motive-power he experiences a gradual increase of *heat*. This source of vitality is also, on a summer's day, one of discomfort, and ought as such to be eliminated; but it will not wholly down. He must accept the mighty familiar he has evoked, *cum onere*. A world of automata insists on breathing an atmosphere of its own.

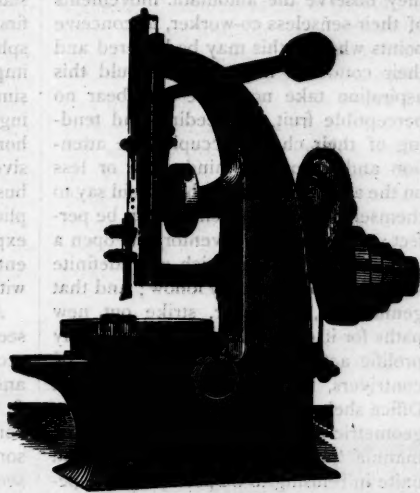
No part of the exposition more vividly illustrates the changes of the century

than this. Very few of the thousands of labor-saving contrivances before us are a hundred years old in even their rudimental form. Those of them which claim such an antiquity may be numbered on the fingers, and are exhibited mainly for the amusement of the antiquary. The Ephrata printing-press of 1745, on which the Declaration of Independence was "worked off," heads, and almost completes, the list, its nearest contemporary being the Pawtucket carding-machine of 1790, which was new within living memory, and dates from the same year that witnessed the introduction into England from Holland of the circular saw that gets out all our lumber and is so rapidly devouring our forests. The slide-rest for lathes came in a little earlier, but it was not till 1820 that the planing-machine, in its present form, appeared, to be followed seven years later by the first patent for a mortising-machine. These innovations concern only the working of wood, formerly the leading material, but now in so many uses superseded by iron. The hammer of the village blacksmith has grown into the steam-hammer, as tender as his lightest touch, and a thousand times mightier than his strongest blow. Cast iron, with its infinity of shapes, and appliances for

producing and combining them, is a material almost peculiar to the century. And thus we may speak of the whole tangle of tools which fills the building. In Memorial Hall everything is handiwork, for the æsthetic sense does not express itself by steam, and the chisel and the brush will doubtless be its implements thirty centuries hence, as they were thirty centuries ago. In the principal building, again, the hand and the machine help each other, art and utility combine, and the traits of the century are more marked. They show themselves, as we have said, pure and simple in the edifice we now traverse. The primeval hammer, which had since the creation only grown from a block of stone to a block of iron, and the hand-loom, as essentially unchanged since the dawn of recorded time, disappear utterly. If the former lingers at all, it is as the implement not of the workman proper, but of the cobbler, trimmer or finisher. It is an humble servitor to steam. For any semblance of a higher office it lags superfluous in machinery's first exclusive palace.

Though the tool may thus have grown to overshadow the workman, instead of being wielded by him with as short a lever as that between the brain and the hand, it is an unsound inference that the brain has ceased to act because it acts at a greater distance and through more complicated connections. Thought is here, vigorous and pervading—more of a first and less of a secondary cause, but still a cause. It is most apparent in the shaping of its means, the ends seeming to come mechanically of themselves. It operates through iron muscles of its own contrivance, to the discarding of those of blood and fibre. A century of the hard thinking of many lands is strung out before us in these aisles of iron—thinking indispensably needful to make such masses of dead matter instinct with life and motion. The study, the library and the laboratory have brought the abstract to bear upon the concrete, and translate it into new happiness and ease

for man. It is a *novum organon* compared to which that of Bacon was incoherent and resultless. Useful science we may doubt if he contemplated except



THE SELLERS' SLOTTING-MACHINE.

from afar; but this is still beyond that—the Science of the Useful. The hard-handed philosophers who stand in the shadow of their gigantic and many-sinewed offspring are all inductionists, and could teach the great chancellor, were he alive again, something in the application of his own processes. They have crept on from one conclusion and discovery to another, writing in wheel and lever the record of their progress, until they have learned to think in iron instead of words.

It is a hastily-formed if very common impression that the modern workman has become himself the slave of machinery, and that his faculties are blunted by being subordinated to the engines they have created. A needle-finisher or the attendant of a pin-sticking machine, out of work, is pointed to as being in his helplessness a peculiar and humiliating product of the age. Operatives who have little or nothing to do but watch from hour to hour the most monotonous movements of wheels and cams, become, we are told, miracles of stupefaction beyond

even the ploughman who spends a lifetime in contemplating the clod. But facts contradict this assumption. The duller of factory-people are apt, as they observe the automatic movements of their senseless co-worker, to conceive points wherein this may be bettered and their condition improved. Should this aspiration take no shape and bear no perceptible fruit, the feeding and tending of their charge occupies the attention and keeps the mind more or less on the alert. The more thoughtful say to themselves that no invention can be perfect; that the first inventor left open a path behind him in which an indefinite series of improvers may follow; and that genius can, moreover, strike out new paths for itself. Hence, the wonderfully prolific activity of both rank and file of contrivers, the crowding of the Patent Office shelves, and the multiplication in geometric progression of the products of manufacturing industry. Mind and hand unite in refusing to be paralyzed by specialism and cramped by their own creatures.

The paper-mill which figured in the indictment against Lord Say must have been a small affair—a bit of recreative byplay that served to amuse an English brook; the water loitering aside for a short interval to turn a rude wheel, and then resuming its meanders. Wind and water at that period, and for centuries after, left the horse and the ox practically man's sole co-laborers. It remained for our day to do almost everything that has ever been done in this direction, and to utilize heat as a source of power. Heat found its intermediary in water, as gravity had done before. It may employ other transmitting agencies, such as that of the atmosphere in the caloric engine, petroleum, gunpowder and gas, or it may act directly through the concentrated rays of the sun, as some of our enthusiastic engineers believe the motor of the near future is going to do. Examples of all these applications, and of the employment of electricity—another form of heat acting through the combustion of metals—are presented in the display before us.

So far, these challengers of the supremacy of steam are practically very modest in their pretensions. The Ericsson hot-air engine, which made so imposing a start twenty years ago, and moved a first-class ship, has vastly contracted its sphere, and now limits its efforts to the impulsion of small printing-presses and similar machines. For purposes requiring a power of not over four or five horses it continues to be quite extensively used; but as it yields the heavier business to an agent which is just as applicable to the smaller also, it cannot be expected to gain upon its rival. At present, it is rather falling to the rear, even within the limited field available to it.

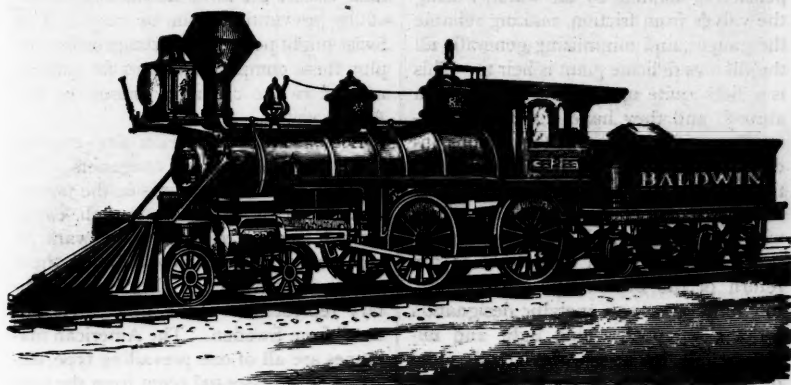
A German invention which may be seen at work in its own and the English section claims to have gained a firmer and broader footing. This is Langen & Otto's atmospheric gas-engine. It confines itself, however, like Mr. Ericsson's invention, to small tasks, and seems seldom to exert more than one horse-power. The fuel being gas, its range of locality is circumscribed by the facilities at hand for the supply of that requisite. It is extremely simple and compact in construction, and needs few repairs. But it must show heavier metal before venturing in line of battle against steam. The "gas-motor" engine moves by an explosion of gas in a much larger volume of air. This lifts the piston and at the same time produces a vacuum, incomplete of course. The pressure of the atmosphere, causing a down stroke, does the work, the contrivance thus occupying the stage of development in which the steam-engine stood under Newcomen.

A capacity of ten horses is attained by that which typifies the petroleum class, Brayton's hydro-carbon engine. In this a few drops of crude petroleum are burned at each stroke, mixed with twenty-four thousand volumes of air. To prevent accumulation of heat, and consequent weakening of the metal, the cylinder is surrounded by a jacket in which cold water circulates—a device the efficiency of which is sustained by an experience of fifteen months. The consumption is stated at one-tenth of a gallon of oil per



horse-power per hour. At this rate, the cost of fuel is fifty per cent. less than with steam, and the saving in bulk, in the case of marine service, a still greater consideration. Sixty tons of oil, against four hundred tons of coal, would carry a ship of six hundred horse-power across the Atlantic, leaving the more hazardous character of the fuel to be set against the saving in stowage-room. We do not learn, however, that the Brayton machine has yet ventured to sea or grappled with any undertaking above the stature of a small mill. Austria exhibits another engine similarly propelled; and when we add an electro-magnetic engine adapted

to sewing-machines, we have about exhausted the list of the rivals of steam. They are but motes in its light, flies upon its shaft. Its infinite range of adaptability is illustrated at the exposition by forms ranging from the semi-microscopic to the colossal, from the toy-engine to amuse a child to the monster that shakes roof and walls. In the class adapted to all work up to the heaviest one's attention will be arrested by the fine display of Wm. Sellers & Co., including their three-cylinder engine. The "Baxter," occupying, to the ordinary apprehension, the minimum of space in proportion to power, and condensed into the extreme



THE BALDWIN NARROW-GAUGE LOCOMOTIVE.

of simplicity of parts, pervades the hall and the grounds, the government using three of them, the Nevada ore-mill one, and the glass-factory one, in addition to those found, active or at rest, in their appropriate habitat. It would have been well to place by the side of the Baxter, and its compeer the Hoskins, the French balloon-engine, weighing but two hundred pounds to the horse-power. The uses which demand the ultimatum of compression in bulk are, however, comparatively so exceptional as to lessen the attention bestowed upon that point. Coal or wood, water and space, are abundant enough on this continent as yet to render unlikely the speedy substitution for the sweat of the American brow of a phial of acid, a pocket flask

of petroleum, or a balloon of gas that will carry itself and help to carry him its labors for.

The circumstance that the ordinary fuels are scarcer and higher on the continent of Europe than in the United States joins with its distance from the point of exhibition to explain the predominance in its sections of these small succedanea to steam. But it does not account for the fact that the handsomest large engine shown there—a Corliss in the Belgian division—is of American build. It may be hoped that the exposition will give this class of exports a more prominent place in our commercial returns. England does not appear to have built largely upon its anticipated influence in that respect in her own favor,

the American market for such articles having been long lost to her, and that of the Continent inviting her attention in an opposite direction. She exhibits a traveling steam-crane, a pair of inclined marine engines, a heavy sugar-cane mill by Mirrless, Tait & Co. of Glasgow, old-fashioned but business-looking, and some boring and pumping engines. Sweden shows a marine engine of one hundred horse-power, heavy by the side of Cramp's compact machine of double the efficiency.

Endless is the display of contrivances for perfecting the appurtenances of the steam-engine—for saving heat, relieving the boiler from substances held in suspension or solution by the water, freeing the valves from friction, making reliable the gauges, and minimizing generally all the ills this delicate giant is heir to. This is a field quite open to our friends from abroad, and they have not been backward in entering it. All the nations indulge largely in steam fixtures and fittings. The German, French, English and Russian sections bristle and glitter with them in iron, steel and brass, copper and composition suggestive of the return of the bronze age. Aluminum, too, hints at a new metallic designation for a new epoch—that light and unchangeable, but as yet, alas! costly child of the half century, being hailed by some engineers as the rising sun of metallurgy. If so, it rather lingers on the horizon, its white light being barely perceptible in the ruddy blaze of the copper family. French taste turns into a decoration Léon & Guichard's exhaustive variety of gauges, and their hand is capped by Schäffer & Budenberg's additions, under the black and gold flag, to the gauges, governors, cocks and other minor furniture steam demands for making itself comfortable and compliant. What excuse these and the American appliances can leave it for explosions or any other symptoms of the refractory, one is at a loss to imagine, especially after inspection of the ample, anxious and painstaking provision made by Armstrong and others for filtering its feed-water and presenting that aliment in a form thoroughly prepared for healthy digestion and assimilation. The Arm-

strong appendix takes the lime-charged water of the upper Mississippi Valley and the dilute mud of the lower, heats it, sifts it through sand and cloth, and delivers it to the boiler pellucid as when it first left the womb of the mountain, innocent of all taint of earth. At least, this and other similar attachments claim to do so; and formidable masses of silicates and carbonates extracted from boilers which knew not Armstrong and his fellows are paraded before the appalled traveler in evidence of the fearful peril of neglecting such precautions. Lithotomy is a difficult operation in the case of boilers, and the calculi which infest their viscera are more satisfactorily treated by prevention than by cure. The Swiss might perhaps advantageously employ these complicated filters for putting an end to the cretinism caused by the Alpine waters.

Locomotives and steam fire-engines outshow their stationary congeners. The absence of foreign engines in the former class is to be regretted, though easily enough accounted for by the want of commercial motive for exhibiting them to our railway-men. They have a solitary representative, the little "Nyhammer" from Sweden. The American machines are all of one prevailing type, differing in no essential point from the construction used for the past forty years by the great Baldwin Locomotive Works of Philadelphia. The only peculiar forms of engine known upon our roads, the grasshopper and camel-back engines of the Baltimore and Ohio Company, have lapsed into antiquity, and the iron horse varies as little in appearance and plan of construction as his predecessor of flesh. Within the past few years the introduction of steel rails and improvement in other respects of the permanent way have increased the speed of trains, and it seems impossible that the enormous friction of two-foot "bogies" wheels and five-foot drivers should much longer be submitted to: the seven-foot tires exhibited by the French and Germans sufficiently express the European conclusion on this point. It is certainly singular that an interest in which the Union

leads the world should be so barren of new ideas or striking adaptations of old ones, and this while in at least one point—the waste which scatters over fields and passengers eleven per cent. of the fuel un-

consumed—the call for reform is clear to a tyro. Fire-engines, another American specialty, are arriving at a like fixity of working model, loaded as they are with variety of ornamentation run mad. Their



VIEW OF HYDRAULIC BASIN.

glitter makes gorgeous the sober court of Tubal Cain, and the corner which they particularly affect is absolutely dazzling. That region borders with a double fitness on the province of hydraulics, with which they are associated, and weaves interlacing jets and sheets of falling and rising water with their sheen of glass, silver and brass. Canada and Poland are our only competitors in the pomp of locomotive syringes. Warsaw sends a serviceable-looking engine designed for both steam and hand power, with seats for four men. It comes a long way, perchance to symbolize the fact that the fires of that stormy land are at length out, or at least reduced to manageability. A century ago its contributions, anything but antiphlogistic, were Kosciuszko and Pulaski.

Road-engines, of which at fitful intervals we hear so much, are almost undiscoverable. Fitts's is the only one con-

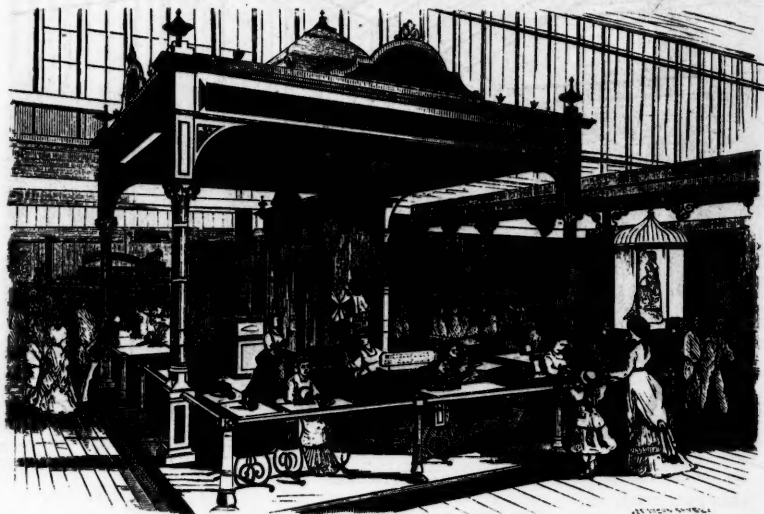
tributed from the United States. We need first the roads, and to that end a more gracious winter climate. Alternations of frost and thaw are hostile to a solid foundation for movable machinery.

Machines for driving water and machines driven by it are collected together in the annex which bears, with some confusion of terms; the title of "Hydraulic." Turbine-wheels and steam-pumps here jostle each other in endless variety, with bewildering disregard of character and object, nearly all of them obtrusively busy, and each claimed to be the best of its class and to utilize the highest percentage of power. In fact, however, there is no wide range of comparative efficiency among them, so few and simple and inelastic are the principles governing their action. A given area of steam-piston will raise a given volume of water to a given height, and a given diameter of turbine and head

of water will perform a fixed amount of service within very moderate limits. The might of Niagara, the dead capital of force that slumbers as yet unused in the great fall, may be measured to a dot, without much regard to whose patent is to transmit its energies—whether compressed air is to bear them a score of miles or a monster raceway lead them

halfway across New York. The Cornish pumps, a hundred years old, are still preferred by English miners. Of substantial novelty in the hydraulic department there is little.

The same general remark may be made of the other contents of Machinery Hall. That is, we do not perceive any commanding discovery of recent date that



VIEW OF SEWING-MACHINE SECTION.

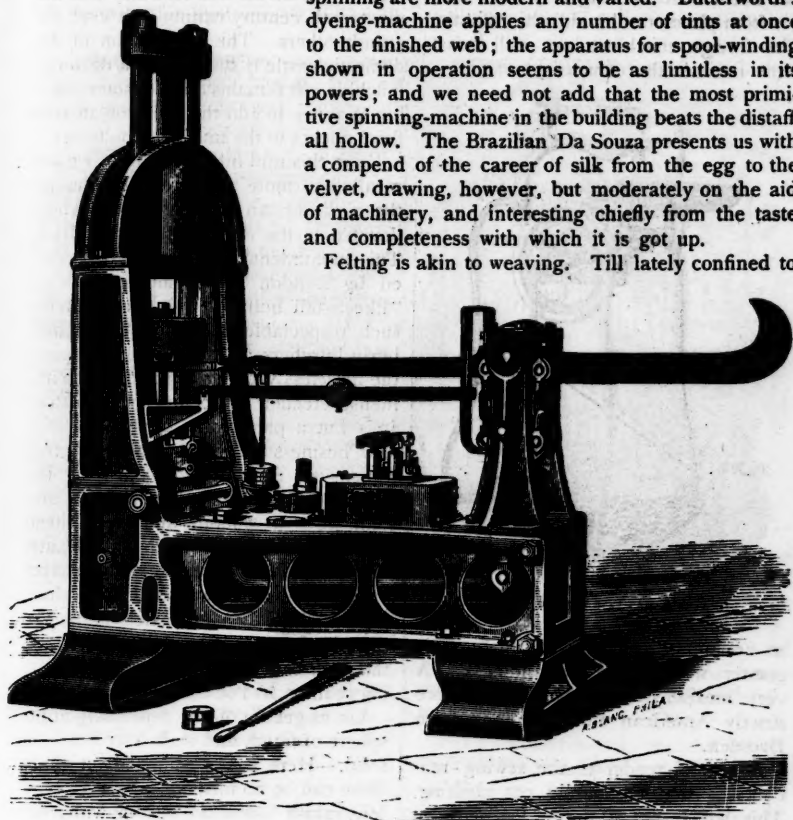
promises markedly to change or impel the current of industry in any of its channels. Very possibly some embryo innovations lurk among the crowd of contrivances and the whirl of activities that embody the mechanical progress of the day. Where thousands of searching minds and practiced fingers have hold of the problems of physics and their special adaptations, there must be results in every stage, from inchoate to complete. Many such germs may lie around us, unnoticed and unknown, to develop within the next decade or half decade into something the greatness of which we shall chide ourselves for not having detected in the bud. But the common eye must for the present be content in its blindness, and yield to the impressions that here reach it. It sees mechanical advance moving with the broad and

steady wash of the tide, and not with the leap of the freshet.

Here are Jacquard and Arkwright in no end of flounces and furbelows, put through paces and poses astonishing and charming, but the same beings at bottom. From the heavy job of carpet-weaving and the humbler employment of making a fraudulent but specious woof out of shoddy, to the lighter pastime of multiplying initialed badges, bookmarks and suspenders, they are exhibited at work. The pre-historic shuttle is used throughout, unless we may credit Mr. Dorman with having broken its sceptre by his patent of last year for weaving without shuttles. He certainly does weave without shuttles, and it may very well be a mere fancy of ours that his loom has a jerky and halting motion discouraging to hopes of a long life and a brilliant career. All that

can be positively alleged is that he is as yet in the minority, like Galileo, and that the ancient little block manifests not the least symptom of failing in the tireless revolution it has kept up since fig-leaves went out. Its adjuncts for dyeing and spinning are more modern and varied. Butterworth's dyeing-machine applies any number of tints at once to the finished web; the apparatus for spool-winding shown in operation seems to be as limitless in its powers; and we need not add that the most primitive spinning-machine in the building beats the distaff all hollow. The Brazilian Da Souza presents us with a compend of the career of silk from the egg to the velvet, drawing, however, but moderately on the aid of machinery, and interesting chiefly from the taste and completeness with which it is got up.

Felting is akin to weaving. Till lately confined to



RIEHLÉ BROTHERS' UPRIGHT TESTING-MACHINE.

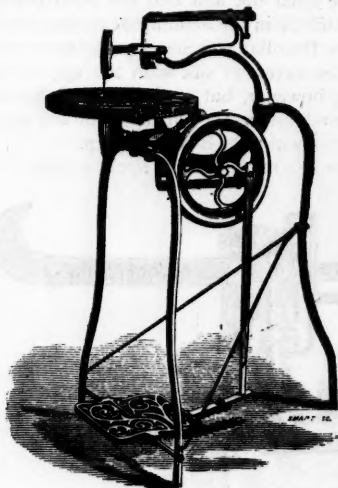
the thatching of the human cranium, it has extended to the roof above it. To such components as wool and vegetable fibres it now adds a mineral. Asbestos roofing is the latest form, and cheapness will soon make it popular for a certain class of buildings. The English exhibit a solid-looking roofing-felt at one penny a square foot.

The shaping and fitting of cloths has gained more in rapidity than the weaving. The sewing-machine, not a generation old, has passed from the list of novelties. Youthful and gay enough,

however, is the parade of pavilions and upholstery with which it enlivens a long extent of one of the aisles. England, Germany, Austria, France and Belgium step as defiantly to the front in this muster as though it were entirely of their own origination and America were only an eleventh-hour accession to the line. Their machines are all based on the Howe invention, and are essentially American, unless we concede the equivocally-worded claim of a Belgian exhibitor, that his is the "only one that infringes no American patent." He cer-



tainly disposes by this declaration of the pretensions of his European fellows; and as for his own, sound or not sound, it has not the air of being in serious danger from piracy on this side the Atlantic. The foreign machines can still boast some merit in the comparison of cost—



BEACH'S PARLOR SCROLL-SAW.

an advantage counterbalanced by their greater weight and unwieldiness. A very inexpensive machine on a more strictly American model comes from Dresden.

A natural tender to the sewing-machine is that for cutting out clothing. This whirls out a dozen garments at once, *en bloc*, and completes the degradation of Snip from an artist to an ordinary manufacturer. Our grandmothers have shared his fate, and been similarly disrated. The knitting-needle is snatched from their venerable fingers, stuck perpendicularly into a disk, and set rotating to the tune of nobody can venture to say how many stockings, nubias and antimacassars per diem. There is a certain pathos in the aspect of the feminine crowds gathered about this most irrelevant of revolutionists. Their minds are busied with memories of the past, of the winter-evening fireside, of the calm flow of wise saws and modern instances broken

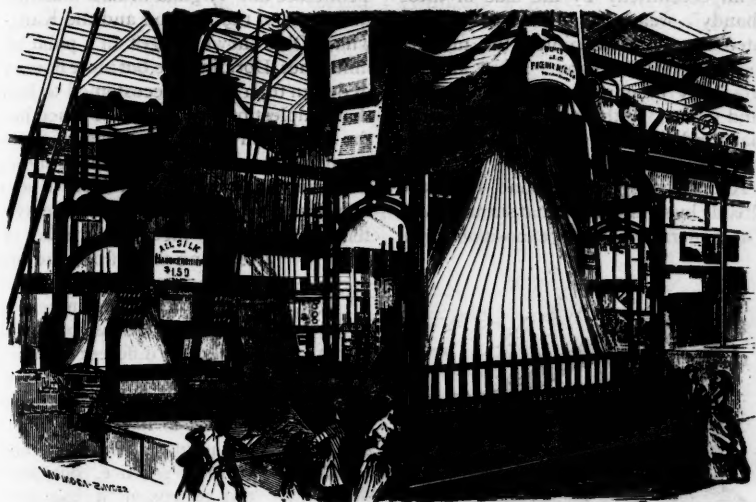
only by pauses to count stitches or to cast a super-spectacle look at the performance of the present students of machinery on their stools across the hearth. But the nineteenth century cannot wait even for grandmothers. The last bastion of the domestic castle is stormed by a darning-machine. It remains only for some coming Wagner to add the chirp of an artificial cricket to the music of the future.

From this raid into the interior we are recalled to more ponderous themes by the sight of an immense iron wheel devoted to the drying of paper collars. This monument to sham, like that reared by London to religious animosity, "like a tall bully lifts its head" above such respectable, laborious, useful and burly burghers as Morris's blast-engine, the noiseless Weimer engine and the immense erection for compressing cotton. It is but a part of the appliances of a new business that has spread into great dimensions and brought most of the American people within its yoke and manacle—a smooth and hypocritical tyrant that enslaves youth and beauty. But these fashions exhaust themselves by excess. Soon we shall have sham paper collars, then enameled skins, and then the costume of Vortigern's Pict, and the fever called buttoning and unbuttoning shall be, as Poe craved, ended at last.

Let us get out of this depressing atmosphere of fraud, and seek once more the solid. Here is something about which there can be no mistake. It is a "long, low, rakish" structure of iron, with a pile of clay and a Teuton, to outward seeming almost as argillaceous, at one end, and a pile of bricks, with a similarly-decorated duplicate of Hans aforesaid, at the other. This comes all the way from Germany, and exemplifies one of the means by which Berlin has been built up, Von Moltke illustrating the other. Performing its task partially by hand, the German falls behind the American brick-machines—those exhibited by Chambers, Lafler and others, for instance—which use steam or horse-power throughout. This building-material is amply displayed. Not so with artificial stone, the existence of which new form of concrete

would hardly be apprehended from anything to be found in the hall. Among other machines for working metal, stone and wood, the profusion makes it difficult to select for mention. The United

States alone have two hundred and forty entries under this head, most of them tested by experience. On the list appear stone-dressing machines from New York, Rutland (Vermont), and Philadel-



VIEW OF LOOMS.

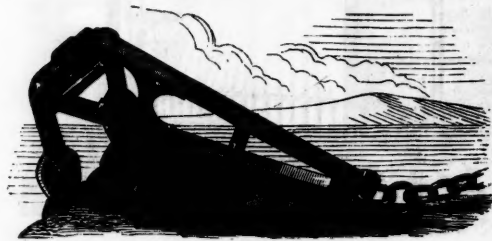
phia, that of Batley & Co. being adaptable to many forms of moulding. England exhibits one. Stamps for imitation stone in sheet-iron and zinc are prominent. But there can be few more important means of extending the use of iron than simple and convenient apparatus for testing its strength. Some of the visitors of Machinery Hall are usually grouped around the Upright Testing-machine of Riehle Brothers of Philadelphia. The enormous force exerted (the firm make the machine of a million tons' capacity if called for), and the accuracy with which it is determined to a pound, are sources of wonder to the uninitiated and of admiration to professionals. A compound parallel crane beam, multiplying lever and hydraulic jack and pump are compacted into a small space, yet abundantly large to measure the strength of iron, stone or other material in any way, by crushing or bending. Every one who trusts himself to a railway bridge is concerned in this form of insurance to life

and limb. A parlor scroll-saw, an instructive and useful little machine, as well as a profitable source of amusement, is exhibited by H. L. Beach of Montrose, Pa.

In this connection it is impossible not to notice the iron, tools and machinery from Russia. Like the display of the same nation elsewhere, this evidence of her advance in manufactures, and of their very thorough character, is in the highest degree striking. The empire clearly possesses a population of intelligent, ambitious and trained artisans, and not merely hordes of dull peasants. The extension of her power eastward over Central Asia, backed by such attainments in the higher industries, is in the interest of civilization, and we can contemplate it with a satisfaction not destroyed by the hints here added of her command of the arts of war in her breech-loading brass siege-guns, iron-limbered field-pieces, mountain-batteries for transportation on horseback, naval artillery,

etc. The enormous Krupp gun of Prussia, isolated by its size and constructed with wrought-iron reinforces shrunk on a central core after the Brooke model abandoned in the United States navy, is an eccentricity by the side of these "handy" weapons, and no way calculated to aid in explaining the military successes of Germany. After all, the prosperity of guns lies in the men behind them. Without a good backing of that kind they had as well been left in the ore.

And this suggests the mine, suggested already by so much else that surrounds us. The mineral part of the exposition might



WILLIAMS'S SELF-CANTING RELIANCE ANCHOR.

be called the department of subterranean agriculture—a science so much more progressive than its sub-aerial sister. The fruits of the under-world, many of them beautiful, though none edible, and all useful in one phase or other, from the crude to the perfected, fill the allotted space and overflow into a village of annexes and outlying edifices erected by the States and individuals. Hard by, under a roof of her own, Nevada has improvised a miniature Potosi, and is coining her silver soil before the eyes of the envious nations. A little farther off the invention of the Phœnician fishermen may be seen in practice, flint and soda dropping into entangling alliance under the powerful diplomacy of heat. Scattered through all the buildings, great and little, are groups and cabinets of minerals, while in Memorial Hall the supremely beautiful enshrines itself in the fairest product of the primal fires and waters—statuary marble.

Luxembourg erects in honor of Dis an

obelisk of ore, coal, and their offspring, malleable iron. Connellsville, a less historical community, tries conclusions with the debatable duchy in an array of the famous coking coal of the Monongahela. Tennessee and Virginia in turn illustrate the seams of the Holston and the Kanawha. Ohio shows her grit in a pillar of millstones, Doric in style, but more flowery in design than we are accustomed to find that simplest of the orders. France has the nearly native, yet new, metal of ferro-manganese, a combination of manganese, in proportions varying from thirty to seventy-five per cent., with iron. The system of combining metals in the act of

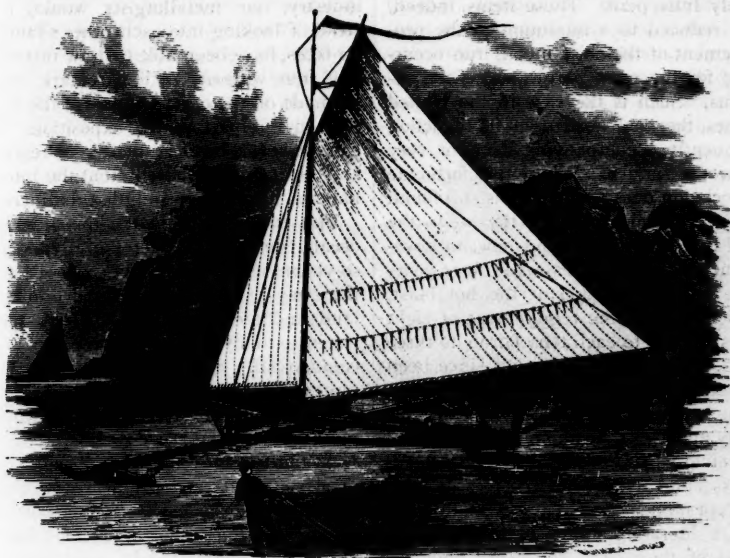
reducing them from the ore at the mine's mouth, as it were, is attracting increased attention. The union in the furnace of different qualities of iron ore, so as to unite toughness and strength in degrees demanded by different purposes, is an old and familiar practice, but, with this exception, it has been universally customary to separate the pure metals from

each other in the unions. Nature usually forms between them, and reproduce the alloys subsequently. Many of the new metals are found habitually in close association with the more common ones and with each other, and the difficulty of extracting them and using—or even preserving—them separately is a motive to the method of effecting a compound at once or utilizing one already made.

A large though very far from exhaustive exhibit is made of the present condition of the art of mining. The leading appliances for sinking, draining and ventilating mines, rock-drilling, coal-cutting, hoisting and shipping, are shown. England sends a powerful coal-cutter, and another, operated by compressed air, comes from Brazil, Indiana, in the block-coal district of the Wabash. The slow introduction of a metallic miner that has nothing to do with unions and strikes is rather surprising, but its very advantages in that respect probably militate against it as rendering it unpopular with those whom

it would supersede, and who cannot be wholly excluded, at first at least, from its control. Labor-saving machinery, as with the power-loom and the threshing-machine, often has a hard fight for existence in the open air, where its allies are at hand to aid it, and all favorable conditions can be made the most of; but its chances are much poorer when it has

to wage unequal battle below ground alone with its enemies, actually in their hands, and beyond even the eye of its friends. The introduction of the atmosphere by a compressing-engine ought to be strongly in its favor, as depriving its guardians of some of their pretexts for hostility. Against power rock-drills for opening tunnels they seem to have given



ICE-YACHT.

up the contest. These are employed everywhere, from Hellgate to the great tunnel through the Styrian Alps. Specimens of them abound here, with the vehicle for conveying force from the outside, and the detached bit, pointed with steel or iron, which eats its way into the living rock. These little sappers of the globe are prominent in the Canadian section. They are numerous, of course, in that of the United States. In striking contrast with them in point of size is a boring-machine from Belgium. Its suspended cataract, "that on the curve hangs pausing," of great drops and chisels, would seem planned to take Pluto by storm instead of sap, and pound an opening through the vault of his domain comparable in dimensions to

Symmes's Hole. It is an exaggeration of the California driven-well apparatus, which contemplates the resistance of earth only, and that for a moderate depth, and can in some of its sizes be carried out by a picnic party and brought home with the spoons in the evening.

Whatever the motor in mining, respiration is a necessity. Ventilation may be effected either by special means or by the blast-engines which torment the atmosphere in several parts of the hall. In this field we observe little novelty. Modern miners breathe better air, and more of it, than those of sixty years ago, and fire-damp explosions are less frequent; but the latter still occur, and the Davy lamp remains the best friend of

the toiler below. Nothing can be invented that will altogether obviate the danger from sporadic "pockets" of inflammable gas, and all precautions possible short of that may be said to have been taken to prevent loss of life in the extraction of mineral fuel. In mines of other kinds this risk is little known, and the labor and expense of raising the ore is complicated with comparatively little peril. Those items, indeed, are reduced to a minimum in the procurement of the chief metal, iron occurring for the most part in superficial deposits. Such is the case in the United States, the coal needed for its reduction frequently accompanying it on or very near the surface. Where this fortunate association does not exist, it is still found more economical to carry the ore to the fuel than the reverse; no new improvement duplicating that made forty years ago by the invention of the hot blast, which reduced the requirement of eight tons of coal to each ton of iron to three tons. The saving which has since been effected is comparatively small. The iron business, aided as it is by a fertility and vigilance among inventors not heretofore excelled, advances with steadiness and rapidity, but receives no such abrupt impulses. Great hits in the arts as in literature follow in their genesis laws of their own, and occur phenomenally, without regard to the activity or lethargy of the time in which they appear. Among the hundred and twelve thousand United States patents added between the first of January, 1867, and the first of February, 1876, very nearly trebling the number—sixty-one thousand—on record at the earlier date, it would be impossible to find one of the great discoveries which mark industrial epochs, such as the cotton-gin, chloroform or the electro-magnetic telegraph; although, judged by the mass, they evidenced unprecedented activity among inventors.

The United States, though prominent among mining countries, the yield of its mines reaching a yearly value of some four hundred millions of dollars, is not so in the proportion of five to one over

all the others combined, as its share of floor-room in the mechanical hall and its annexes would imply. England and her colonies largely excel us in annual income from this source, and Germany, France, Sweden, Spain and Russia produce out of all proportion to their allotment of space. Had it been possible for them to adequately illustrate their methods in so ponderous a branch of industry, our metallurgists would, instead of looking into each other's familiar faces, have been able to draw instruction from without. A like remark may be made on the other features of the display in this part of the exposition. It can, however, be only matter of regret, and not of astonishment, that the international idea is here so little prominent.

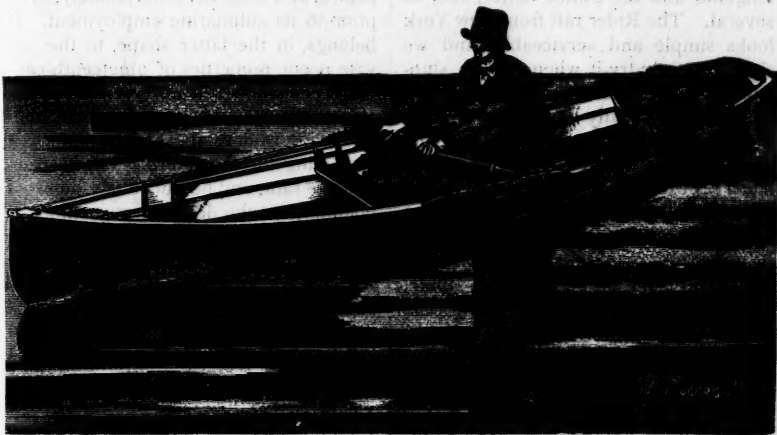
The transition from the mine to the ocean, from deep to deep literally, is not so violent as it would have been before the sway of iron extended beyond the land, and metal came to supersede timber in so many marine uses, military and commercial. Steamship shafts from the forges of this country, England, Germany, Sweden and Russia are the largest masses of malleable iron on exhibition. Next to them in weight are the segments of armor-plates, eight, nine or fourteen inches thick, the battered condition of some of which from the British dockyards, half penetrated by solid shot at thirty paces' range, proves that metal mightier still is kept afloat. A trophy of propellers from an American yard, dwindling vertically from that which sends the mail-clad ram into action to the busy little wheel of the harbor-tug, is additionally eloquent of the placing of modern navigation on a metallic basis. The anchor, formerly the one bulky appendage of iron to a ship, is scarce discernible among the rest; and we should leave the exhibition under the impression that Hope had found no new pattern for the prop which has allegorically sustained her through so many centuries but for our eyes resting suddenly on the "self-canting reliance anchor," exhibited by J. T. Williams of Philadelphia. It claims to have double strength, as holding by both flukes, to hold in any depth or at



any range, to be incapable of fouling or injuring a vessel's hull, to be lighter and more convenient in handling, with other advantages. That it is not too early to introduce improvements of some kind into the ground-tackle of ships is evident from the loss of seven hundred and forty-eight in two years from failure in that part of the equipment. A ship's anchor is as a house's foundation: it must be beyond suspicion, faithful and indubitable, by day and night, to stand on or to sleep on. Held by it, a ship rests on the floor of the sea, and in the instant that it fails her she changes into a mass of helpless drifting lumber, threatened with, and

threatening to others around, utter disintegration. After so many ages of bad holding-ground and bad ground-tackle of one sort and another, are we to hope that ships and men have found safe anchorage at last?

From the iron grapple, rising, we strike the iron hull. It has wellnigh ousted, for the long voyages that link the continents, the *robur et æs triplex*, although the brass or "composition" or copper remains there sometimes to take care of the iron and protect it from that chemical Lurlei, the nymph Oxygen, ever eager to drag it down, atom by atom, to her museum of spoils that have suffered a sea-change.



LYMAN'S BOAT WITH BOW-FACING ROWING-GEAR.

So insinuating are her fingers that the minutest crevice opens a pathway to destruction. A rivet, not loose, but only beginning to be loose, is opening enough for the powers of decay to commence action; and the bolts that hold the sheathing to iron or wood are so many weak points the enemy is ever watching. Hence the interest inspired in the nautical breast by a "new plan for planking and coppering iron ships," whereby these subtle inroads are shut out, no fastening passing through the skin of the part immersed. To a landsman's eye it looks intricate and unpractical, but to the salt and his shipwright it may be the acme of simplicity. Very few of us can carry a cool

judgment down to the keelson of a ship, and we must perforce leave such questions to the experts who possess that faculty. The passenger, in fact or in expectancy, shrinks from inquiring too curiously into them. The details of his castle-prison present to the scrutiny of his untutored eye so many weak points that he prefers closing it and taking his safety on trust at the tarry hands of the sea-dogs who watch the storm. It is not reassuring to see the billows dashing against the little disk of glass which constitutes your only link with the light of day, to finger the half inch of sheet iron that frames it and yourself, and to pick away the thin backing of soft wood

that serves no visible purpose but to prevent the crumpling up of the sheet iron at every thump of the sea. Still, if we must consider these surface perils, it is a relief to know that they are not aggravated by the eating away of rivets beneath. It is a further and more palpable comfort to dwell upon an ample outfit of life-rafts and such-like last resorts. And these it is more pleasant to contemplate at one's ease on dry land, hoisted on trestles where you can inspect them all round, and described in handbills rich with the utmost resources of the typographical art. Of these friends in need the two great maritime powers, England and the United States, offer us several. The Rider raft from New York looks simple and serviceable, and we shall certainly try it when we are shipwrecked if it be at hand. In these hot days it has actually the air of a luxury, like a great hydrostatic hammock, the long supporting tubes in their casing of cool gray canvas offer so pleasant a couch for rocking on the bosom of the deep and looking lazily through the spoon-drift for the rising of a new Aphrodite. Should the sun grow too warm even there, all we have to do is to roll over the side seal-fashion, and holding on by convenient loops to disport ourselves *ad lib.* Nor do we see why this contrivance should remain among the exclusive attractions of Old Ocean. Anchored in an inland pond, the head of the family might smoke the paternal pipe while the encircling youngsters hang in suspense from the edge, surrounding him with a glittering nimbus of paddling feet. Its aptness for certain ecclesiastical purposes is still more obvious. The officiating clergyman on a baptismal occasion could perform his duties dryshod. Distributing his postulants in the water, each floating from a rope-handle, he could pass around the gunwales, stooping to administer in succession to each head a bob and a benediction. But we apprehend the inventor never rose to the level of such applications of his idea. If so, he is welcome to the suggestion: we claim no compensatory share in his patent.

Other dangers than those inseparable

from the sea are considered in the exhibit, and considered from both sides, offensive and defensive. We walk among torpedoes—an article, by the way, rather oddly placed in "Aërial, Pneumatic and Water Transportation." Though in a certain sense designed for aërial and pneumatic transportation, we should have classed it in "Hoisting Apparatus." However, as has been before remarked, it is difficult, in so vast and heterogeneous a collection, to get everything into exactly its proper place. And then torpedoes are new. They belong to the beauties of modern civilization. Shakespeare was the first who was able to make a simile out of the petard, and even he, unfortunately, lived prior to its submarine employment. It belongs, in the latter shape, to the private poetic properties of nineteenth-century versifiers. It is not yet fully available to them, nothing but its perfectibility having been established, its perfection remaining for the future. The torpedo and the ram, and not the fifteen-hundred pounder, are the destined tormentors of the iron-clad, even as the sword-fish and the thresher are the worst foes of the whale. Naval battles are not going to be decided by a gun which can be fired but once in half an hour, with the chances ten to one against its striking the mark then, or piercing it if struck. The sloping surface of the circular turret or the tortoise-like casemate is practically protection enough against a few large guns; and large guns must always be few. Not so with torpedoes, stationary and automatic or locomotive and manned. The forms of these are numerous, and all are more or less efficient, all being at the same time cheap and comparatively easy to improvise. Sweden sends hither a model of a torpedo-boat, and there are several others in the hall, independently of the much more complete display in the U. S. Government Building. Not that a complete display of these Pandora secrets is to be found anywhere. All the governments reserve something *quoad* the torpedo. They sit around the green board of the sea engaged in a particularly quiet game of brag—which lessens the wonder that one of our leading dip-

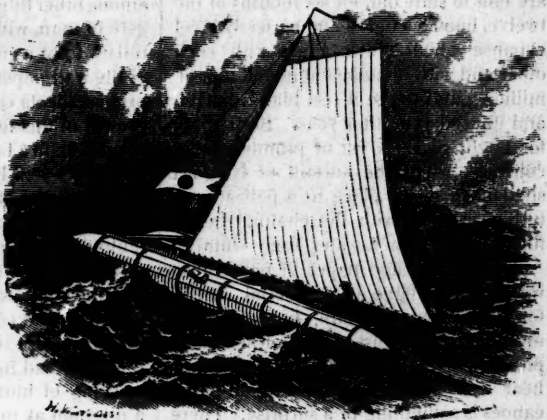
lomat should have distinguished himself in poker.

On the defensive side of the gunpowder debate we observe, among an array of armor-plates of steel and iron, a model of a vessel with sloping iron sides supported by powerful springs. The shot strikes the fender, which yields and is sent back to its place as if nothing had happened, ready for the next half-ton missile that may come against the spring from the bosom of yon dropping cloud. This is a home device, but not altogether novel abroad. England has tried everything in the way of ship-armor. She sends now a model of her turret-ram Alexandra, the pink of what in old days were called her wooden walls. Like its predecessors, several of which have sunk in the most inexcusable way, while none have ever won a battle, this latest of her iron-clads must be set down as another costly experiment. A torpedo-fancier might

apply to the best of them the comment of The Chicken on Mr. Dombey—that he was “a rum-looking cove, but he thought it was within the resources of science to double him up by a blow judiciously planted below the waistcoat.”

Great Britain sends better things of a more pacific character in the way of shipping. She and her daughter the Dominion are strong in models of dry-docks, ships and their parts, the latter not forgetting her local canoe of birch-bark and ash. The United States is more closely pushed by their exhibition in this department than by all the rivalry excited in any of the others. Where lies the victory it rests with the judges to say, or perhaps not even with them, the spirits of the storm forming the bench of ultimate appeal. What is certain is the extreme beauty of the forms which spread their mimic wings or their real oars on

the boards of our builders. All craft appear there, from the racing-shell to the trans-Pacific steamer. An interesting novelty is a rowing-gear which reverses the old position of the oarsman and sets him with his face in the way he should go. It is a very simple combination of levers, invented by W. Lyman, and has other advantages besides the chief one. The bow, for instance, is raised instead of lowered by the stroke, there is no



THE RIDER LIFE-RAFT.

noise, no catching of crabs, and no danger of stumbling into the water or through the bottom of the boat over rowlocks or thole-pins.

If the old adage of the shipyard, that the prettiest model is the best model, holds good in the days when anti-æsthetic steam has dethroned the clipper, then ours is the foremost position. The three-masted schooner, which the high price of labor has made the specialty of the American commercial navy, is not so beautiful as the clipper, but shows well afloat by the side of the square-rigged ships of half its tonnage sent to our ports by the minor trading powers of Europe. The contrast is that of a giant in the gristle to a dwarfed adult. Could the ice-yacht, of which a full-grown and richly-dight specimen is contributed by one of the merchant-princely house of Grinnell, be credited among our craft as more than

a toy, it would lift them above all competitors. But it is as strictly local as the balsa of Lake Titicaca. Ice, in fields thick, smooth, broad and long, is one of its demands, but not all. There must be no coating of snow. Thus it is that the ice-boat confines itself to the reaches of the middle Hudson, and has seldom been able to exhibit its marvelous speed elsewhere. The utilizing of the great lakes as winter highways is a problem yet to be solved. Six or eight first-rate cities are fain to stare out, for six months of the twelve, upon a smooth and perfectly-level expanse which unites them with each other and with an adjacent population of millions, and to see it rest blank, barren and unused year after year. So it may, for aught there is yet of promise to the contrary, when the curtain of Niagara shall have given place to a palisade of turbine-wheels, with the channel below filled only by back-water from Ontario.

A few years ago paper or paper fibre was in great vogue as a material, chiefly for decorative furniture, but often for more substantial uses. Japanese example gave it a fresh impulse, but we now hear less of it, and to come upon paper canoes is something of a surprise. There they are, however, light as paper pellets of the brain, and weighing fewer pounds per passenger than we care to quote. It is improbable that the canoe stage will be passed, much less that paper, great as have been its services to navigation, will ever float us across the Atlantic. Financiers, journalists, bookmakers, and those other paper-stainers who enlighten us in the extreme north-western corner of the hall with the spectacle of a machine solemnly grinding out colored hangings with a facility and mathematical precision that would make the fortune of a penny-a-liner or a popular poet, will keep the price of it above that of timber and iron, and prevent its extensive use in ship-building. That they are providing plenty of use for it is proved by the long rows of presses and other printing appliances, from Hoe's first of the American lightning machines to MacKellar, Smiths & Jordan's elaborate apparatus for casting and finishing type, which, headed by the wall-paper

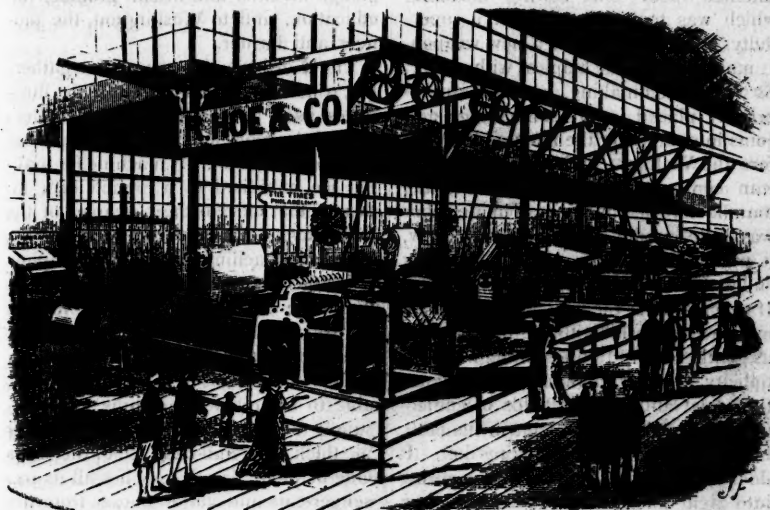
establishment, stretch along the north side of the building. These are all modern, sharply distinct from last century's tools of the art preservative, and throwing Faust and Franklin back into contemporaneous antiquity. The lever and cheese-press which served the Caxtons, the Aldi, the Elzevirs, the Tonsons and the Woodfalls, and squeezed into immortality the brain-products of three mighty centuries, have disappeared for ever. In place of them, iron complications which among other things imitate exactly the fingers of man, with fifty times his strength, roll off from a continuous ribbon like that of the wall-paper machine three hundred printed sheets each minute. The undergrowth of this forest of intellectual giants bristles up in a tangled maze of job, proof, engravers' and lithographic presses, with, below them yet, a turf of tertiary contrivances ancillary to the great trade of multiplying words. All are, or may be, driven by steam. Only the compositor and the composer are still irreducible to cylinders and eccentrics. The former of these has repeatedly been menaced with that fate, and in the opinion of some the working of him by a piano keyboard is a question at most of years, perhaps but of months. And then—the other man? Himself a vapor, in perpetual process of exhalation, how chemically trivial the additional step of replacing him with steam! Is the globe to be blanketed in a fog of literature wherethrough shall be discernible but two figures—the publisher and the stoker?

Such apprehensions oppress us as we stand before a platform covered with a maze of machinery—an iron despotism tempered very slightly by female influence, the young lady who stands by having but little to do, being in fact but a fair *etcetera*. A sheet of white paper lies upon a metallic plateau we may call the council-board. Motion commences: the sheet runs into one opening, disappears, and comes out printed. Before we have time to glance over it and catch its leading ideas, pop! it sinks into the clutch of certain fingers that grope around for prey like those of Victor Hugo's cuttlefish. When we next see



it, it is folded in pamphlet shape, ready to traverse the mails in search of the independent voter and tell him which candidate for the Presidency is the real Simon Pure who is to herald the Millennium. We reach forth to take it up, but it once more quickly eludes our grasp, for it must

hurry to be stitched and keep out of the way of a long succession of brother broadsheets impatient for the same attention. That done, it is not yet complete, but twists and dives into various recesses to be pasted, covered and trimmed, emerging finally a finished brochure, ready for



HOE'S PRINTING-PRESS EXHIBIT.

the hand and the perusal of the daintiest of "sovereigns."

Art as well as literature slides into the omnivorous maw of machinery. Light joins forces with steam, and translates the ray into printer's ink while we stand and look on. France has photo-lithography in full operation. Colors she cannot as yet catch in that way, but mechanism is called to the aid of the chromo-lithographic process, which dissects a picture into its several tints as an anatomist does the layers of tissue, spreads them out and recombines them in thousands of copies so deftly that the original creator would for the moment be puzzled to distinguish his own work. This method, so suggestive of that Alston fabled in his *Fire-King*, we come upon also in the American section, where the successive courses that build up color-masonry are spread out before us flat and raw. At first thought, the passing of ge-

nius through this ignoble alembic does not leave a pleasant impression, but when we reflect that mechanism, whether in iron or a worsted jacket, is but mechanism, and needs something to copy, and calls for more the more it gets, we realize that origination thought is led into wider activities and dominion by these its busy heralds and missionaries. Wider, we say: higher, we do not venture to add; for the chromo level of art, like the patient folding-machine level of literature, is as yet rather broad than elevated. It has to spread over the masses before it begins to rise.

Reference to woman as an ally of machinery is unavoidable to the observer here. On the heavy side of the arena, where beams of many tons are brandished aloft, cannon cluster, vast cotton-presses, tilt-hammers and sugar-mills collect their forces, and steam vehemently hisses its protest against fet-



ters, she does not prevail. Nor do we see much of her among the pumps, save as a spectator and a fugitive from heat. But where enginery assumes dimensions and shapes that do not exclude her, she is as sure to take root as the fern in the crevice or the saxifrage on the lichen-softened rock. The sewing-machine, which was to have made her a superfluity, has proved to her a new weapon. It may be said to be helpless without her. So with watchmaking, which is appropriately placed in the same range and joins in continuing the female line. Before the Waltham and its fellow-American companies applied power to the manufacture of timepieces female labor was little employed upon them. Now, it predominates over male, if we may judge from the aspect of the pavilion. If we cross over the way, we find female influence powerful with the press. And its gentle current trickles through a multiplicity of other channels. It irrigates the sweet and smiling fields of confectionery, and bonbons bloom in its path, bright, succulent and smoking hot. It deviates into soap, and your initials spring into sight on aromatic cakes as when written on the sod in crocuses. Then it meanders with the shuttle along the many-tinted web, and gives us the carpet we tread on, the cloth we wear and the ribbon we return as a feeble tribute to its maker.

Here, on the north-western aisle, wells up music of another guess kind and from a widely-different source, the only articulate music these wooden rafters re-echo. It is genuine negro minstrelsy, free from any adulteration of burnt cork, and voices tender memories of the coon-hunt, the old folks at home, 'possum fat, the ter-rapin, and other bright spots in "quarter" life. The warblers are engaged the while in fabricating Virginia chewing and smoking tobacco. The Old Dominion, unfortunately, puts in no other appearance at the exposition. She laps herself, perchance, in the notion that the mighty shades who gave the country its political impulse, and whose informing force may be said to speak in all the rich fruitage of free institutions, are ex-

hibit enough for her. They are a brilliant contribution, yet one that would have been all the more so accompanied by the more tangible offerings she could so abundantly have made. We should have liked to see her do honor on this spot to Jefferson, the natural philosopher, plough-inventor and ardent promoter of education, and to Washington, the pioneer and farmer.

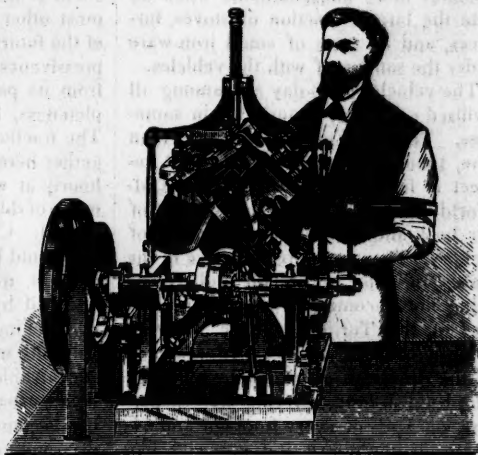
The Northern industry of ice-gathering, a new one on its present scale, illustrates itself more silently by a collection of the tools and structures used for the frozen harvest. A machine for making ice, exhibited by a French firm, indicates that our Northern reapers of the frost have new customers to gather in. These ice-machines are not only employed on the Continent, but in some seasons they have been found profitable in New Orleans. The great reduction in rates of toll to which our leading railways have lately found themselves constrained and able to submit, will ere long cause the supply of the interior and South with the thick, solid and clear ice of the lakes. One of them already supplies all its passenger-cars and station-houses from that source, transporting it five or six hundred miles at times when traffic is dull and trains run empty. This new glacial epoch, with its southward drift like that of the old one, has but commenced. Congealed Superior will again flow to the Gulf.

In a special abiding-place of its own, most capacious, yet in this swarm of vast things secluded and easy to pass without notice, leather covers an acre, far less than a single hide in Domesday Book and the *Æneid*, and yet containing many hides, of rhinoceros and kid, ox and alligator. One should make a point of viewing this rich yet cool, glittering but sober, shrine of the oldest of all materials. The display has a homogeneity and a unity of motive and effect not characteristic of either of the two great buildings under whose shadow it rests. Shoes, harness, cushions, gloves and the like are particularly arrangeable objects. Neatness is one of their strong points. They nestle naturally into showcases of

moderate dimensions and harmonious style, and in the larger forms they drape the walls gracefully for a background. They breathe, moreover, when new, a pleasant perfume. Morocco appeals pleasantly to two of our senses, and the kid glove, laced and embroidered, to all our sentiment. We refuse to be disenchanted by the reflection that other three letters, naming a very different animal, might in many instances more truly state the origin of the dainty "hand-shoe" that encases the *summun bonum* of the average young man. In less romantic and luxurious leather there is less possibility of counterfeit, close as the fabricators of oil-cloth come to the original, and we are assisted in the identification by the uncut specimens of the tanner's art which festoon certain non-obtrusive nooks. Among these, the familiar cylindrical tail of *Mus rattus* will be sought in vain. All adaptations of leather have their interest in connection with manners and history. The boot that slumps through the snows of Siberia, and the slipper that shuffles across the sands of Syria; the satchel telling of the charms of independence, and the Saratoga that chains one to the heel of the baggage-smasher; the saddle of the Plains, the "meet" and the charge; the white pantoufles that "like little mice steal in and out," and the thick-soled Oxford devoted to the breezy constitutional; the trappings of the moonlight sleigh, and the dromedary, the London beer-dray and the reindeer;—all are full of suggestive associations, and before we reach the opposite end of the annex we are half ready to accept the position of the cobbler-engineer, that there is nothing like leather.

The exhibit of shoes possesses an ethnic value. Each nation unconsciously exposes the shape and size of its foot, male and female. From this ordeal, with due deference to the five great pow-

ers, it must be claimed that America emerges with flying colors. A Frenchman might object possibly that what we see in the United States cases is not the form or dimensions of the foot, but of the last, and that a sequel of corns remains unexpressed, though not unpressed. But here arises a high moral question. Is not the sacrifice made to appearances by our sufferers under tight boots a touching tribute to the beautiful, and the evidence of an æsthetic sense that is strong



MACKELLAR, SMITHS & JORDAN'S TYPE-CASTING MACHINE.

enough to face martyrdom? And may we not claim that the limping victims of this lofty struggle reflect some part of their dear-won glory upon their countrymen at large?

The leather show is, we dare say, as full as any ever got together. Little can be thought of to make it more so, unless we call for the antiquities of the trade. These, committed to the keeping of a perishable material, could not be numerous, but the buff-coat of an Ironsides, a "targe of tough bull's hide" from Falkirk, gilt hangings from the Alhambra, or a pair of pre-historic sandals from the bogs of Ireland or Northumberland, would have heightened the effect.

It is not clear to our mind why vehicles should have been so widely separated by the Commission from leather, or what

closer connection machinery has with the latter than with carriages. We take the liberty of bringing them together. It is within the memory of most of us that not only the covering and lining, but the springs, of carriages were made of leather. Such is partly the case still, and wholly the case with harness. The horse, too, we need not add, wears his own private coat of the untanned article, in addition to that of his deceased relative in a more elaborated state. The severance becomes more unaccountable when we note the large collection of stoves, furnaces, and all sorts of small iron-ware under the same roof with the vehicles.

The vehicles of to-day are, among all civilized countries, remarkable in sameness. Those of Europe are heavier than ours, though the difference in that respect is less than in 1851. The Old-World builders have taken a leaf out of our book and timber from our forests of hickory. They are more excursive in the matter of color, vermilion and yellow being not uncommon, with, as in samples of the Turin cab, pure white—a color, if color it can be called, matched on the American side only by a hearse. The English drag, carrying sixteen persons on seats of every frontage and every grade of privacy and publicity, like the seats of a drawing-room, is a sociable affair. It is the ghost, more slender and spiritual, of the departed mail-coach, and will serve to keep that institution, made classic by Smollett, Scott, North and Dickens, before the eyes of a rail-borne and cinder-blinded generation. It is nothing like unkindness that impels us to remark on a circumstance that is hardly more striking among the carriages than among the other points of the British display, distinguished as that is by splendor, variety, careful selection and distinct explanation in all departments. We allude to the frequency of such painted and emblazoned demands upon the observer's admiration as *So-and-So* "to Her Majesty," "to the Nobility," etc. This sort of thing does not obtrude itself in the other monarchical sections. Prussia has something of it, but in no similar degree. An analysis of the symptom is

tempting. Enough to say that it does not portend the speedy triumph of Mr. Bradlaugh's republic, and that the average Englishman as "dearly loves a lord" as when he allowed the barons of the Roses to take him up by the heels and beat each other over the heads with him for sixty years, what was left of him remaining at the end of the entertainment as ultra-dutiful as ever to what was left of them.

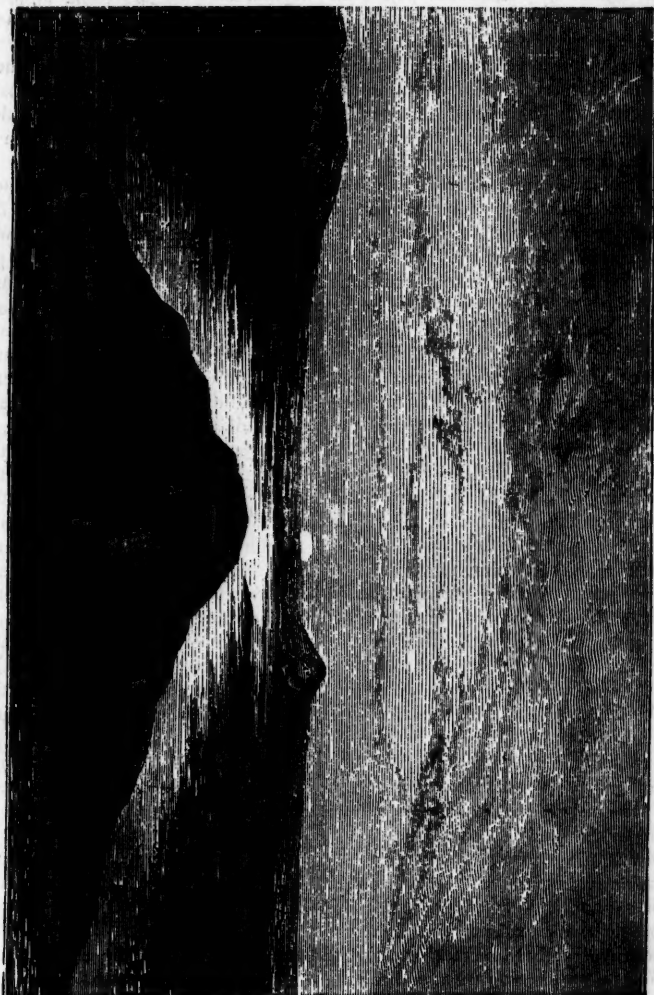
What we see of the advance and position of mechanism is assuring, beyond most other spectacles in the great show, of the future of civilization. And its impressiveness in that regard is the greater from its palpable and necessary incompleteness, in degree and in aggregate. The fraction possible to be brought together here of the machinery daily and hourly at work in supplying the regular needs of this country and Europe is trifling indeed. Could it be all shown together, we should be astounded at the capital of thought, treasure and prolonged labor invested by the people of Christendom in machinery. What has thus been so painfully won cannot be lightly lost. No conceivable disturbance or rapid series of disturbances can overthrow it all. It has become a part of the life of four hundred millions of souls, and is constantly becoming more intimately and controllingly so as their numbers increase. It has erected a republic of industry which embraces and sustains the republics of politics and of letters. No revolution can stop the steam-engine until it is replaced by something better in its own province. It will rule on, disturbed only locally or partially, until an abler successor shall demand its sceptre. That successor must be capable, like it—and more capable—of deciding the issue of war and repairing its material damage to both parties, of bringing together mind and mind, allying them in a contest against difficulties, physical and moral, which can be lessened, but never entirely overcome, and spreading peace and culture over a cantonment too broad and many-sided to fear assault by storm, proof to anything but long blockade.

## LAPLAND.

MANY travelers have given us accounts of the midnight sun as seen in polar latitudes, and of that long day

when for months the sun neither rises nor sets. Yet it must be that these descriptions are unsatisfactory to the ma-

THE MIDNIGHT SUN IN THE POLAR CIRCLE ON THE 21ST OF JUNE.



jority of readers. Leaving aside those acquainted with practical astronomy, who has not wondered where the sun appears,

or what its course with regard to the horizon in those latitudes where it does not set daily as with us? The accounts of a

dozen Arctic explorers might be cited, not one of whom answers this query. We must therefore work out the problem without their aid—evolve it, as it were, from the "inner consciousness." We know that except at the equator the sun can never appear directly in the zenith, and there only twice a year, when it is in one of its equinoctial points or colures. In our latitude we always notice that the sun is south of the zenith point at noon: even when highest in the heavens, June 21st, it casts a shadow northward at noon. Of course the farther north we go the lower in the south will the sun appear to be, yet at or near the North Pole it remains for months above the horizon. Does it then describe a circle above the southern horizon? Evidently so, but then at the North Pole every horizon must be a southern horizon. There, the north pole of the heavens—the point to which the northern extremity of our axis points—is directly overhead: therefore, in whatever direction we point, except upward to the zenith, it is a southern direction, and the sun must appear to travel around the entire horizon every twenty-four hours. But only at the poles of the earth could the sun be at the same height above the horizon during any whole day. When it reached its highest point, that would be noon: when it reached the opposite or lowest point, that would be midnight. After June 21st, at the North Pole, the sun would sink below the horizon for a minute, and this short night would increase until the sun ceased to appear at all for months. As there can be no eastern, western or northern points of the horizon at the North Pole, every wind must blow from the south. Possibly some of our Arctic sages base upon this fact, somewhat, the theory that there is no ice in that "open polar sea." The English Arctic expedition sent out last fall is nobly prepared for the enterprise, and it is hoped will actually reach that long-sought latitude, 90°, where you are at one and the same moment in every possible longitude, since the meridians of every place on the globe must meet there at a point which might be covered by the sole of the foot.

Of the midnight sun from the summit of Mount Avasaxa in Sweden the French traveler Count Goblet d'Alviella says: "All at once a thin vapor covers the red globe, which seems motionless amid a gauze of purple fringed with gold. It is midnight! Naturally, our Americans had brought a bottle of champagne: needless to add that our first *skaler* was 'To the Midnight Sun!' Meantime, the great luminary had continued its course, and the morning had succeeded to the evening while the glass was at our lips." Of course this traveler omits to add the very interesting fact that the position of this midnight sun was due north.

At Stockholm the Swedish guide had said to M. d'Alviella's party: "Bear in mind that once in Lapland you will find nothing to eat—not even if you paid its weight in gold." This was considered an exaggeration, and only a small supply of tea, biscuit, potted ham and Liebig's "extract of meat" was taken. This sin of omission was deeply repented at Haparanda, where two small barley cakes were all that could be procured, and at Matarengi a few white ones from the pastor of the place. The count's course was up the Muonio, which empties into Bothnia Bay, to Pajala, near the frontier of Finmark; thence by land part of the way to Karesuando and across the swampy *ffjelds* to the source of the Alten, on which the journey was continued to Hammerfest, the most northern town on the earth, and from there by sea to the North Cape. Formerly, a journey to the North Cape was so hazardous an undertaking that only a great scientific or commercial interest could induce an inhabitant of the temperate zones to attempt it. Now there is an excellent steamboat service all along the Norwegian coast, and up to the very foot of that dreary promontory. The North Cape is now the goal of the indefatigable tourist. To "do" Rome and Athens has become vulgar—Africa and the South Pacific Islands are too common. To scale the bleak cliffs of the Magero serves his turn at present, until the North Pole becomes practicable. Among the tourists to the North Cape, M. d'Alviella mentions two



newly-married couples — English of course—"who had selected the Frozen Ocean for the scene of their honeymoon."

This traveler, like many others, re-

marks upon the imperious haste of tourists. With what reason? Their object is a purely business one: it is to "do" places of historic or other interest; and once they have stood upon the spot, the object is ac-

KARESUANDO, A LARGE TOWN IN LAPLAND.



completed. One of these typical tourists on his return from Syria was asked some simple question about Jerusalem. Apparently, all he knew was the fact that he had been there; and in justification of his ignorance he asked indignantly,

"Do you expect a fellah to cwam (cram) when he is traveling?"

The fixed population of Lapland is in the southern part of the country, and composed mostly of farmers. Even the smallest farms have generally three or

four buildings, set around the four sides of an open square. These buildings comprise the living rooms, kitchen and stables, separated from each other only by a partition of planks, the cracks being filled in with moss. Frequently, the walls are pasted over with the copies of some popular periodical. Every parish has its primary school. We are assured by other travelers besides D'Alviella that in all parts of Scandinavia illiteracy is rare, though the principal source of education is not the schools, but that mutual instruction by the domestic hearth during the long sunless winters, which Herodotus accused the hyperboreans of passing in sleep like certain bears and other animals. The Lapland schoolmaster enjoys a salary of twenty-five dollars a year, and a bonus of fifty cents for every child instructed. The priest is not much better remunerated, and his labors are of the hardest; for he has to shriek as if his small audience was half a mile away. It seems that the Lapps estimate the missionary's merit wholly by the power of his lungs. Though the Lapps are converted to Christianity, they still retain many of their old superstitions. The aurora borealis, always splendid in high latitudes, fills them with terror. Nothing can convince them that it is not a sign of divine wrath, and they generally shriek and howl during all the most brilliant part of this phenomenon.

The Lapps are short of stature, seldom over five feet, have coarse, straight dark hair, and the men are beardless. Sore eyes are almost universal among them, caused, it is supposed, by the blinding sunlight reflected from the snow and by the smoke of their huts, for it is only in Southern or Swedish Lapland, among the fixed population, that comfortable and clean houses are found. The best of the huts of the nomad Lapps are built of flexible poles bound together at the top around a circular opening, which serves as a chimney and freely admits the rain and snow from above. This framework is covered with coarse cloth in summer, and over this cloth in winter furs are placed. The floors of these huts, which are generally only six or eight feet

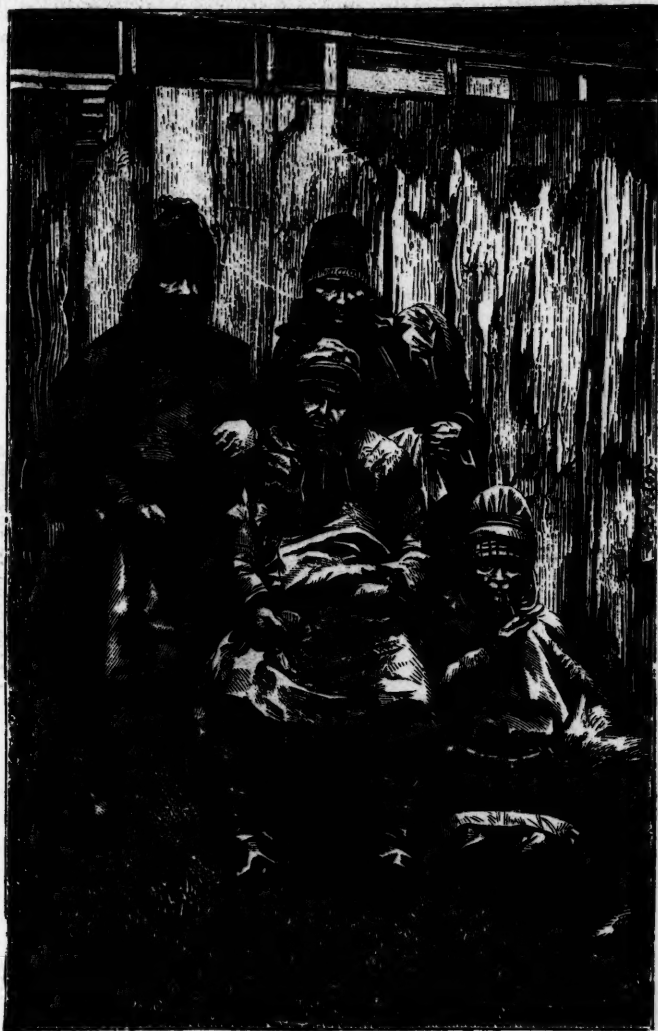
in diameter, are also covered with furs. On the inner walls of the tent are hung pots, wooden bowls and other household utensils. A small chest contains the trinkets and holiday apparel of the family. Near the tent a shelf or platform raised between two trees, out of the reach of dogs and wolves, serves as the larder. This is approached by a sort of ladder, and generally contains curds, cheese, milk and reindeer flesh. Some of these nomads own as many as a thousand or fifteen hundred reindeer. These are enclosed in a rude pen at night, and are milked about twice a week. The milking of the reindeer is a very exciting and picturesque scene to a traveler. As most of them are very wild, they are first caught by a sort of lasso, and then the head is fastened down to a log. Once thus secured, the milch reindeer submits to the inevitable and stands quiet while being milked. The milk is very rich, aromatic in flavor, and makes excellent cheese. As soon as the herds have cropped all the moss and grass in the vicinity of the temporary settlement, which rarely comprises more than two or three families, tents are struck, household goods packed up and a new location is sought.

The summer life of the Lapp has the charm of freedom and independence about it, but in winter he often suffers intolerable hardships. The reindeer moss, which M. d'Alviella describes as a "peculiar lichen, yellow as saffron," constitutes the only food of the reindeer in winter; and when the snow is more than three feet deep the Lapp is obliged to assist his herds by scraping away the snow with his rude and primitive implements. As may be easily imagined, this is a most laborious task. The Lapp, however, does not mind the cold: In a temperature that would freeze a Southerner even when running at full speed, if surprised by a snow-hurricane he will lie down and sleep, and when the storm is over rise, shake off the snow and stolidly pursue his way.

The coast of Swedish Lapland is everywhere pierced by deep *fjords*, sometimes many miles in length, and everywhere forming immense swamps and

marshes—the paradise of the mosquito, which breeds and swarms there to an extent inconceivable in other parts of the world. "No words of mine," says

M. d'Alviella, "could describe the tortures which these vampires inflicted upon us during our day's march in the field. . . . They were in actual clouds, and fre-



LAPP FAMILY IN SUMMER COSTUME.

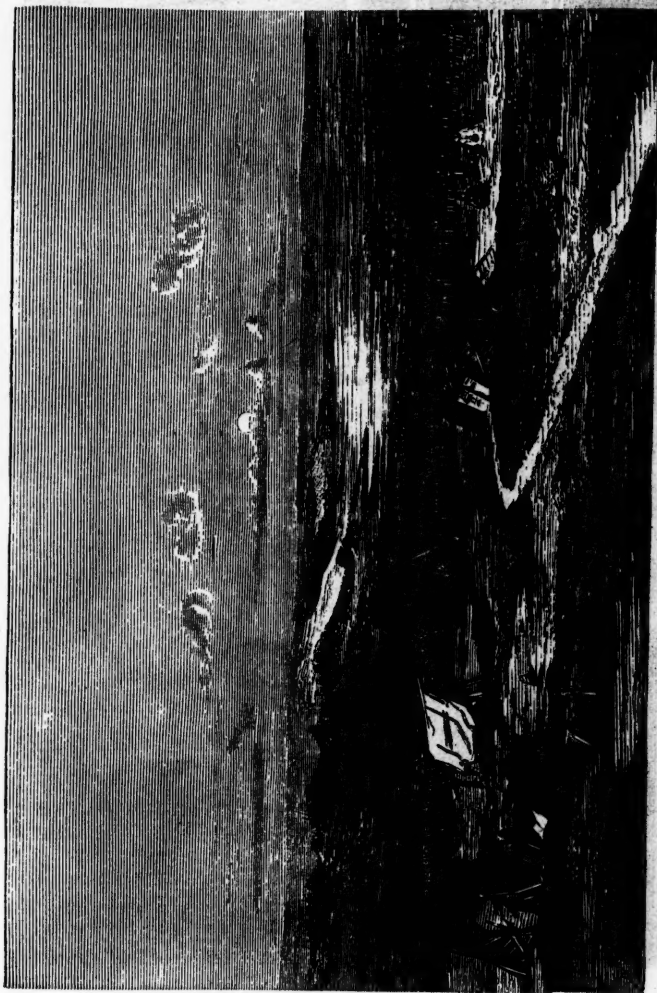
quently hid the landscape from us behind a fog of black dancing spots. They felt like a close rain of needles dipped in venom." At one place on the Muonio the party adopted the mosquito armor of

the country, "a sort of helmet of strong linen," with an opening for the eyes curtained by netting. "Our whole bodies," he adds, "were simple masses of blisters, and we were almost driven to follow the

example of an Englishman who, we were told, flung himself into the river, maddened by the torture of the stings." D'Alviella often speaks of the great heat in Lapland. This seems a little strange till we consider the fact that, as the sun is

continually above the horizon in summer, the warmth accumulated in the soil is not radiated at night as with us. The summers are short, but the crops grow and ripen in a wonderfully rapid manner.

The great event in life of the Fjallapps



A LAPP CAMP IN THE FJELD.

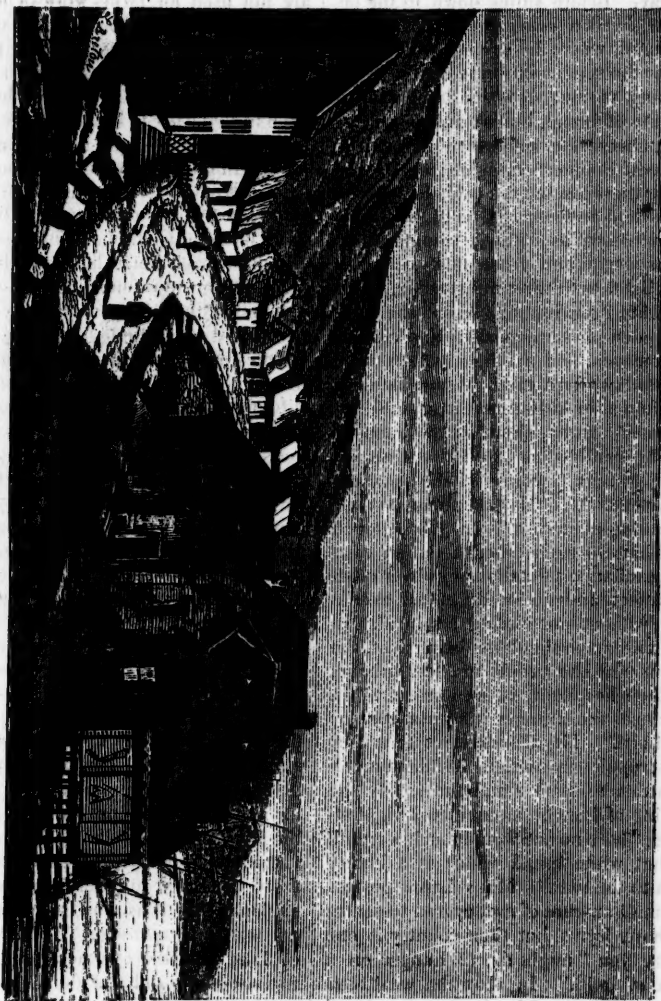
is the annual trading-visit to the various winter fairs which the Swedes, Norwegians and Finns have established on the coasts here and there, or in the well-watered valleys. Many Lapps travel im-

mense distances to attend these; and as every bargain is ratified by a full glass of brandy, the brain becomes confused, and the poor Lapp is often outrageously swindled by crafty traders. To these

fairs he carries reindeer skins and horns, and various articles carved from the latter. In return for these his first desire is brandy and tobacco, and then knives, axes and various household utensils. The

Lapps, both men and women, are great smokers, and on approaching their tents the first thing a stranger hears is a whining voice begging for "tabac" or "brändi." This passion with them, as with the

THE HIGH STREET OF HAMMERFEST.



South Sea Islanders and all savages, is universal. The Lapp is very seldom seen without his pipe except when at his meals.

M. d'Alviella was impressed with the hospitality and the honesty which he

found everywhere in the North. In Sweden the winters are a succession of festivities, and as four or five meals a day is the common custom, strangers often find the weather less trying than the hospitality of their entertainers. It



is not surprising that the social pleasures of the table should assume a vast importance in latitudes where during the long, cold winters there is no sun, or only a few faint rays in the middle of the day. Before sitting down to the table in Sweden every guest goes to the sideboard, where he prepares his appetite for the serious business of dinner by drinking various *liqueurs* and eating a quantity of bread, butter, anchovies, caviare, cheese, etc. sufficient to satiate the strongest Southern appetite; but to the Swede these are but the prelude, like the overture of an opera. One of the dishes which passes as soup is composed of cream, sugar and green gooseberries—"excellent, but rather indigestible," says the polite Frenchman. About the cities in Sweden pleasure-gardens and casinos are common, and are mostly patronized on Sunday afternoons. Whole families are often seen seated on the ground before some rustic show, each member sucking candy-sticks with that "almost comic gravity" which seldom forsakes the Swede. M. d'Alviella mentions their "unfailing politeness." Even boys touch their hats to each other, common cartmen exchange salutations however often they meet, and no Swede enters even a shop without uncovering his head. In Lapland, general culture being less, the manners of the people are less urbane, but their hospitality is even greater. "In their eyes the stranger is a guest sent by the Lord." He also declares that they are scrupulously honest. While in many countries to steal simply to satisfy the craving of hunger is counted a light offence, "here no one would touch a crumb of that white bread which is a luxury even to the rich." Many Lapps possess no small amount of money and treasures in many forms, but their country is one where you "might die of hunger on a sack of gold." In 1867 the wealthiest people of Southern Lapland were reduced to eating bread made of bark and moss.

At Niska, on the Muonio River and in latitude 68°, M. d'Alviella was entertained by a hospitable Swedish merchant whose white two-storied house stood on a beautiful lawn. At Karesuando, still

farther north, a bleak and barren place, the host lived in a pretty, comfortable house, agreeably contrasting with the miserable dwellings of the parish. Here it was difficult to obtain horses, as they are not used for farm-work or for any regular express. Karesuando did indeed own four, but as it hardly paid to feed them for the chance of their being hired by problematic travelers, they had been turned loose to browse in the forest, and they had not been seen by any one for a fortnight. However, the whole parish generously turned out, scoured the woods for them, and in four days brought them home in triumph. These secured, a man for each horse had to be hired to keep off the mosquitoes. Without this precaution the horses would have been maddened and blinded by their stings. Saddles and bridles are unknown in those regions, blankets and ropes constituting the entire equestrian accoutrement. The ground of the fields was so marshy and uncertain that a guide had to precede the party, sounding the soil with a long pole. Altogether, a journey across the fields of Lapland in summer, blinded by mosquitoes, sweltering from the heat and in constant danger of sinking into quagmires, must be something terrible.

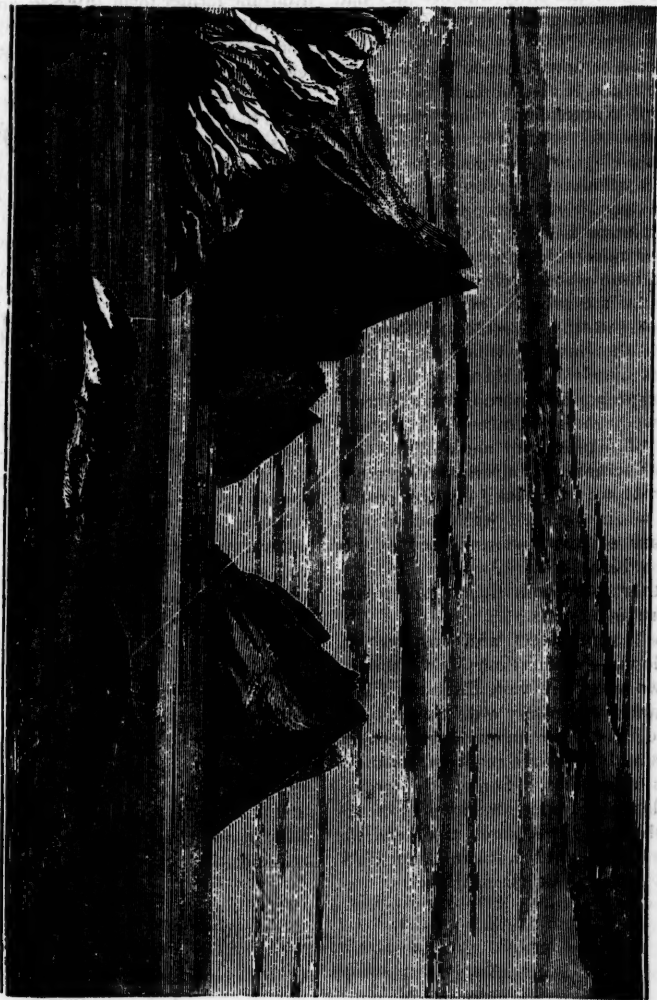
When we consider how many millions of mosquitoes may be developed from one small pool of stagnant water, it is easy to imagine how they swarm where there are thousands of acres composed almost wholly of low, marshy land. Scientists were long unable to account for the strange manner of building of the ancient lake-dwellers of Switzerland. Herodotus (book v., chap. xv.) describes those dwellings minutely, but offers no explanation. It is now summed up in one word: *mosquitoes*! The same kind of lake-dwellings is now used by the natives of the delta of the Orinoco and in the Gulf of Maracaibo, who, when asked why they build their houses out in the water, answer that it is to avoid the mosquitoes. Possibly, in former ages our ancestors were tormented by species of this insect much larger and more redoubtable than those of to-day—

monsters bearing about the same relation to our mosquito that the plesiosaurus does to the common alligator.

Russian Lapland is a desolate region compared even with Swedish Lapland,

yet the Russians have always been eager and persistent in maintaining their empire there. They have installed themselves on the numerous fjords indenting the shore, planted their flag upon the coasts,

THE ENTRANCE OF THE SATTERFJORD, NEAR BODO.



founded naval establishments for their war-fleets, and carefully protected commercial outlets for their northern provinces with that wise perseverance which is a characteristic of the policy of the nation.

"During some days of the journey over Russian Lapland," writes M. d'Alviella, "we lived as in a dream in the light of the unchanging day." It was so new and strange to see the sun continually, day after day, above the horizon. It was

as if the travelers were emancipated from all the habits of ordinary life. All notion of time was lost. Hours and days were so blotted out of consciousness that after sixty hours there was a dispute among the members of the party whether they had been two, three or four days afloat on the river.

After a tedious journey by land and by the Alten River, the party neared the town of Kantokeino. They were very impatient to reach this place, whose luxury and general opulence had been extolled all along the route. Five thousand Lapps, it was said, lived there with their reindeer herds! A cluster of three or four miserable moss-roofed cabins near a little wooden church was at first taken for the suburbs, but proved to be the town itself. "Decidedly," says the count, "the illusion to which we had been victims since we left Haparanda was assuming proportions more and more alarming: we began to tremble for Hammerfest." The interior of one of these cabins was remarkably clean and comfortable. It was inhabited by the pastor, from whom the fact was learned that the four or five thousand Lapps only camp at Kantokeino in winter. In summer they retire with their herds to the western mountains.

The Lapp dialect and costume resemble those of the Finns, but otherwise the two races are very distinct. Finns constantly intermarry with Swedes and Norwegians, while unions even between Lapps and Finns are regarded as monstrous anomalies. Some ethnographers class the Lapps among the inferior branches of the Mongol race, and the Finns among the Caucasian. M. d'Alviella accepts this classification.

From Trondhjem, the principal town on the Norwegian coast, to Hammerfest, there is a regular steam service, which the government of Norway supports by an annual subsidy. A telegraph extends from the former town to Bodo, and is to be continued to Hammerfest, which, according to this traveler, is the most northern town on the globe. There he found all the ordinary amenities of civilization—good beds, delicious food, kind hosts and music. He heard a piano there played by a young Norwegian lady who was educated at Trondhjem and spoke French and English fluently. This piano was at that time, doubtless, the most northern one in the world, as the count declared, but there is one now on board the leading ship of the English Arctic expedition which may soon play "God Save the Queen!" at the North Pole.

After reaching the North Cape, and climbing its summit—lat. 71°, that of the magnetic pole—observing that the only vegetation there was the reindeer-lichen and a few pale clusters of the forget-me-not, the goal was reached, and the count commenced his homeward journey. Like other travelers, he repeats the fact that the sea never freezes at the *Nordkap*, owing to the Gulf Stream, which carries its equatorial warmth even among the eternal snows of Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, where the "Aurora Borealis builds her luminous colonnades and her enchanted palaces in the soft blue of perpetual night." He is enthusiastic over the manners and the institutions of Scandinavia, which have "realized in a corner of the earth lost in mist and snow the ideal of a free, instructed, prosperous and religious democracy."

## THE QUEEN OF SPADES.

FROM THE RUSSIAN OF PUSHKIN.

"The Queen of Spades signifies hidden malice."—*The New Fortune-teller.*

## I.

WE had met to play cards at the lodgings of Narumof, lieutenant in the Guards, and the long winter night had gone so quickly that no one had observed that it was already five in the morning when the supper began. Those who had won sat down to table with great appetite, while the others gazed at their empty plates. But after a while champagne exerted its usual influence, and the conversation became lively and general.

"How have you fared to-night, Surin?" asked the host.

"As usual—I have lost: I never am lucky. I played *Mirandola*. You know how cold-blooded I am, how calmly I bet; never do I change my play, yet I lose continually."

"What! did you not once try your luck on red? Your obstinacy is remarkable."

"What do you think of Hermann?" asked one of the guests, pointing to a young officer of engineers. "He never turns a counter or moves a card, yet till five in the morning he will watch our play."

"Play interests me," said Hermann, "but I don't care to risk the indispensable to gain what is perhaps superfluous."

"Hermann is a German; therefore it is natural he should be saving," cried Tomski. "The case of my grandmother, the countess Anna Feodorofna, seems to me much more remarkable."

"How so?" inquired his friends.

"Have you not noticed that she also never plays?"

"That is true. An eighty-year-old woman who never plays is a rarity," said Narumof.

"Don't you know why she doesn't?"

"No. Is there any special reason?"

"Certainly. Just listen. You should know that my grandmother some sixty

years ago went to Paris, where she attracted great attention. People ran to gaze in wonder at *la Venus Moscovite*. The duke of Richelieu paid court to her, and my grandmother says that her obduracy almost made him put a bullet through his head. At that time the ladies used to play faro, and one evening my grandmother lost a considerable sum to the duke of Orleans. When she got home she laid aside her paniers and beauty-spots, and, appearing in this tragic guise before my grandfather, told him her misfortune and asked for money to pay her debt. My blessed grandfather was, as I recollect, a sort of steward or butler for his wife, whom he feared like fire. But at the mention of the sum required he burst into loud laughter, and making up a little account, showed my grandmother that in six months she had thrown away half a million. He also remarked that he had not in Paris his Russian villages at hand, and finished by refusing the money desired. My grandmother's wrath may be imagined. She gave her husband a box on the ear, and retired to rest alone. The next morning she renewed her attack, and for the first time in her life condescended to explanations; but it was in vain that she tried to prove to her husband that there are different kinds of debts, and that one can't treat a prince like a carriage-maker. All her volubility was without result: my grandfather remained firm, and my grandmother knew not where to turn. But, luckily, she knew a man who then enjoyed a great reputation. You have heard of the count of St. Germain, of whom so many wonderful things are told, and who gave himself out as a magician, and asserted that he was acquainted both with the elixir of life and the philosopher's stone. Some people laughed at him and called him a charlatan: Casanova says in his memoirs

that he was a spy. However that may be, St. Germain, in spite of the cloud that lay on his character, was much sought after in good society, and was really a delightful fellow. To this day, my grandmother feels a lively interest in him, and is very angry if one speaks of him without due respect. She hoped that he would advance the necessary sum, and wrote him a note requesting a call. The old magician came at once, and found her in despair. In a few words she told him of her misfortune and of her husband's ill-humor, and added that she expected help from his friendship and courtesy only. St. Germain reflected a while, and then remarked, 'Your ladyship, I could easily advance you the sum required, but I know that you would not rest till you had paid me back, and I don't want to lead you from one embarrassment into another. There is a better means of paying your debt: you must win back the money.' 'But, my dear count,' replied my grandmother, 'I have told you that I haven't a single pistole left.' 'You need none,' answered St. Germain. 'Just listen to me.' Then he told her a secret which certainly any of you fellows would be glad to pay dear for."

The young officers were greatly excited. Tomski stopped to light his pipe, then tightened his belt and began anew:

"That same evening my grandmother went to Versailles to play with the queen. The duke of Orleans kept the bank. My grandmother easily excused herself for not yet paying her debt, giving a plausible excuse, then sat down to the table and took the three cards designated by her friend. She won, and played herself completely free."

"Chance," said one of the guests.

"A cock-and-bull story," cried Hermann.

"They must have been false cards," remarked a third.

"I don't believe either explanation," answered Tomski earnestly.

"What!" said Narumof, "do you possess a grandmother who knows three lucky cards, and have never made her tell them to you?"

"Yes, that is the devil of it!" replied Tomski. "She had four sons, one of whom was my father. Three of them were passionate gamblers, but no one of them was able to tear from her the secret which would have been of great use, both to them and to me. But now hear what my uncle, Count Ivan Ilitch, asserts on his honor. You have heard of Tsaplitzki, who went through millions and died in poverty. In his youth he one day lost at Soritch's something like three hundred thousand rubles, and was in despair. My grandmother, who was not accustomed to have any pity for the follies of youth, made, I know not why, an exception in his favor. She told him three cards which he was successively to play, but he must give her his word of honor never to touch a card for the rest of his life. Tsaplitzki went to Soritch's and demanded revenge. On the first card he bet fifty thousand rubles, and won; then he doubled it, and won again; in a word, he played himself free and something over.—But it is time to go to bed—six o'clock already."

Every one emptied his glass and they separated.

## II.

The old Countess Feodorofna — sat before the mirror in her dressing-room. Three maids were busy about her: one reached her a pot of rouge, another a bag and black knitting-needle, and a third held in her hands a great cluster of fiery ribbons. Although the countess had long laid aside all claims to beauty, she had remained true to the custom of her youth, dressed herself after the style in vogue half a century back, and spent as much time and careful attention upon her toilette as she had done sixty years before. Her companion sat with an embroidery-frame at a window.

"Good-morning, grandmamma," said a young officer, entering the room.—"Bonjour, Mademoiselle Lise.—Grandmamma, I come with a petition."

"What is it, my dear Paul?"

"Permission to present a friend of mine, and to invite him to your ball."

"You can bring him to the ball and



there introduce him. Were you yesterday at Madame ——'s?"

"Yes, indeed. We danced till four o'clock; and how beautiful Elezkaya was!"

"My dear boy, your claims are modest. But your grandmother, the princess Daria Petrofna, was truly a beauty. Now, to be sure, she appears rather old, the good princess."

"Appears old!" cried Tomski thoughtlessly: "she died seven years ago."

The companion raised her head and made a sign to the young man. Now he remembered that they were accustomed to conceal from the old countess the deaths of her contemporaries: he bit his lips, but the countess remained quite calm.

"Dead! and I never heard of it!" said she. "We were appointed ladies of honor at the same time, when we were presented to the empress;" and for the hundredth time she told the anecdote. "Come, Paul," she then said, "help me to get up. Lisanka, where is my snuff-box?" And, accompanied by her maids, the countess went behind a screen to complete her toilette. Tomski remained alone with the companion.

"Who is it you are going to introduce?" asked Lisabetta Ivanofna.

"Narumof. Do you know him?"

"No. Is he an officer?"

"Yes."

"In the engineers?"

"No, in the cavalry. Why did you think he was in the engineers?"

The companion smiled, but made no answer.

"Paul," cried the countess from behind her screen, "send me a new novel. Anything will do, provided it is not in the present fashion."

"What style must it be, grandmamma?"

"A novel in which the hero strangles neither father nor mother, and in which no drunken wretches appear. Nothing is to me more awful than a drunken man."

"Where shall I find such a novel? Do you want a Russian book?"

"Are there Russian novels? You may send me one, my dear boy—send me one."

"Adieu, grandmamma: I'm in haste.—Adieu, Lisabetta Ivanofna: why did you suppose that Narumof was in the engineers?"

With these words Tomski departed. Lisabetta Ivanofna, left alone, sat down close to the window. Straightway there appeared a young officer at the corner of the house opposite. The companion blushed, and bent down over her embroidery: at the same instant the old countess, completely dressed, again appeared.

"Order the carriage, Lisanka," said she: "we will take a drive."

Lisanka immediately rose and put away her work.

"Well, child, what are you about?" asked the countess. "Order the carriage directly."

"I am going," replied the companion, and hastened out.

A servant brought books which Prince Paul Alexandrovitch had sent.

"Very well; I am much obliged," said the countess. "Lisanka! Lisanka! where are you going?"

"To dress."

"There's plenty of time, dear child. Sit down, take the first volume and read." The companion took the book and read a couple of lines.

"Louder," said the countess. "What is the matter with you. It sounds as if you were hoarse, child? Move the tabouret nearer—nearer still: this way."

Lisabetta Ivanofna read another line or two. The countess yawned. "Lay the book down again," said she: "nothing but the idlest gabble. You can send the books back to Prince Paul, and thank him for me. But why doesn't the carriage come?"

"It is at the door," answered Lisabetta Ivanofna, looking out of the window.

"And you are not yet ready! This having always to wait for you, child, is unbearable."

Lisa hastened to her chamber, but had been there hardly two minutes when the countess rang with all her strength, so that the three maids burst into the room through one door, and the footman through another.

"You don't seem to heed me," said the countess. "Tell Elisabetta Ivanofna that I am waiting for her." At this moment the young girl came back with hat and mantle. "At last, my dear child!" said the countess; "but how you have adorned yourself! Whom do you expect to see? How is the weather? Windy, it seems to me."

"Your Highness's pardon, but on the contrary it is very calm," answered the footman.

"You never know what you are talking about. Open the window. Didn't I tell you so?—windy and cold. Have the horses unharnessed.—Lisanka, we shall not go out: you have made yourself fine for nothing."

"What a life!" said Lisabetta Ivanofna to herself.

She was right. Her life was full of troubles. Bitter is the bread that one eats with strangers, and a hard task is it to ascend their steps, says Dante; but who could paint the sufferings of the companion of an old lady of rank? The countess was not an ill-natured woman; only she had all the whims of a person withdrawn from the world, and had become avaricious, selfish and egotistical, like every one who has ceased to play a rôle in society. She never lost a ball, sat adorned in old-fashioned finery, like an ugly but necessary piece of furniture, in a corner of the room, and was greeted with a bow by every one who entered; but this formality over, no one troubled himself further about her. In her own house she received the whole town, was very severe in regard to etiquette, but could recollect neither names nor faces. The countess's servants, who grew gray and fat in her anterooms, lived quite as they pleased, and things went on in the house as if the countess were served by robbers, or as if death had already seized her. Lisabetta Ivanofna's life was one long-continued vexation. When she made tea, she was reproached with wasting sugar; when she read aloud, the countess made her responsible for the silliness of the author; and when she accompanied her mistress on her drives, the bad

pavement and bad weather were alike laid to her charge. The more than modest compensation which she received was never punctually paid, and yet she was expected to dress like "all the world"—that is, like very few. Her position in society was exceedingly uncomfortable. Every one knew her, but no one paid her the slightest attention. She was never asked to dance except when a *vis-à-vis* was wanting, and any lady who needed a further touch to her toilette took her by the hand without ceremony and led her away. Lisabetta was ambitious, felt the humility of her position, and waited full of impatience for the deliverer who should break her chains. But the young men, who in spite of their apparent thoughtlessness had a sharp eye for the main chance, carefully avoided paying her any attention, although Lisabetta Ivanofna was far more attractive than the silly and vain creatures on whom these gentlemen bestowed their homage. Often enough did she flee unnoticed from the magnificence and boredom of the salon to her poor little chamber, where the furniture consisted of an old bed-curtain, a tattered carpet, a small mirror and bedstead of painted wood, and there by the light of a tallow candle in a brazen candlestick weep till exhausted. But one morning—it was two days after the card-party at Narumof's, and a week before the scene described above,—one morning when Lisabetta Ivanofna was sitting with her embroidery-frame at the window, she cast an absent glance without, and beheld a young engineer officer standing on the opposite sidewalk and gazing intently at her. She lowered her head, and continued her embroidery with redoubled zeal. But when, five minutes later, she involuntarily again looked out, the officer was still standing on the same spot. As she was not accustomed to flirt with passers-by, she again remained with her head bowed over her work for nearly two hours. Then, being summoned to table, she had to rise and lay aside her embroidery, but still she saw the officer standing immovable. She thought it strange, and after dinner stepped to the window with a certain excitement, but

the young man was no longer there, and she thought no more about him. Two days later, when she was about to get into the carriage with the countess, she saw him again. He was standing by the door: his face was hidden by a jammed-down fur cap, but the gleaming black eyes shone beneath the visor. Lisabetta Ivanofna was afraid, she knew not why, and entered the carriage trembling. When she returned home she went with beating heart to the window. The officer stood in the same place, and looked up at her with a glowing glance. She quickly withdrew, but she burned with curiosity, and a feeling she had never known before was awakened in her.

Since then, not a day had passed without the young engineer officer stationing himself before her window, and gradually a kind of silent intercourse grew up between them. While she sat at her embroidery-frame she would suddenly become aware of his presence: then she would raise her head and look at him, each day longer than before. He seemed to receive the innocent favor with lively gratitude, for with the quick, sharp glance of youth she noticed that his pale cheeks, as often as his eyes met hers, were covered with a deep blush. After a week she began to smile upon him.

When Tomski begged permission of the countess to present one of his companions, the poor girl's heart beat fast; but when she learned that Narumof was not in the engineers, she bitterly reproached herself for having betrayed her secret to the thoughtless Tomski.

Hermann was the son of a German-Russian, and had received a small fortune from his father. Firmly determined to preserve his independence, he had made it a law to himself never to risk his property; so he lived on his pay and permitted himself not the slightest useless expense. He was unsympathetic, ambitious and obstinate to a degree which gave his comrades occasion for all sorts of jokes. Under the appearance of calm he concealed glowing passions and a limitless imagination; but he never lost the mastery of himself, and knew how to avoid the usual indiscretions of youth.

So, in spite of his passion for play, he had never taken a card in his hand, because his circumstances, to use his own language, did not permit him to risk the necessary to obtain the superfluous. For all that, however, he would sit whole nights beside the green table, following with intense excitement the chances of the play.

The story of the three cards had powerfully moved his imagination. The whole night he was unable to escape from it. "If," he said to himself while the next evening he wandered through the streets of St. Petersburg,—"if the old countess would but entrust her secret to me—would tell me the three winning cards! I must get myself presented to her, win her interest, insinuate myself into her confidence. But she is eighty-seven years old, and may die any day, perhaps to-morrow. And perhaps there is not a word of truth in the story. No: economy, moderation, labor, those are the three cards which shall bring me success. With their help I will double my property: they will preserve for me independence and comfort."

Absorbed in these thoughts, he had turned into one of the great streets of St. Petersburg, and stood opposite an old and imposing mansion. The street was filled with carriages which successively drew up before the brightly-illuminated façade. Now he saw on the carpeted entrance a little woman's foot, now the top-boots of a general, now the shoes of a diplomatist. Cloaks and mantles passed in a long procession by the gigantic porter.

Hermann stopped. "To whom does this house belong?" he asked of the policeman standing at the corner.

"The Countess Feodorofna —," answered the man.

Hermann was stunned. The story of the three cards again occurred to him: he began walking up and down before the house, and thought of the woman who lived there—her wealth and the mysterious power which she possessed. When he returned to his gloomy lodging he could find no rest, and when he at last got to sleep, cards, green tables and

heaps of gold continually danced before him. He saw himself doubling one bet after another—always winning and filling his pockets with gold and banknotes. When he woke up he sent a deep sigh after the vanished treasures, and to change the current of his thoughts he once more began to wander through the streets. Again he stood opposite the house of the countess: an irresistible power seemed to draw him thither. He looked up at the windows: behind one of them shone a youthful head with pretty black hair gracefully bowed over a book or work. Then the head was raised: Hermann saw an open face with dark eyes, and in that moment his fate was decided.

### III.

Lisabetta Ivanofna was laying aside her hat and mantle when the countess summoned her. While two footmen were carefully lifting the old lady into her carriage, Lisabetta Ivanofna suddenly saw close to her the young officer of engineers, and felt her hand seized. Terror robbed her of self-control, and the young man had vanished, when she noticed that he had left in her hand a paper. She hurriedly concealed it in her glove, and neither saw nor heard what was happening around her.

During the drive the countess asked her continually, "Who is that man bowing to us? What's the name of this bridge? What does that sign say?" Lisabetta Ivanofna gave random answers, and was scolded by the countess. "Child, what is the matter with you to-day?" said she: "where are your thoughts? or is it possible that you can't understand me? I don't lisp, nor, thank God! have I fallen into the prattle of second childhood."

Lisabetta Ivanofna heard her not. As soon as she got home she hastened to her chamber, locked herself in, and drew forth the letter. It was not sealed, so to have left it unread would have been quite impossible. The letter contained a declaration of love: it was tender, respectful, and translated word for word from a German novel, but Lisabetta Ivanofna

was unacquainted with German, and well content with Hermann's epistle. Yet she was greatly embarrassed: for the first time in her life she had a secret. To be in correspondence with a young man! She shrank in terror from her own boldness, reproached herself with her conduct, and knew not what course to follow. To work no more at the window; to discourage the young man by her coldness; to give back his letter; to answer him firmly and warningly—what course should she take? She had no friend or counselor, and at last determined to send an answer.

She sat down at her table, took pen and paper, then sank into the deepest thought. Many a letter was begun, only to be torn up: this note was too hard, that deficient in respect. After much thought she produced a few lines which satisfied her. "I believe your intentions to be honorable," she wrote, "and that you do not wish to injure me by your thoughtless behavior, but you will perceive that our acquaintance cannot be begun in this fashion. I return your letter, and trust I shall have no cause to rue the indiscretion of my answer."

The next morning, as soon as she saw Hermann, Lisabetta Ivanofna rose from her embroidery-frame, went into the drawing-room, opened a window, and, reckoning on the young officer's quickness, dropped her letter. Hermann started at once, hastened to the nearest café, tore open the seal and found his own note with that of Lisabetta Ivanofna. It was much what he had expected, and, content with the beginning of his adventure, he returned to his lodgings.

Three days later there appeared a young girl with sharp, bold eyes, who wished to speak with Lisabetta Ivanofna about some sewing. Lisabetta was alarmed—she feared some forgotten bill—but when she opened the note she recognized Hermann's handwriting.

"You have made a mistake," said she: "this letter is not for me."

"Your pardon," answered the seamstress, "but just read it."

Lisabetta Ivanofna cast a glance at

the contents. Hermann asked an interview. "Impossible!" said she, terrified by the boldness of the request and the manner in which it was framed. "The letter is not for me."

So saying, she tore it to bits. "If the letter is not yours," asked the girl, "why do you tear it? You ought rather to have sent it to the right address."

"Pray, my dear," said Lisabetta Ivanofna, "in future bring me no more letters, and tell him who sent you that he should be ashamed of his conduct."

But Hermann was not to be deterred. Daily Lisabetta Ivanofna received a letter, sometimes in one way, sometimes in another; nor were his letters any longer translations from the German. Hermann wrote under the influence of powerful passion and in language which was quite his own. Lisabetta Ivanofna could not withstand the torrent of his eloquence. At first she only received his letters, but soon she answered them, and daily her answers became longer and more tender. Finally, she threw out of the window for him the following billet: "There is a ball this evening at the — ambassador's, to which the countess is going. We shall stay till about two o'clock. Now, observe how we can meet without witnesses: As soon as the countess has left the house—that is, about eleven o'clock—the servants also go off, so that the porter is the only one left in the entry, and he is usually asleep in his box. As soon as it strikes eleven enter the house and ascend the stairs without ceremony. If there is any one in the anteroom, ask if you can speak with the countess a moment. They will tell you that she has gone out, and of course there will be nothing else for you to do but to go too. But in all probability you will meet no one, for the countess's maids keep themselves in a distant apartment. When you have passed through the anteroom, turn to the left and then go straight on till you reach the countess's sleeping-room. There, behind a screen, you will see two little doors: the right leads to a cabinet which the countess never enters, the left to a passage-way at the end of which is a flight of winding

stairs. By these stairs you will reach my chamber."

Trembling like the tiger who sees his prey approaching, Hermann awaited the hour of the rendezvous. At ten o'clock he began walking up and down before the countess's house. The weather was horrible: the wind howled and the snow fell in thick flakes. The street-lamps diffused an uncertain light, and the streets were empty: only now and then there passed a droshky, whose driver, whipping up his thin horses, gazed in search of some belated pedestrian. Hermann, though he had on but a thin overcoat, felt neither wind nor snow. At last the countess's carriage appeared: the young man saw two footmen take the old creature in their arms, lift her into the carriage and envelop her in a thick robe. Immediately after came Lisabetta Ivanofna wrapped up in a little cloak, her head adorned with natural flowers: she stepped lightly in, the coachman closed the door and the carriage rolled heavily away on the light snow. The porter closed the house-door, the windows of the first story became dark, and the house sank into silence. Hermann continued walking up and down in front, till at last he went under a street-lamp and looked at his watch. It was about a quarter to eleven. Leaning against the lamp-post, his eyes directed upon the hands of the watch, he counted the minutes. Punctually at eleven he ascended the steps, opened the door and entered the lighted hall. No doorkeeper was to be seen. With quick, firm steps he ran up the stairs and entered the anteroom. Here, lighted up by the lamp, lay a servant asleep on an old dirty sofa. Hermann passed him quickly and softly: the dining-room and salon were dark, but the light of the anteroom illumined his way, and at last he reached the bedroom. Before the holy shrine with its antique pictures burned a golden lamp. Gilded chairs and faded lounges lined the walls hung with Chinese tapestry, on which were to be seen two large portraits painted by Madame Lebrun. One depicted a stout, fresh-complexioned man of about forty years, dressed in a bright



green coat and with the star of an order on his breast. The second picture was that of a young lady of fashion, with an eagle nose, puffed and powdered hair, and a rose over her ear. Everywhere were shepherds and shepherdesses of Dresden china, vases of all shapes and sizes, Leroy clocks, baskets, fans, and a thousand other playthings for ladies' amusement—relics of the last century, contemporaries of Montgolfier's balloon, and Mesmerism. Hermann stepped behind the screen, which concealed a small iron bedstead, and discovered the two doors—the right hand that of the dark cabinet, the left entering the corridor. He opened the latter, saw the little steps which led to the chamber of the poor companion, but closed it again and betook himself to the dark cabinet.

The time passed slowly; everything around was still; the clock in the drawing-room struck twelve; then again deep silence. Hermann stood leaning against a cold stove; he was quite calm; his pulse beat regularly, as that of a man determined to make opposing circumstances yield to his will. He heard the clock strike one, then two, and soon after he heard the distant rumbling of the carriage. Now he felt some excitement. The carriage came nearer and stopped: the servants hurried up noisily from all directions. Voices were heard in the hall and on the stairs; the rooms were lighted; the three old waiting-women ranged themselves in the sleeping-room, and at last came the countess, wrapped up like a mummy, and sank into an easy-chair *à la Voltaire*.

Hermann observed everything through a crack. Lisabetta Ivanofna brushed close by him: he heard her quick step on the winding stairs, and in his soul he felt something like a twinge of conscience, but either it died away or he hardened himself against it.

The countess began to undress before the mirror. Her headdress of roses was removed, and the powdered wig detached from her straggling white hairs. Hairpins rained about her: her dress of yellow silk worked with silver fell at her swollen

feet. Hermann was unable to avoid observing all the by no means attractive peculiarities of her night toilette. At last the countess was reduced to night-dress and combing-cloth—a costume more fitting to her age, and in which she looked less frightful.

Like most old people, the countess suffered from sleeplessness. After she was undressed she had her arm-chair rolled into a window-recess and dismissed her maids. The candles were now extinguished, so that the room was lighted only by the lamp before the shrine. The countess sat there, shrunken together, yellow, with hanging under-lip, slowly rocking herself to and fro. Her glazed eyes betrayed the absence of all thought, and it seemed as if the motion of her body was the result of galvanism rather than the movement of her will.

Suddenly appeared another expression on her death-like face. Her lips ceased to tremble, and her eyes regained life. An unknown man stood opposite.

"Don't be alarmed—for God's sake, don't be alarmed," he said in a plain but muffled voice. "I am not going to do you the slightest harm: on the contrary, I am come to ask a favor."

The old woman looked at him in silence, as if she had not understood what he had said. Hermann thought she was deaf, so bent down to her ear and repeated his words. The old woman maintained her silence. "You can assure the happiness of my life," continued Hermann, "without yourself making the slightest sacrifice. I know that you can tell me three lucky cards—"

Hermann stopped. The countess seemed to understand what he wanted, and to be hunting for an answer. "It was a joke," she said at last: "I swear to you it was a joke."

"It was not a joke," interrupted Hermann angrily. "Recollect Tsaplitzki, whom you helped to such great winnings."

The countess seemed terrified: for a moment her features expressed a certain excitement, then they sank back into their bloodless immovability.

"Can't you tell me the three cards?"

Hermann again asked. The countess was silent. "Why do you want to keep this secret to yourself?" continued Hermann. "Perhaps for your grandsons? What good would the three cards do them? They are spendthrifts, who can't keep the property they inherited, and who would die in poverty if they had the knowledge of all the devils to help them. But I am a man of good habits: I know the worth of money. With me your three cards would not be thrown away. Besides—" He stopped and remained waiting for an answer. The countess remained dumb. Herman knelt down beside her. "If you have known love," said he; "if you have any recollection of the delights of passion; if the cry of your first-born brought a happy smile to your face; if any human feeling has ever made your heart beat quicker,—I adjure you by the love of your husband, your dear ones, by the very heart of your mother, by all that is holy in life, repulse not my prayer. Tell me your secret. Perhaps it was obtained by some terrible sin, or by the loss of your eternal happiness? Possibly you had to sign a compact with the devil? Bethink yourself how old you are—that your days are numbered. But I will take all your sins upon me—will answer for all before God. Tell me your secret. Remember that a man's happiness lies in your hands—that I, and after me my children and children's children, will bless you for your secret and honor you as a saint." The old countess replied not a word.

Hermann rose from his knees. "You old witch!" he cried, gnashing his teeth, "I will make you speak."

So saying, he drew a pistol from his pocket. At the sight of the weapon the countess's face betrayed powerful excitement. Her head trembled more than before: she stretched out her hands as if to push away the pistol; then she suddenly sank back and remained immovable.

"Enough of this childishness!" cried Hermann, seizing her hand. "I ask you for the last time—will you or will you not tell me the three cards?"

The countess gave no answer, and Hermann saw that she was dead.

## IV.

Lisabetta Ivanofna, still in her ball-dress, sat buried in thought in her chamber. She had dismissed her maid as soon as she arrived, saying that she should not need her help, and had hastened up stairs in trembling expectation of finding Hermann in her room. She now hoped that he had not come: her first glance persuaded her that he was not there, and she was grateful to the accident which had rendered the appointment futile. Thankfully she sat down, forgot to undress, and went over in her mind all the incidents of her intercourse with Hermann, which, though so new, had already progressed so far. Hardly three weeks had passed since she had seen the young man for the first time from her window, and already she had written to him to appoint a nocturnal meeting. She knew nothing of him but his name. She had received a number of letters from him, but she had never spoken to him, had never heard the tones of his voice, and till this evening had seldom heard others speak of him. But at the ball Tomski had thought he noticed that the young Princess Pauline—, to whom he was offering his homage, was, contrary to her custom, flirting with somebody else: he wished to appear indifferent, and to carry out this noble intention he had invited Lisabetta Ivanofna to dance the endless mazurka.\* He had joked about her preference for engineer officers, and, though he pretended to be better informed than he was, some of his guesses came so near the truth that Lisabetta Ivanofna thought more than once that her secret had been betrayed.

"From whom did you learn all this?" she asked with a forced smile.

"From a friend of the person under discussion," answered Tomski—"a very remarkable fellow."

"Who is it?"

"His name is Hermann."

Lisabetta Ivanofna made no reply, but she felt her hands and feet stiffen.

"This Hermann," continued Tomski, "is a veritable hero of romance. He has the profile of a Napoleon, the soul

\* The same thing as the "German."

of a Mephistopheles, and I am persuaded that at least three crimes lie on his conscience. But why are you so pale?"

"I have a headache. But what did this Hermann—was not that the name?—really tell you?"

"Hermann is greatly provoked with his friend: he says in his place he would act very differently. I should almost be willing to bet that Hermann himself has designs upon you: at any rate, he listens to his friend's confidences with remarkable interest."

"Where has he seen me?"

"Perhaps in church or on the promenade—God knows where: perhaps in your chamber when you were asleep. He is capable of anything."

At this moment three ladies passed. "Oubli ou regret?" asked one; and the conversation, which had filled Lisabetta with the most painful curiosity, was interrupted.

The lady who called out Tomski was the Princess Pauline. While they were dancing, and he was slowly conducting her to her place, an explanation took place between them, and when Tomski returned to his partner he had forgotten Hermann as well as Lisabetta Ivanofna. In vain she tried to renew the conversation: the mazurka came to an end, and immediately after the countess departed.

Tomski's words had been nothing but ball-room nonsense, but they had deeply moved the heart of the poor companion. The picture drawn by him seemed to her astonishingly true, and, thanks to her habitual novel-reading, she thought she discovered in the rather ordinary face of her adorer features which at once fascinated and terrified her. There she sat, her pale hands crossed in her lap, her flower-adorned head sunk on her breast, when suddenly the door opened and Hermann entered. She trembled convulsively. "Where have you been?" she asked.

"In the bedroom of the old countess," answered Hermann: "I have just left her. The countess is dead."

"Great God! what do you say?"

"And I fear," he went on, "that I am the cause of her death."

Lisabetta Ivanofna looked at him as if dazed. Tomski's words, "I am convinced that he has at least three crimes on his conscience," recurred to her. Hermann sat down on the window-seat and told her all. Lisabetta Ivanofna listened to him in terror. Love, then, was not the motive of his passionate letters, his glowing protestations, his obstinate pursuit. Avarice alone inflamed his soul; and she, whose heart beat only for him—could she make him happy? Poor child! She had been the blind instrument of a villain in the murder of her benefactress.

Buried in remorse, she wept bitterly. Hermann looked at her in silence, but his heart remained cold: neither her tears nor her beauty, doubly moving in her pain, availed to agitate his iron soul. Not even the thought of the countess's death caused him any feeling of remorse. Only one thing troubled him—that the secret from which he expected happiness had irrevocably escaped him.

"You are a monster!" said Lisabetta Ivanofna at last.

"I had no intention of killing her," he answered calmly: "my pistol was not loaded."

Both were silent.

Morning dawned. Lisabetta Ivanofna extinguished her light, and parti-colored rays penetrated into the apartment. She wiped her tearful eyes and turned to Hermann. He stood at the window, his arms crossed and brows tightened. In this position he reminded one of Napoleon: the resemblance now struck Lisabetta Ivanofna.

"How shall I get you out of the house?" she asked at last: "my intention was to lead you down the secret staircase, but to do that I must pass through the countess's bedroom; and I am afraid."

"Only tell me how I can find the staircase and I will go alone."

Lisabetta Ivanofna rose, took down a key and handed it to Hermann, and gave him the necessary explanations. He seized her cold, languid hand, pressed a kiss on her bowed forehead, and was gone.

He went down the winding stairs and

entered the countess's sleeping-room. Stiff and rigid the dead sat in her chair: her features had not fallen. Hermann stood looking at her as if he would even yet force the terrible truth from her lips. Then he went into the dark cabinet and found, by feeling the tapestry, a little door leading to the secret staircase.

While he was descending some peculiar thoughts came over him. "Who knows," he asked himself, "whether sixty years ago at this same hour a young man in embroidered coat, hair dressed à l'*oiseau royal*, his three-cornered hat pressed on his breast, was not seen gliding down these stairs—a fortunate young fellow, who for years has lain in his grave, though the heart of his loved one only ceased beating to-day?"

At the foot of the stairs Hermann found a second door, which was opened by his key: then he reached a lane, and finally the street.

#### V.

The morning of the third day after this fateful night Hermann entered the church where the mortal remains of the countess were to receive their last honors. He felt no remorse, though he could not conceal from himself that he had been the countess's murderer. He lacked faith, and being, as is usual, proportionately superstitious, and persuaded that the dead countess might exert an evil influence on his life, he thought it possible that his presence at her obsequies might soften her resentment.

The church was so full that Hermann could with difficulty find a seat. The corpse rested on a splendid catafalque under a velvet canopy. It was dressed in white satin, with a lace cap on the head and the arms crossed on the breast. Around the catafalque stood those belonging to the countess—the servants in black castans, with livery-rosettes on their shoulders and candles in their hands; the relatives in deep mourning—children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren. No one wept: tears would have been considered an affectation, for the countess was so old that no one could be surprised

at her death, many, indeed, having long considered her as no longer belonging to this world. A distinguished preacher conducted the services. In simple chosen words he described the departure of the just after being prepared by the pious meditations of years for a Christian end. "The Angel of Death," said the speaker, "has summoned her from the silent blessedness of her contemplations, from her waiting for the heavenly Bridegroom." The sacred rites were conducted to the end with respectful devotion: then the relatives came up to take their last farewell of the dead, followed in a long procession by all those invited to the ceremony, who bowed for the last time to her who had so often been the marplot of their festivities. Next came the countess's servants. An old housekeeper, almost as old as the dead, went first: she was supported by two women, and had no more strength than was necessary to kneel down, but when she kissed her mistress's hand tears flowed from her eyes. Finally came Hermann: he went up to the corpse, knelt a moment on the pine boughs strewn on the pavement, rose pale as death, ascended the steps of the catafalque and bowed. Suddenly it seemed to him that the corpse was contemptuously gazing and winking at him. With a quick movement Hermann drew back and fell to the floor: people ran to raise him up, and at the same moment Lisabetta Ivanofna in the inner part of the church fainted away. This incident caused some disturbance in the ceremony. Some of those present put their heads together, and an elderly chamberlain, a near relative of the deceased, whispered to an Englishman standing near, "This young officer was the countess's natural son," to which information the Englishman responded with a cold "Oh!"

The whole day Hermann felt oppressed by an unbearable restlessness. In the little-visited café where he was accustomed to take his meals he drank more than usual, so as to calm his nerves. But the wine only excited his imagination the more. He went home early, threw himself undressed on the bed, and fell into a deep sleep.

It was night when he awoke, and the moon was shining in his chamber. He looked at the clock: it was a quarter to three. He could no longer sleep, so he sat up on the bed and thought about the old countess. At this moment some one who was passing in the street looked in at the window. Hermann knew nothing of this, but the next moment he heard a knock at the door of his anteroom. He supposed that it was his servant returning drunk, as usual, from an evening spree. But now he heard an unknown step and the shuffle of slippers on the floor. The door opened and a woman dressed in white entered the room. Hermann thought it must be his old chambermaid, and wondered what could bring her at that hour of the night. But the woman in white quickly crossed the room and stopped at the foot of the bed. Hermann recognized the countess.

"I have come against my will," said she in a firm voice, "but I am obliged to fulfill your wish. *Three, seven* and the *ace* will win for you in succession, but you must play but one of these cards in any one twenty-four hours, and never more touch a card in your whole life. I will pardon you my death, provided you marry my companion, Lisabetta Ivanofna."

With these words she turned toward the door, and, shuffling along with her slippers, left the room. Hermann heard the door of the anteroom close, and a moment after saw a white figure pass the window and stop a second as if to look in.

For some time Hermann sat completely motionless: then he rose and went into the anteroom. His servant, drunk as usual, lay on the floor asleep. It was hardly possible to wake him, and when awakened he was unable to give the least information. The door of the anteroom was locked. Hermann then returned to his sleeping-room, and wrote down all the incidents of this ghostly visit.

#### VI.

It is as impossible to have two fixed ideas in the mind at once as for two material bodies to occupy the same space

at the same time. *Three, seven, ace* drove from Hermann's imagination the recollection of the last moments of the old countess. *Three, seven, ace* could not be banished from his thoughts, and came on every occasion to his lips. If a young girl met him, he thought to himself, "What a slim figure! She looks like the Queen of Hearts." If any one asked him, "What time is it?" he would answer, "Five minutes to Seven of Clubs;" and every fat man he saw reminded him of an ace. *Three, seven, ace* pursued him even in his dreams, and appeared before him in manifold forms. The three bloomed in his vision as *Magnolia grandiflora*; the seven twined itself round a Gothic portal; aces hung everywhere as enormous spiders; and all his thoughts turned on the point how he could best avail himself of his dearly-bought secret. He had half made up his mind to obtain a furlough and go abroad, that he might hunt up a gaming-house in Paris where he could make use of his three cards, when chance came to his assistance.

There was at that time in Moscow a club of rich players presided over by the celebrated Tsekalinski, who had been a gambler all his life and made millions by it, for his gains were bank-notes and his losses he could always pay in silver. His magnificent house, his admirable table and his distinguished manner had obtained for him friends in large numbers and of high rank. He now came to St. Petersburg, and there immediately thronged around him crowds of young men who found play more enticing than the dance, the perils of faro than the tortures of love. Narumof took Hermann to the house.

They traversed a suite of rooms in which they found the most attentive servants as well as throngs of guests. Generals and counselors were playing whist; younger people were sitting on the sofas eating ices or smoking long pipes. In the principal drawing-room sat the host with some twenty players at a long table keeping the bank. He was a man of about sixty, with a gentle and noble expression and silvery hair. His full, fresh



face bore the stamp of warm feelings and kindness, and his eyes shone continually in a friendly smile. When Narumof presented Hermann, Tsekalinski shook hands with him, bade him welcome, and then turned to his counting.

The game lasted a good while, bets being offered on more than thirty cards. At each deal Tsekalinski waited to allow time to the winners to double their stakes: then he paid, listening with the greatest courtesy to all complaints. Finally, the game ended, and Tsekalinski shuffled the cards for a new one.

"Will you allow me to take a hand?" asked Hermann while he stretched over a stout gentleman who took up the whole of one end of the table.

Tsekalinski smiled and bowed as a sign of assent, while Narumof congratulated Hermann on giving up his former abstinence.

"Va!" said Hermann, writing a number on the back of the card.

"How much?" asked the banker, blinking his eyes. "Excuse me, I can't read it."

"Forty-seven thousand rubles," answered Hermann. At these words all heads were raised and all eyes turned to Hermann.

"Has he gone mad?" thought Narumof.

"Permit me to remark," said Tsekalinski with his eternal smile, "that your play is rather high. We do not usually receive first bets higher than two hundred and seventy-five rubles."

"Very well," said Hermann, "but will you take my bet or not?"

Tsekalinski bowed in assent. "I would also remark," said he, "that although I have entire confidence in my friends, yet we are accustomed to play cash. I am persuaded that your word is as good as gold, but in the interest of the rules of play I should be much obliged if you would deposit the stakes."

Hermann drew a purse from his pocket and handed it to Tsekalinski, who gave it a quick glance and placed it on Hermann's card.

Then began the deal. To the right fell the ten, to the left the three.

"Won!" said Hermann, showing his card.

A murmur of astonishment was heard through the hall, and for a moment the brows of the banker contracted: then he resumed his usual smile. "Shall I pay down?" he asked.

"If you will be so kind," answered Hermann.

Tsekalinski took from a pocketbook the necessary bank-notes and paid them over. Hermann pocketed his winnings, drank a glass of lemonade and went home. Narumof knew not what to think of it all.

The next evening Hermann again appeared at Tsekalinski's, who again was sitting at the green table. This time the players hastened to make way for Hermann. Tsekalinski greeted him with a forced smile. Hermann waited till a new deal. He then took a card and staked forty-seven thousand rubles, as well as his winnings of yesterday. Tsekalinski dealt. The knave fell to the right, to the left the seven. Hermann had the seven. A universal "Ah!" was heard from all directions. Tsekalinski was evidently annoyed. He counted out the ninety-four thousand rubles, and gave the money to Hermann, who received it with the greatest coolness, rose and went out.

The next day, at the usual hour, he came again. All were expecting him. The generals and councilors gave up their whist to gaze at such extraordinary play. The young officers left their lounges, and all the occupants of the house crowded into the hall and surrounded Hermann. Even the faro-players ceased their betting, eager to observe him further. Hermann seated himself at the table, and the pale but ever-smiling Tsekalinski prepared to play alone with him. Each opened a pack of cards. Tsekalinski shuffled, Hermann cut, selected his card, and spread out his bank-notes. It seemed as if a duel was about to take place. The deepest silence reigned.

Tsekalinski began to deal: his hands trembled. To the right fell the queen, to the left the ace. "Ace wins," said Hermann, turning his card.

"Your queen has lost," said Tsekalin-ski with calm politeness.

Hermann fell back: instead of the ace, the Queen of Spades lay before him! He could not believe his eyes: he could not imagine how he could have been thus mistaken.

At this moment he realized the queen's malicious expression, and a horrible resemblance became clear to him. "Cursed old woman!" he cried.

Tsekalinski drew in the bank-notes, Hermann sitting a while as if utterly senseless. When he had left all present began to talk in loud tones. "A crazily-rash better," said the players. Tseka-

linski shuffled the cards and the game continued.

Hermann has become mad. He bears the number 17 at the insane asylum at Obukof, and to all questions invariably answers, "Three, seven, ace—three, seven, ace."

Lisabetta Ivanofna has married a fine young fellow, son of the late countess's agent. He is in the civil service, and very well off. Lisabetta Ivanofna, lacking children herself, has adopted a poor relative. Tomski, now a major of cavalry, has married the Princess Pauline.

ARTHUR VENNER.

#### ON A HOUSETOP IN CAPRI.

I AM sitting on the roof of the Hôtel Tiberio, a famous inn of Capri. The town-clock has just struck half-past twenty-two, and the sun has already gone down behind the Anacapri cliff, leaving me in shadow. But for fully an hour longer the eastern peaks of the island and all the distant landscape will remain bathed in yellow light. It is middle-May. It has been one of those days, rarer elsewhere than here, when not a single cloud has been seen in the sky; yet toward the horizon the air is not so clear as one might expect. A faint spray-like haze softens without hiding the outlines of all distant things. In more unsettled weather the air is sometimes marvelously transparent. I was standing here at this same hour the other day. One dense bank of rain-clouds had drifted away from the bay to the mountains behind Naples and another was marching blackly up from the south-west. Some straggling mist was scrambling over the Anacapri peak and tumbling down the cliff. The whole sky was heavy and sombre, but with patches here and there of undimmed blue. Every object in sight appeared with startling distinctness. It looked but half an

hour's voyage in a small boat to any point of the contracted horizon. Naples is more than twenty miles away, and yet I could easily distinguish the curve of the Chiaja, Castel dell'Ovo and other familiar features of the city. St. Elmo was most sharply defined, and I fancied it deserted, for else it seemed to me that I ought to hear the tread of the sentry pacing his beat and the jests of his comrades lounging on its walls. Every house on Procida, every seam on Ischia's rugged slopes, was distinctly visible: Vesuvius was dangerously near. But the haziness that robs me of all this to-day is a good weather-sign, and promises sunshine and long walks for to-morrow.

The Anacapri cliff, rising like a huge wall to a dizzy height half a mile off, limits the view to the west: other hills still nearer shut out the prospect toward the east. To the south one catches a glimpse of the open sea that stretches away toward Sicily. This lovely bit of water seems to hang like a blue veil between the two hills that encase it. These almost meet below, yet leave room in the little valley between them for a mediaeval Carthusian monastery, whose cool

cloisters now echo the word of command, the measured tread and the bugle-calls of a camp of soldiers.

The story of the founding of this monastery is a touching instance of the mutability of human fortunes. In the middle of the fourteenth century, Giovanni Arcucci was count of Capri. Rich, noble, the friend of the reigning sovereign and husband of a lovely lady, nothing was wanting to his happiness but an heir. He was childless. He vowed to the Madonna that if she would send him a son he would found a monastery. The prayer was heard, and the happy father hastened to fulfill his vow. For the next three years hundreds of workmen were busy building this Certosa, and when it was done the count endowed it so liberally that it became very powerful, and even coined money of its own. Sixteen years later occurred a revolution and a change of dynasty in the kingdom. The count's estates were confiscated, and he, an old man and miserably poor, was constrained to beg food and shelter of these same monks. The bread which he had cast upon the waters now returned to him. He was most kindly received, and found a home in one of their cells and a place at their frugal board for the remaining five years of his life.

The land below me, that slopes down on either side toward the sea, presents an unbroken succession of orange and lemon groves, vineyards and olive and fig orchards. A magnificent date-palm is growing in a neighbor's garden, and here and there a stone pine, with its flat, spreading top, suggests our Northern forests. In every direction peep out low, white houses, all of stone, with roofs flat around the edges, but swelling up in the centre into a flattened dome in the Sarcenic style—just such houses as are seen everywhere in Syria and Palestine. Now that the heat of the day is over and the husbandmen have returned from the field, the families are gathered on the housetops to breathe the fresh evening air. The young men and women talk in groups or lean over the parapet to chat with passers-by, while the old women sit twirling the never-idle spindle.

To the north lies spread out before me the incomparable Bay of Naples. I see its shores from Vesuvius to Ischia. Certainly no spot on earth has so charmed men by its beauty, nor is any other more replete with human interest. Here is the volcano whose lava and ashes have preserved for us the treasures that envious Time would else have destroyed. Here perished Pliny, and here is Virgil's tomb. A matchless curve sweeps from the summit of Vesuvius to the plain, and from the plain to Camaldoli. The long bending shore is studded on every side with modern pleasure-villas, as it formerly was with those of the Romans. On a gentle slope lies the sunny capital that surpasses all others in gayety, poverty and wickedness. There is the Gulf of Baïæ, dear to Horace, and the Avernian lake, the entrance to the lower world. Just behind Cape Misenum lie the ruins of Cumæ, the earliest of the Greek colonies in Italy, and their outpost in their great struggle with the Tyrrhenian races. Yonder low-lying island is Procida, the home of Graziella and of him who planned the Sicilian Vespers. On the extreme left Ischia rises steeply from the sea, its lofty mountains blasted and scarred by ancient volcanic fires.

The Anacapri cliff, a wall of rock rising sixteen hundred feet above the sea, stretches quite across the island, as if meant by Nature to be an impassable barrier. The *dibris* of a hundred centuries lies at its base in a steep slope which blends gradually with the more level tract below. Fancy suggests that the plain is climbing up the precipice; and so it really is. In most places it has still six hundred feet to climb, but in one spot it has nearly reached the top. Wind and rain, Nature's great levelers, are steadily doing their work. When the storms of perhaps ten more centuries shall have broken down the last obstacle here, the dense masses of arbutus which now clothe the higher parts of the slope will reach to the top of the ridge, and when these pioneers of vegetation shall have served their turn and collected soil about their roots, their dark foliage will in turn give way

to terrace-walls and the dull green of the olive.

The wonderful coloring of this cliff and its ever-varying tints make it one of the most beautiful objects in Nature. It is hard, unfeeling limestone, yet never was human face more affected by the play of the passions than is it by every change of the hour and the weather. Its aspect has that infinite variety that belongs to the sea and the clouds. It smiles, it frowns: it is serene, it threatens. At times it bares its whole being to you, at others it veils itself in mist. In the early morning its surface gleams and flashes as the sun shining full against it floods every rock and cranny with light. Toward noon shadows cast by its own projections creep over it and assume queer and ever-changing forms. The increasing shade of the declining day brings out the lighter tints of color, and the patches of green herbage, now become quite dark, contrast strikingly with their bare background. Rich purples and delicate shades of gray are the prevailing colors with which distance invests the cliff, but approach it closely and you find in every small bit of it not a dozen, but a hundred tints—reds, yellows, browns of every shade, with streaks of intensest black and white. The almost vertical dip of the strata gives a ready passage to the water that, trickling down from above, oozes out through every tiny chink and spreads over the whole surface. A chemist would explain that the mineral compounds with which this water becomes charged on its way through the rock are rusted, so to speak, by the action of the air, and in consequence assume these various colors. There are great patches of lichens, too, that so closely resemble the rock as usually to attract no notice; but when rain has darkened the cliff these humble intruders stand out to the eye like surprised chameleons.

The wildness of the ragged outline of this cliff against the sky is broken in three places by buildings. The castle on the left is a relic of the Napoleonic wars. It stands on the highest point of the island, the summit of Monte Solaro, more than two thousand feet above the

sea. The white building just to the right of it, with one huge archway visible, is a hermitage, whose lonely tenant guards a small chapel. The highest point on the extreme right, a most inaccessible-looking crag, is crowned by the ruins of a mediæval castle, known now not by the name of its founder, but by that of its more famous destroyer, the dreaded pirate Barbarossa.

On the gently-sloping tableland, hidden behind this cliff, lies Anacapri or Upper Capri, a village of greater extent than Capri itself. Perched up so high above the sea, to which only precipitous paths descend, it is most like a populous hermitage. Quite removed from contact with the changing world, its Greek customs and simple manners of two thousand years ago still cling to it. For ages the only road between these two villages—which, in their separation from the rest of the world, one might think would have been drawn more closely together—has been that zigzag line of steps cut in the sheer face of the rock at the extreme right of the cliff, a wonderful piece of ancient engineering. The steps are five hundred and thirty-five in number, and represent an ascent of about as many feet. But a carriage-road destined to connect the two villages has now been begun by the Italian government. Starting from the piazza of Capri, it runs for a long way nearly on a level, climbs a hundred feet higher by two backward turns, and just now ends abruptly on reaching the cliff. For the rest of the way it must be blasted out of the solid rock. For many months a dozen little black specks have been crawling cautiously about on the face of the cliff. They are workmen, secured by ropes to the crags above. There has been a steady clang of hammer and drill, with now and then a flash, a puff of white smoke, a report tossed from hill to hill, a shower of rock and dust clattering down, and the track of the new road may already be traced by the whiteness of the freshly-broken rock. When it is finished there will scarcely be a more glorious drive in the world.

There is another path between the two Capris, climbing over the middle and

highest part of the cliff, but such a path as hardly affords even the mountain-goat sure footing. In 1808, when Lamarque's gallant Frenchmen had scaled the heights of Anacapri from the sea, the defeated English troops were driven to seek refuge on the summit of Monte Solaro. In the night two Corsican companies in the English service tried to descend by this path to join Sir Hudson Lowe in Capri. Some succeeded, but not a few, losing their foothold in the darkness, fell over the precipice and were dashed to pieces at its foot. Now, that the ancient steps have become impassable by reason of the blasting for the new road, the worst parts of this mountain-path have been mended and made temporarily safe; and at almost any hour of the day a keen eye can descry the bright-colored gown of some native woman who is toiling up it, often with a heavy burden on her head.

The hill that hides from sight the left of this grand cliff-wall is called Castiglione. Its sides are terraced nearly to the top, and yield abundance of wine and oil. The picturesque deserted fort which caps it, and whose crenated battlements look so well against the sky, is several centuries old. At the foot of Castiglione, just over the red roof of the monastery chapel, two rocks rise abruptly from the sea. From here their outlines blend into one. The ragged and pinnacled top of a third rock peeps over the side of Telegraph Hill, a little farther to the left. These are the Faraglioni, or Three Brothers. They are jagged, wild and picturesque: the water breaks in showers of foam around their bases, and thousands of gulls have a home on their inaccessible summits. No visitor to these shores who has any skill in the use of brush and pallet but bears away a sketch of these crags. Their irregular outlines look well in a picture, and the weather-stained gray and the iron rust of their sides can easily be imitated by the colors of the tourist. These rocks may best be viewed from the Punta di Tragara, a point on the Telegraph Hill where a terrace overhangs them. The path thither is a favorite promenade, as it comes nearer to being a level way than any other on the

island. On a bright day like this it is delightful to idle away an afternoon on the grassy slope under this terrace, with the white gulls sweeping solemnly overhead. On the steep hillside beneath you are set the nets for catching quails. These pretty birds, tired with their long flight over the sea, alight by thousands here in May and September, and many of them fall into these cruel snares. When, after a few hours' rest, the flock takes wing again, there are always left behind some weak stragglers, which are easily caught in huge hand-nets. Quail-hunting here was once the favorite sport of the Bourbon kings of Naples, and the bishop of Capri used to derive his chief revenue from the same source, whence his diocese was known as the Quail bishopric. If there is the slightest swell upon the sea, the Faraglioni are fringed at their base with foam, and the water around them is green with sunken air-bubbles. As the wave rises it rushes furiously into the cavities of the rock, and bursts against the black jutting tongues with the rumbling of dull thunder. As it falls slowly back the foaming streams that pour down every seam of the drenched rock are like silver tresses of hair. Such may have been the dripping locks of Aphrodite as she rose from the sea.

To the left of the Faraglioni there lies in the water another rock called Monacone. It is low and accessible, and on it are the ruins of a tomb. This rock is all that remains of an island, once much larger, to which the emperor Augustus jestingly gave the name of Apragopolis, or Do-nothing Town, from the idleness of some of his suite who used to resort there. That prince of gossips, Suetonius, tells us this story about it: A certain Masgaba, who had first found out this delicious retreat, had died and was buried there. Shortly afterward it happened that Augustus, then near the end of his life and wearied with the cares of government, came over to spend a few days at Capri. It was midsummer, and, as he was reclining one evening at table in the open air, he saw the friends of Masgaba walking around his tomb with torches in their hands. Thereupon the



waggish monarch improvised a pompous Greek verse: "The founder's tomb I see in flames;" and, turning to Thrasyllus, a young man who lay with his back to the scene, asked him from what poet it was. Poor Thrasyllus bethought himself, but could not remember. When Augustus followed this line up by another, the young man became still more confused, and could only say that they were most excellent lines, whoever had written them. At this the whole company burst out laughing, and all but Thrasyllus thought it a capital joke.

Of the three hills that bound the view to the east, the one on the right is the conical Tuoro Grande or Telegraph Hill. It is crowned by a square box painted with broad horizontal bands alternately black and white. This peaceful building is a signal-telegraph station. There is an uncertainty about the workings of even the most modern institutions of Capri that harmonizes admirably with the simplicity of the inhabitants and the primitive style of life that one leads here. The steamboat is supposed to come every day, but it is timid, and is often not seen for a fortnight. The post has erratic ways of its own, nor does the telegraph escape the general fatality. I was favored one evening by one-half of a message of which the rest did not come till next morning.

The gentle elevation next to the left is the Tuoro Piccolo, and last of all comes the hill of San Michele, a wild mass of rock that hangs directly over the village. The ruins on its top are those of a fort: they enclose the remains of a still older chapel, and both occupy the site of an ancient Roman villa. The immense wall that girds the hill just below the summit supports a Roman terrace whose massive substructure is a puzzle to antiquarians. It consists of a series of about fifty watertight chambers connected by doorways and still in good repair. The destination of these chambers is unknown. One ingenious explorer, ashamed not to find any explanation at all, suggests that they formed a swimming gallery.

These Roman ruins are as old as Christianity. While Christ was still a

babe, Capri passed into the hands of the Cæsars. On one of the visits of Augustus a withered tree suddenly put forth new leaves and branches, and he was so pleased by this good omen that he bought the island from the city of Naples, giving Ischia in exchange for it. That was a turning-point in the destinies of Capri. Under Augustus and his successor, Tiberius, twelve imperial palaces were built and dedicated, one to each of the twelve chief deities. Their sites were chosen to suit the different seasons. Some were on hilltops, some on sunny slopes and some along the shore; and to them were added theatres, baths, cisterns and everything that could contribute to the comfort of their luxurious owner. A network of fine roads took the place of the former goat-paths of the island, a lighthouse and several harbors were built, and the hillsides were carved into terraces that in the distance looked like hanging gardens. In this retreat Tiberius spent the last ten years of his life, and Capri became the virtual capital of the Roman empire.

On the summit of the most eastern headland of the island, which San Michele now hides from view, stood the Villa Janis, the palace in which Tiberius usually lived. Succeeding emperors allowed its magnificence to fall into disuse and decay. Since then earthquakes have broken it, the storms of centuries have worn it away, every peasant who has needed stones for a wall or marbles to adorn his hut has quarried in these ruins, and yet enough is left to-day of this colossal building to excite the wonder and admiration of every visitor. Several rooms with vast arched ceilings remain intact, a beautiful way paved with mosaic has been partially uncovered, the ground-floor of a theatre can be traced out, and one may visit a perfect labyrinth of smaller rooms on different levels. Some of them are choked with rubbish, others serve as cow-stables, while in others cabbages are growing. In 1804 a German, whose curiosity tempted him to dig in this mine, found a handsome statue and some vases. There are of course legends connected with this spot

A peasant child, crawling about through obscure passages, is said to have stumbled upon a hall where stood a superb equestrian statue in bronze, but no one has since been able to find it. Tiberius could certainly have chosen no more lovely spot on earth for his self-imposed seclusion. The features of the landscape on which his eye must so often have rested were the same as those which delight the traveler to-day, except that Vesuvius was then a low and rounded hill covered with vineyards and pastures and peaceful flocks, and giving no sign of the sleeping fires that were so soon to burst forth and overwhelm the smiling villages of the plain.

Whoever, musing amid these ruins, tries to re-erect the stately walls, repeople them with the retired emperor's court, and picture to himself their daily doings, opens for himself one of the saddest pages in human history. He who dwelt here was absolute master of the civilized world, but at the same time a slave to his own vile passions. Secure from observation and danger in this inaccessible retreat, guarded by a formidable band of soldiers, and surrounded by gangs of slaves from the last wars in Germany, Syria and Africa, who were still toiling to subdue the savage nature of the island, Tiberius indulged his depraved appetites by every species of debauch, and gratified the cruelty of his nature by inventing new and exquisite tortures for those whom his caprice destined to death. The kind hand of Time has utterly destroyed the infamous Sellaria, an establishment in which Venus was worshiped with novel and disgusting rites, but tradition still points out the "Salto di Tiberio," the spot where, in sight of the emperor, criminals were thrown down a perpendicular cliff eight hundred feet high into the sea, and there beaten to death by the oars of boatmen stationed to receive them. It was while the world's master was devoting his last years to low pleasures on this island that the tragedy of Calvary was accomplished, and it is likely that news of the event was brought to him here. For nine months, while the conspiracy of Sejanus was in progress,

Tiberius did not venture to set foot outside of the Villa Janis. And it was here that, after the conspirator's death, those cruel proscriptions were planned that made the streets of Rome run with blood. Tiberius was on the mainland a day or two before his death, and, although quite ill, he tried to return to Capri, that he might from this island, as from a citadel, punish with impunity certain senators who had displeased him. But bad weather obliged him to put back, and he died in the house of Lucullus, near Cape Misenum.

It adds not a little to the romance of a visit to this spot to find that the ruins of the pagan emperor's villa are surmounted by a small chapel and a hermitage. Happy, panting strangers who daily toil up here for the view look with awe and veneration upon Fra Antonio, "the poor hermit who guards this sanctuary," for in these terms is he spoken of in the inscription that asks for contributions. Here is the world's vanity rebuked: here is the silence of the night broken by fervent prayer. This holy man doubtless fasts much, though few traces of it appear on his rubicund visage. He doubtless flagellates himself, not with a simple cord like that around his waist, but with another, perhaps, full of iron spikes. It is a pleasure to help on his devotions, and the spirit feels lighter for dropping a coin into his box. Such were my thoughts when first I entered his humble cell, but familiar acquaintance with things dispels, alas! many pleasing illusions. Ah, Fra Antonio, how hast thou improved upon the austerity of the Middle Ages! Here, indeed, is a model hermit! It is plain to him that to be holy one need not entirely eschew society nor despise good living. Accordingly, he often descends to the village to take a meal, and will even pass the night there in bad weather. But when the morning sun shines brightly and the steamer is in sight, which never fails to bring to his shrine pilgrims who may be expected to put something into his box, then he quickly betakes himself again to his lonely home. This gentle hermit is a tender-hearted man, and not indiffer-

ent to those sweet ties of Nature that link together the members of one family; and if a taste for his calling may be inherited, I fancy he will not lack successors. Leading this serene and tranquil life, and breathing the pure air of his lofty abode, years tell but little on him. Who would ever imagine that beneath that placid exterior he cherishes a great grief? I led him on once to speak of his early days. What conviction or what misfortune, I asked, had led him to embrace this life of abnegation? It was misfortune, he said. His life had been blighted, his career spoiled. He was to have been a shoemaker at the Marina. Ill-health tore him from the bench. This post of hermit was vacant, and his doctor advised him to take it. He had resigned himself to the will of Heaven, he added, and I saw a tear glistening in his eye.

One of the predecessors of Fra Antonio is mentioned in history. As a Neapolitan fleet was, once passing by Capri on its way to attack Philip Doria, nephew of the great admiral, whose vessels lay near Amalfi, the crews were astonished to hear an imposing and sonorous voice which addressed them from a lofty crag of the island. It was Gonsalvo, the hermit of Capri: he gave them his blessing, and assured them he had seen visions in the night which promised them the victory. Cheered by this news, the Neapolitans pressed on to the attack, but they were signally defeated by Doria, and their commander Moncada, viceroy of Naples, was killed. It is clear that Gonsalvo mistook the party to which his message was to be delivered.

At one time, far back in those ages into which only the eye of the geologist pierces, Capri formed a part of the mainland, and where now runs the troubled Bocca di Capri stood huge limestone mountains that seemed eternal in their firmness, till one day some great convulsion of Nature sank them beneath the waves. We catch glimpses of even earlier ages when the sea still covered what is now dry land. Few fossils are indeed found here, but portions of the rock near Villa Janis have been quite honeycombed by

*lithophagi*, tiny creatures that live only under water.

One can well imagine how the Phœnicians, the earliest navigators of these seas, creeping timidly along in their open boats close to the shore, must have dreaded this rockbound coast when a storm was out upon the sea. But perhaps on some such calm day as this they were first lured hither. It seems well ascertained that they made a settlement near each of the two landing-places, and called the island "Caprain," or "the Two Villages," a name that resembles in form the Tripolis and Pentapolis of the Greeks. When the Romans long afterward knew the island as *Caprea*, they were satisfied that the name had something to do with goats, but whether these were the wild goats that browsed on the crags, or whether the outline of the island looked like a crouching goat, was a point of dispute among their learned men. The Phœnicians were soon displaced by Greeks, who established here their religion and national customs, their contests in wrestling and poetry, and gave such an impress to the island that, despite all later changes of fortune and rulers, it is the Greek type that chiefly survives to-day in the population of Capri, and Greek peculiarities that mark their dialect and customs. The first Greek colonists were the Telebæ or Taphians, an Acarnanian tribe famous in that rude age as brave warriors and consummate cattle-stealers. On the south side of the island there is a projecting ledge called the Rock of the Sirens, and there are not wanting learned men who will prove to you that this is the veritable Island of the Sirens of Homer. And when the fierce scirocco rages you may still hear their dangerous songs in the dashing and roaring of the waves and the whistling of the wind around crags and through branches, and in the fringe of angry foam you may see the bones of luckless mariners that lie bleaching on the shore. Woe, then, to the wandering Ulysses that lets his frail bark drift on this treacherous coast!

The night of the Middle Ages settled heavily on Capri, and she changed masters many times as fortune favored one

or another of the conquerors who made Italy their battlefield and her riches their spoil. Belonging at one time to the Holy See, at another to the republic of Amalfi, she fell with all the adjacent mainland into the hands of the victorious Normans. From that day on her fortunes have been linked with those of Naples. The Suabian dynasty, the house of Anjou, the Spaniard, the Austrian and the Bourbon successively ruled over the shores of this lovely bay and all its islands. In the eleventh century Capri was ravaged by the plague, brought hither by a lock of hair in a letter. In the sixteenth century a more dreadful enemy appeared. Haireddin Barbarossa, an audacious Saracen pirate who had established himself upon the coast of Lucania, made repeated descents upon Capri, as well as upon the neighboring islands and the more exposed towns of the mainland. Wherever he landed he laid the country waste with fire and sword, and carried off thousands of the inhabitants into slavery.

Early in 1806, when Joseph Bonaparte became king of Naples, Capri was occupied by French troops. In May of the same year the English, landing at the *marina grande*, soon carried the weak fort on Castiglione, and thus possessed themselves of the whole island. They had soon fortified it so strongly at every point that it was known as "the little Gibraltar." Protected by these English guns, Ferdinand, ex-king of Naples, often used to come here and look with regret across the bay at his lost dominions. When Murat succeeded to the Neapolitan throne, he could ill brook the sight of a hostile flag so near his capital, and an attack on Capri was accordingly planned for the 4th of October, 1808.

Early in the morning of that day three detachments of French troops, numbering in all about two thousand men, started simultaneously from Naples, Castellamare and Salerno in small boats under the command of General Lamarque. By three o'clock in the afternoon they had all arrived under the cliffs of Capri. The commander of the English garrison, Colonel Hudson Lowe, afterward famous as

Napoleon's jailer at St. Helena, remained himself in the village of Capri, and entrusted the defence of Anacapri to Major Hamill. One party of the invaders made a feint of landing at Mulo, on the south side of the island, another at the marina, on the north side. But the real attack was directed against Anacapri, and the main force of fifteen hundred men effected a landing at various points on the western coast. The scaling of the cliffs, that there rise almost vertically from the sea, in broad daylight and in the face of the resistance of the English garrison, was perhaps a more gallant feat than Wolfe's capture of Quebec. It was a desperate struggle, and one in which the well-known gallantry of the French in attack and steady coolness of the English in defence were displayed to equal advantage. The eager assailants clambered up precipices where in cool blood one could scarcely find a footing, and many of them reached the top only to be hurled by a bayonet-thrust or by a blow from the clubbed musket of an English soldier back again to the depths of some awful chasm a thousand feet below. On the plain, in the fading light of the evening, the fight was continued. When night closed around the combatants the French were victors: Major Hamill had been killed, and the English had retired within the fort on the summit of Monte Salaro. Here, cut off from their friends, they were soon forced to surrender, with the exception of two Corsican companies, which, as I have said before, made their way down over the cliff to Capri.

On the night of the 5th the French ventured down the steps leading to Capri, which were defended by an English company. Let any one who has known that dizzy way picture to himself the hand-to-hand fight that ensued, the flash of muskets in the darkness, the echo rolling among the rocks, the clash of bayonets, the shock of determined foes on the face of a sheer precipice. Here again impetuosity triumphed over calm courage, and the morrow saw the French masters of the marina and their flag floating over a battery thrown hastily up in

the orange-grove of Camera Pesce. The English were now confined to the village of Capri and to their forts on Castiglione, San Michele and the other eastern hills. They had not more than a week's provisions. Fancy their joy when at dawn on the 7th they descried an English fleet of thirty-six sail bearing down upon the island! Help was at hand. In a few hours the ships had encircled Capri and had opened fire on all the French positions. But destiny fought for the bold invaders. Storm-clouds gathered, the sea ran high, the Sirens began their dreadful song and showed the bleaching bones of their victims. The fleet heeded the note of warning and sailed away. Six mortar-boats from Massa, that came to bring supplies to the French, were more fortunate, and they succeeded in their dangerous task, despite the fire from the English forts. They could hardly fail, for Murat himself was watching them from the Punta della Campanella. Day after day Colonel Lowe anxiously scanned the horizon for the return of the fleet. It did not come. His soldiers were starving and his powder was gone. On the 16th he surrendered. Scarcely was the capitulation signed when certain specks appeared on the southern horizon: they were the masts of another English fleet. It was an hour too late, and the ships served only to convey the beaten garrison to Sicily.

Many foreign artists are attracted to Capri by the fine rock-studies and the pure Greek type of the women, and in every direction may be seen the large windows of their studios. The pretty girls of the island are no less dangerous sirens, I think, than those of old. At least, it is no uncommon thing for an artist to fall in love with and marry the model whom his pencil has so often delineated, and whose beauty has perhaps given him his first success in his profession. The genial climate, which makes the winter seem an earlier spring, induces many invalids to spend the cold season here; while the fame of the scenery, and especially of the lovely Blue Grotto, brings a constant stream of tran-

sitory visitors. In fact, an excursion to Capri in good weather is one of the most refreshing things in the world. One's first visit is naturally to the Blue Grotto, where the boat seems to hang suspended between two azure heavens. Here, as the readers of the *Improvvisatore* will remember, took place the strange meeting between the blind Lara and her future spouse, when he gave her the herbs that were to restore her sight. An ingenious writer surmises that Glaucus, the unfortunate fisherman, took refuge here after his metamorphosis, and that the gods, touched by his sufferings, but unable to make him a man again, took away from him the form of a fish and left here only the blue of his scales to perpetuate his name and misfortunes.

The walks, or rather scrambles, about the island are numerous and of infinite variety, and an afternoon's excursion is sufficient to furnish a chapter of adventures. You may climb to the edge of the cliff, and, looking over, watch the play of sunlight and breeze on the water mottled blue and green below, and see great steamers, like little toy ships, glide by; or descend to the cave of Matromania, where once the mysterious worship of Mithra was conducted; or visit the Grotta del Arco, where Augustus found bones that he took to be those of giants and heroes, and where less romantic bones are still to be picked up; or you may go down to the seashore, where perpendicular walls of rock crowned by dismantled batteries tower above you, and where the waves sport with the fallen marbles of a Roman bath or the massive piers of an ancient port. In out-of-the-way nooks near the shore one often stumbles on basins of salt water evaporating in the sun. Some peasant is here essaying the home manufacture of salt in defiance of government law and monopoly. Whichever path you take, a great cactus, like a many-handed giant, seems ready to clutch at you from over the walls. Unshod donkeys come on you by surprise, while a band of children in wooden clogs will clatter by you like a troop of horse. You see peasants working diligently in their vineyards, boys



gathering edible snails for the Naples market, and long files of handsome girls, scantily clothed, carrying building-stones and mortar on their heads. You come across a group of children half naked, and as happy as fresh air and play can make them. They eye you silently. One of them advances, leading a younger one by the hand. Delicacy, it would seem, forbids the elder one to beg for himself, but, pointing to his companion, he says, "Signore, give a bajocco to this poor little child." Begging with this people is an hereditary instinct. One can hardly look at a babe in its mother's arms without its little mouth pursing up into the mechanical utterance, "*Datemi un bajocco!*" If it is steamer-day, you are likely to fall in occasionally with other strangers who are exploring the island, each with his red guide-book in hand, in much the same way as in old times strangers entering Bologna were required to wear red wax on their thumbs. On the uncultivated hillsides and in every crevice of the rock where a little soil has lodged grow wild flowers in profusion. There are nearly a thousand species on this small island, and of these I have found over a hundred in bloom in January. There are orchids that counterfeit the bee, the fly and other insects, a most delicately-marked crocus and showy euphorbias. The cyclamen and anemone, the cistus and narcissus and the white heather, carpet the hills with red, yellow and white. But the loveliest of all the flowers is the *Lithospermum rosmarinifolium*, which is almost peculiar to Capri. Thousands of these stare at you from the inaccessible crags with their large open eyes, which are of a darker and purer blue than I have seen in any other wild flower.

From the moment one sets foot on this island the monotony of life seems gone. There is a new freshness in the air, a new beauty in sea and sky, a new type of features, an unusual style of dress. Even the striking of the clock is mysterious, for the old Italian style of counting up to twenty-four o'clock is still in vogue, and the day begins with Ave Maria, half an hour after sunset. It is here accounted

wisdom to know when noon comes, for it varies throughout the year from half-past fifteen to nineteen o'clock. One hears much of the perils of the coral-fishery, in which hundreds of the young men annually embark in order to earn by the severest toil enough to enable them to marry, and other strange and wild stories abound, of which love and revenge, murder and suicide, are the exciting themes.

Even a new code of morals seems to prevail here. Not that the Capriots are by any means a depraved race. Their morals to-day are in fact much better than one might expect, considering that the Taphians were their ancestors and Tiberius their schoolmaster. It is only that their ideas of what constitutes morality differ in some respects from ours. To marry a foreigner, for example, is the ambition of every pretty Capri girl, but they are not at all nice about the ceremony, being quite satisfied with the Scotch law of mutual consent. And, strange to say, the public opinion of the island fully sustains them in this course. The Italian government, as is well known, insists on the performance of the ceremony of marriage before a civil magistrate: the priests, on the other hand, maintain the doctrine that the Church alone can give marriage its true sanction. Seeing the doctors thus disagree, this simple people seem to have sagely decided that both may be wrong, and that perhaps no ceremony at all is best.

Then there are in Capri so many original characters that it is a capital field for the much-talked-of study of human nature. There is the sexton, a little wiry man of iron-gray complexion, whose occupation has given a look of sanctimoniousness to a face that Nature intended to express wickedness and cunning. When off duty he angles for swallows from his bell-tower. There is a poor young woman, far gone in consumption, lying in a room which opens on a dark passage through which strangers must often go. She has no fire and, as there are no windows to the room, the door is kept open winter and summer. Her old mother, or else a little girl, is always

on the watch outside. When a stranger is seen to be coming a signal is given, and the poor creature begins to cough most distressingly. A few pennies given afford instant relief. A charitable Englishman has offered to move the young woman to a bright sunny room elsewhere, but her family cannot be induced to give up this profitable stand. There is the *Times* correspondent, Don Enrico, an English gentleman who has lived here thirty years, the fast friend of Garibaldi and an object of fear and espionage to the former Neapolitan government. There is "the escaped nun," whose father, Prince Carraccioli, forced her when a girl, into a convent, much against her will. She is now married, and has made her adventures the subject of an interesting book. Another curiosity of the island is an eccentric personage, significantly known as "il Signor Pazzo." He is the son of a distinguished English poetess, and will shortly succeed to the title of his uncle, an English lord. He chanced to come here some twenty years ago, when a schoolboy at Harrow, and was so bewitched by one of the Sirens, a common peasant-girl, that he married her, and has never since been able to leave the enchanted island.

The most characteristic amusement of the Capriots is the dance called the tarantella. It is known in some other parts of the Neapolitan province, and was even introduced by one of the ladies of the late imperial court into the salons of Paris; but only at Capri can it be seen in perfection. It is the custom on New Year's Eve for youths and maidens to go about to the houses of their friends in bands, attired in their traditional costume and bearing branches of olive and myrtle. If a tarantella is already going on, the new-comers join in it unceremoniously; if not, they speedily improvise one, and thus they dance out the old year. I was in a peasant's house on one of these occasions. The company was ranged closely around the walls, the fiddler was scraping vigorously away, and various couples were on the floor. Suddenly a new turn was given to the gayety by the arrival of Mariuccia, the model, a noted

beauty and one of the best dancers of the island. She was barefooted: a scarlet bodice enclosed her dainty waist, and on her white gown lemon-leaves were stitched in slanting rows. Her hair was neatly done up and fastened behind with the *spadella*. A young man accompanied her, dressed in white and with a red sash about his waist.

The new couple take the floor. They stand a short distance apart, facing in opposite directions, the left shoulders being presented to each other. The weight rests on the right foot, the left is thrown forward, while the hands are held above the head, the whole position being exactly the same as that of many of the dancing-girls in the frescoes from Herculaneum. They keep time to the music by springing with the right foot and by snapping their fingers or clapping their hands. Now they suddenly change position, rest upon the left foot and advance the right. Now they stand almost back to back, the right shoulders touching, the heads thrown so far back that they can look into each other's eyes. The left foot is held in air, and, springing in unison upon the right, they go slowly around. This is the prettiest figure of all. There is another in which, standing far apart, and with the body greatly curved, they *swoop* around with marvelous quickness; and indeed it is a dance that admits of many variations. All at once the music slackens. From a hundred and sixty beats to the minute it falls to about a hundred and twenty: the tarantella ceases, and the slower tarascona begins—a mere monotonous balancing, designed to give rest to the dancers. While the tarantella fascinates one by its exquisite and ever-varying postures and its graceful motions, the thorough enjoyment of it by the dancers adds to it another charm. Here is neither the languor of the ballroom nor the bedizenment and made-up beauty of the stage. To these hardy youths and girls dancing is a delight, and the real pleasure that sparkles in their eyes and glows in their cheeks kindles a like pleasure in the spectators.

This dance derives its name from its fancied resemblance to the frenzied dan-

cing which is still in vogue in Southern Italy as a cure for the bite of the tarantula. This poisonous spider spins no web, and is seldom seen except at harvest-time. Its bite causes shooting pains all over the body. The friends of the person bitten gather around him and play by turns on various musical instruments, while the sufferer begins a slow dance. Not until the instrument and the tune, as well as the person playing, are all in perfect consonance with the mood of the patient

does the cure begin to take effect. But when that moment comes the dancer's step quickens, his eye kindles, he fairly shrieks with pleasure, and he dances furiously for hours until utterly exhausted. He then falls asleep, and wakes perfectly cured.

Ave Maria is ringing. The short twilight that here follows sunset is fast fading, and the night is closing in. The house-tops around me are deserted, and I too will go below. ROBERT MCLEOD.

### THE CRICKET'S MISSION.

WHAT are you singing from sun to sun,  
Cricket, the long hours through?  
Are you telling of what the earth has done,  
Or of what it has yet to do?

The rhythm of all that you drone about  
Is a melody vague yet dear—  
So dear that the summer were dull without  
Your answering presence here.

A tenderer tint the green leaves wear,  
The silence is hushed anew,  
And a softer motion is in the air,  
Because they are thrilled by you.

Again I listen, and still again,  
To your monotone's boundless store,  
In hope to catch from the low refrain  
Some secret of hidden lore;

For, truly, it seems you know it all,  
Who never are loath to tell,  
From earliest spring to the latest fall,  
Whatever you've learned so well.

And yet, O cricket! 'twere wise to think  
That your burden from sun to sun  
Would fail of a charm could we unlink  
Its mysteries one by one.

Enough! enough, on the restful swell  
Of your weird notes low and long,  
To yield one's soul to the soothing spell  
Of dreams that are nursed by song.

MARY B. DODGE.

## LETTERS FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

BY LADY BARKER.

MARITZBURG, May 10, 1876.

NO, I will *not* begin about the weather this time. It is a great temptation to do so, because this is the commencement of the winter, and it is upon the strength of the coming four months that the reputation of Natal, as possessing the finest climate in the world, is built. Before I came here meteorologists used to tell me that the "average" temperature of Maritzburg was so and so, mentioning something very equable and pleasant; but then, you see, there is this little difference between weather-theories and the practice of the weather itself: it is sadly apt to rush into extremes, and degrees of heat and cold are very different when totted up and neatly spread over many weeks, from the same thing bolted in lumps. Then you don't catch cold on paper, nor live in doubt whether to have a fire or open windows and doors. To keep at all on a level with the thermometer here, one needs to dress three or four times a day; and it is quite on the cards that a muslin gown and sealskin jacket may both be pleasant wear on the same day. We have all got colds, and, what is worse, we have all had colds more or less badly for some time past; and I hear that everybody else has them too. Of course, this news is an immense consolation, else why should it invariably be mentioned as a compensation for one's own paroxysms of sneezing and coughing?

It is certainly cooler, at times quite cold, but the sudden spasms of fierce hot winds and the blazing sun during the midday hours appear the more withering and scorching for the contrast with the lower temperature of morning and evening. Still, we all keep saying (I yet protest against the formula, but I've no doubt I shall come round presently and join heart and soul in it), "Natal has the finest climate in the world," although we have to go about like the man in the

fable, and either wrap our cloaks tightly around us or throw them wide open to breathe. But there! I said I would not go off into a meteorological report, and I will not be beguiled by the attractions of a grievance—for there is no such satisfactory grievance as weather—into breaking so good a resolution. Rather let me graft upon this monotonous weather-grumble a laugh at the expense of poor Zulu Jack, whom I found the other morning in a state of nervous anxiety over the butter, which steadily refused to be spread on a slice of bread for little G——'s consumption. "Have you such a thing as a charm about you, lady-chief?" Jack demanded in fluent Zulu; "for this butter is assuredly bewitched. Last night I could make slices of buttered bread quite easily: this morning, behold it!" and he exhibited his ill-used slice of bread, with obstinate and isolated dabs of butter sticking about it. So, you see, it *must* be cooler; and so it is, I acknowledge, except of a morning on which a hot wind sets in before sunrise.

To show you how perfectly impartial and unprejudiced even a woman can be, I am going to admit that the day last week on which I took a long ride to Edendale—a mission-station some half dozen miles away—was as absolutely delightful as a day could well be. It was a gray, shady day, very rare beneath these sunny skies, for clouds generally mean rain or fog, but this day they meant nothing worse than the tiniest sprinkle at sundown—just a few big drops flirted in our faces from the ragged edge of a swiftly-sailing thundercloud. There was no wind to stir up the dust, and yet air enough to be quite delicious: now and then the sun came out from behind the friendly clouds, creating exquisite effects of light and shadow among the hills through which our road wound. Across many a little tributary of the Umsindusi, by many a still green valley and round

many a rocky hill-shoulder, our road lay—a road which for me was most pleasantly beguiled by stories of Natal as it was five-and-twenty years ago, when lions came down to drink at these streams, when these very plains were thickly studded with buck and eland, buffalo and big game whose names would be a treasure of puzzlement to a spelling bee. In those days no man's hand ever left for an instant the lock of his trusty gun, sleeping or waking, standing or sitting, eating or riding.

The great want of ever so fair a landscape in these parts is timber. Here and there a deeper shadow in the distant hill-clefts may mean a patch of scrub, but when once you pass the belt of farms which girdle Maritzburg for some four or five miles in every direction, and leave behind their plantations of gums and poplars, oaks and willows, then there is nothing more to be seen but rolling hillslopes bare of bush or shrub, until the eye is caught by the trees around the settlement we are on our way to visit. It stands quite far back among the hills—too much under their lee, in fact, to be quite healthy, I should fancy, for a layer of chilly, vaporous air always lurks at the bottom of these folded-away valleys, and breeds colds and fever and ague. Still, it is all inexpressibly homelike and fertile as it lies there nestling up against the high, rising ground, with patches of mealies spread in a green fan around and following the course of the winding river in tall green rustling brakes like sugarcane. The road, a fairly good one for Natal, was strangely still and silent, and bereft of sight or sound of animal life. At one of the spruits a couple of timber-wagons were outspanned, and the jaded, tick-covered bullocks gave but little animation to the scene. Farther on, whilst we cantered easily along over a wide plain still rich in grass, a beautiful little falcon swept across our path. Slow and low was its flight, quite as though it neither feared nor cared for us, and I had ample time to admire its exquisite plumage and its large keen eye. By and by we came upon the usual "groups from the antique" in bronze and ebony working

at the road, and, as usual, doing rather more harm than good. But when we had crossed the last streamlet and turned into a sort of avenue which led to the main street of the settlement, then there was life and movement enough and to spare. Forth upon the calm air rang the merry voices of children, of women carrying on laughing dialogues across the street, and of men's deeper-toned but quite as fluent jabber. And here are the speakers themselves as we leave the shade of the trees and come out upon the wide street rising up before us toward the mountain-slope which ends its vista.

Sitting at the doors of their houses are tidy, comfortable-looking men and women, the former busy plaiting with deft and rapid movement of their little fingers neat baskets and mats of reeds and rushes—the latter either cooking mealies, shelling them or crushing them for the market. Everywhere are mealies and children. Fat black babies squat happily in the dust, munching the boiled husk before it is shelled; older children are equally happy cleaning with finger and tongue a big wooden spoon just out of the porridge-pot; whilst this same familiar pot, of every conceivable size, but always of the same three-legged shape, something like a gypsy-kettle, lurks more or less *en evidence* in the neighborhood of every house. No grass-thatched huts are here, but thoroughly nice, respectable little houses, nearly all of the same simple pattern, with vermilion or yellow-ochre doors, and half covered with creepers. Whoever despairs of civilizing the Kafir need only look here and at other similar stations to see how easily he adapts himself to comfortable ways and customs, and in what a decent, orderly fashion he can be trained to live with his fellows.

Edendale is a Wesleyan mission-station, and the history of its settlement is rather a curious one—curious from its being the result of no costly organization, no elaborate system of proselytism, but the work of one man originally, and the evident result and effect of a perception on the part of the natives of the benefits of association and civilization.



And here I feel it incumbent on me to bear testimony—not only in this instance and in this colony—to the enormous amount of real, tangible, common-sense good accomplished among the black races all over the world by both Wesleyan Methodist and Baptist missions and missionaries. I am a staunch Churchwoman myself, and yield to no one in pure love and reverence for my own form of worship; but I do not see why that should hinder me from acknowledging facts which I have noticed all my life. Long ago in Jamaica, how often in our girlish rambles and rides have my sister and I come suddenly upon a little clearing in the midst of the deep silence and green gloom of a tropical forest! In the centre of the clearing would be a rude thatched barn, with felled trees for seats, and neither door nor window. "What is that?" we would ask of the negro lad who always rode on a mule behind us to open gates or tell us the right road home again after an excursion in search of rare orchids or parrots' nests. "Dat Baptist chapel, missis. Wesleyan, him hab chapel too ober dere. Sunday good man come preach—tell us poor niggers all good tings. Oder days same good gempleman teach pickaninnies." That was the answer, and in those few words would lie the history of much patient, humble planting of good seed, unnoticed by the more pompous world around. The minister works perhaps during the week at some means of support, but devotes even his scant leisure moments to teaching the little black children. I am so ignorant of the details on which dissenters differ from us that I dare not go into the subject, but I only know it was the same thing in India. Up in the Himalayas I have come across just the same story scores of times. Whilst our more costly and elaborate system of organization is compelled to wait for grants and certified teachers, and desks and benches, and Heaven knows what, the Methodist or Baptist missionary fells a few trees, uses them as walls and seats, thatches the roof of his shelter, and begins then and there to teach the people around him something of the

sweet charities and decencies of a Christian life.

Doubtless, Edendale had once upon a time as humble a beginning, but when I saw it that soft autumn day it was difficult to recall such a chrysalis stage of its existence. On our right hand rose a neat brick chapel, substantial and handsome enough in its way, with proper seats and good woodwork within. This plain structure, however, cost something over a thousand pounds, nearly every penny of which has been contributed by Kafirs, who twenty-five years ago had probably never seen a brick or a bench, and were in every respect as utter savages as you could find anywhere. Nor is this the only place of worship or instruction on the estate, although it is the largest and most expensive, for within the limits of the settlement, or "location," as it is called—only embracing, remember, some thirty-five hundred acres under cultivation—there is another chapel, a third a few miles farther off at a sort of out-station, and no less than four day-schools with two hundred scholars, and three Sunday-schools at which two hundred and eighty children assemble weekly. All the necessary buildings for these purposes have been created entirely by and at the expense of the natives, who only number eight hundred residents in the village itself. On Sundays, however, I heard with much pleasure that more than a hundred natives from neighboring kraals attend the services at the chapels, attracted no doubt in the first instance by the singing. But still, one cannot have a better beginning, and the Kafir is quite shrewd enough to contrast his squalid hut, his scanty covering and monotonous food with the well-clad, well-housed, well-fed members of the little community of whom he catches this weekly glimpse, and every one of whom, save their pastor, is as black as himself.

But I promised to tell you briefly how the little settlement first originated. Its founder and organizer was the Rev. James Allison, a Wesleyan missionary who labored long and successfully among the Basuto and Amaswazi tribes in the interior, far away. Circumstances, external

as well as private, into which I need not enter, led to his purchasing from Pretorius, the old Dutch president of Natal, this "location" or estate of some sixty-five hundred acres in extent, and settling himself upon it. He was followed by a great many of his original flock, who were warmly and personally attached to him, and had faithfully shared his fortunes in the past. In this way the nucleus of a settlement lay ready to his hand, and he seems to have been a man of great business talents and practical turn of mind, as well as a spiritual teacher of no mean ability. The little village I saw the other day was quickly laid out, and the small freehold lots—or "craen," as they are called still by their old Dutch name—were readily bought by the native settlers. This was only in 1851, and probably the actual tillage of the soil was not commenced for a year or two later. As we walked through the fertile fields with their rich and abundant crops standing ready for the sickle, and looked down into the sheltered nooks where luxuriant gardens full of vegetables flourished, it was difficult to believe that ever since the first blade of grass or corn was put in till now those fields had never known any artificial dressing or manuring of any sort. For more than twenty years the soil had yielded abundantly without an hour's rest, or any further cultivation than a very light plough could give. The advantages of irrigation, so shamefully overlooked elsewhere, were here abundantly recognized, and every few yards brought one to a diminutive channel, made by a hoe in a few minutes, bearing from the hill above a bright trickle down to the gardens and houses. I confess I often thought during that pleasant ramble of the old saying about God helping those who help themselves, for all the comfort and well-to-do-ness which met my eyes every moment was entirely from within. The people had done everything with their own hands, and during the past year had, besides, contributed over two hundred pounds to their minister's support. There have been three or four pastoral successors to Mr. Allison, who left the settlement about

a dozen years ago, and the minister, who offered me, a complete stranger, a most cordial and kindly welcome, showing me everything which could interest me, and readily falling in with my desire to understand it all, was the Rev. Daniel Eva, who has only been in charge of this mission for eighteen months. I was much struck by his report of the cleverness of the native children; only it made one regret still more that they had not better and greater opportunities all over the colony of being taught and trained. In the girls' school I saw a bright-eyed little Kafir maiden, neatly dressed and with the most charming graceful carriage and manner, who was only twelve years old, and the most wonderful arithmetician. She had passed her teacher long ago, and was getting through her "fractions" with the ease and rapidity of Babbage's calculating-machine. Nothing short of Euclid was at all likely to satisfy her appetite for figures. She and her slate were inseparable, and she liked nothing better than helping the other children with their sums. But, indeed, they were all very forward with their learning, and did their native teachers great credit. What I longed for, more than anything else, was to see a regular training-school established in this and similar stations where these clever little monkeys could be trained as future domestic servants for us whites, and as good, knowledgeable wives for their own people. There was for some years an industrial school here, and I was dreadfully sorry to hear it had been given up, but not before it had turned out some very creditable artisans among the boys, all of whom are doing well at their respective trades and earning their five or six shillings a day as skilled workmen. This school used to receive a yearly grant from the local government of one hundred pounds, but when, from private reasons, it was given up, the grant was of course withdrawn. The existing schools only get a government grant of fifty pounds a year; and, small as the sum seems, it is yet difficult to expect more from a heavily-taxed white population who are at this moment busy in preparing a better and

more costly scheme of education than they possess at present for their own children. Still, I confess my heart was much drawn to this cheerful, struggling little community; and not only to it, but to its numerous offshoots scattered here and there far away. The Edendale people already look forward to the days when they shall have outgrown their present limits, and have purchased two very large farms a hundred miles farther in the interior, to which several of the original settlers of the parent mission have migrated, and so formed a fresh example of thrift and industry and a fresh nucleus of civilization in another wild part.

There were a hundred houses in the village (it is called George Town, after Sir George Grey), and into some of these houses I went by special and eager invitation of the owners. You have no idea how clean and comfortable they were, nor what a good notion of decoration civilized Kafirs have. In fact, there was rather too much decoration, as you will admit if I describe one dwelling to you. This particular house stood on high ground, just where the mountain slopes abruptly, so it had a little terrace in front to make the ground level. Below the terrace was a kind of yard, in which quantities of fowls scratched and clucked, and beyond that, again, an acre of garden-ground, every part of which was planted with potatoes, pumpkins, green peas and other things. A couple of somewhat steep and rough steps helped us to mount up on the terrace, and then we were ushered—with such a natural pride and delight in a white lady visitor—into a little flagged passage. On one side was the kitchen and living-room, a fair-sized place enough, with substantial tables and chairs, and a large open hearth, on which a wood-fire was cooking the savory contents of a big pot. As for the walls, they were simply the gayest I ever beheld. Originally whitewashed, they had been absolutely covered with brilliant designs in vermilion, cobalt and yellow ochre, most correctly and symmetrically drawn in geometrical figures. A many-colored star within a circle was

a favorite pattern. The effect was as dazzling as though a kaleidoscope had been suddenly flung against a wall and its gay shapes fixed on it. But, grand as was this apartment, it faded into insignificance compared to the drawing-room and the "English bedroom," both of which were exhibited to me with much complacency by the smiling owner. Now, these rooms had originally been one, and were only divided by a slender partition-wall. When the door of the drawing-room was thrown open, I must say I almost jumped back in alarm at the size of the roses and lilies which seemed about to assault me. I never before saw such a wall-paper—never. It would have been a large pattern for, say, St. James's Hall, and there it was, flaunting on walls about seven feet by eight. A brilliant crimson flock formed the ground, and these alarming flowers, far larger than life, bloomed and nodded all over it. The chairs and sofa were gay with an equally remarkable chintz, and brilliant mats of beads and wool adorned the tables. China ornaments and pictures were in profusion, though it took time to get accustomed to those roses and lilies, so as to be able to perceive anything else. In one part of the tiny room some bricks had been taken out of the wall and a recess formed, fitted up with shelves on which stood more vases and statuettes, the whole being framed and draped with pink calico cut in large vandykes. I must say, my black hostess and her numerous female friends, who came flocking to see me, stood out well against this magnificent background. We all sat for some time exchanging compliments and personal remarks through the medium of an interpreter. But one smiling sable understood English, and it was she who proposed that the "lady-chief" should now be shown the bedroom, which was English fashion. We all flocked into it, gentlemen and all, for it was too amusing to be left out. Sure enough, there was a gay iron bedstead, a chest of drawers, and, crowning glory of all, a real dressing-table, complete with pink and white petticoat and toilette-glass. The glass

might have been six inches square—I don't think it was more—but there was a great deal of wooden frame to it, and it stood among half a dozen breakfast cups and saucers which were symmetrically arranged, upside down, on the toilette-table.

"What are these for?" I asked innocently.

"Dat English fashion, missis: all white ladies hab cup-saucers on deir tables like dat."

It would have been the worst possible taste to throw any doubt on this assertion, which we all accepted with perfect gravity and good faith, and so returned to the drawing-room, much impressed, apparently, by the grandeur of the bedroom.

Of course, the babies came swarming round, and very fat and jolly they all looked in their nice cotton frocks or shirt-blouses. I did not see a single ragged or squalid or poverty-stricken person in the whole settlement, except one poor mad boy, who followed us about, darting behind some shelter whenever he fancied himself observed. Poor fellow! he was quite harmless—a lucky circumstance, for he was of enormous stature and strength. Over his pleasant countenance came a puzzled, vacant look every now and then, but nothing repulsive, though his shaggy locks hung about his face like a water-spaniel's ears, and he was only wrapped in a coarse blanket. I was sorry to notice a good deal of ophthalmia among the children, and heard that it was often prevalent here.

In another house, not quite so gay, I was specially invited to look at the contents of the good wife's wardrobe, hung out to air in the garden. She was hugely delighted at my declaring that I should like to borrow some of her smart gowns, especially when I assured her, with perfect truth, that I did not possess anything half so fine. Sundry silk dresses of hues like the rainbow waved from the pomegranate bushes, and there were mantles and jackets enough to have started a second-hand clothes' shop on the spot. This young woman—who was quite pretty, by the way—was the second wife

of a rich elderly man, and I wondered what her slight, *petite* figure would look like when buried in those large and heavy garments. It chanced to be Saturday, and there was quite as much cleaning and general furbishing up of everything going on inside and outside the little houses as in an English country village, and far less shrewishness over the process.

I wanted to have one more look at the principal school-room, whose scholars were just breaking up for a long play; so we returned, but only in time for the outburst of liberated children, whooping and singing and noisily joyful at the ending of the week's lessons. The little girls dropped their pretty curtsies shyly, but the boys kept to the charming Kafir salutation of throwing up the right hand with its two fingers extended, and crying "Inkosi!" It is a good deal prettier and more graceful than the complicated wave and bow in one which our village children accomplish so awkwardly.

Oh, how I should like to "do up" that school-room, and hang gay prints and picture-lessons on its walls, for those bright little creatures to go wild with delight at! There has been so much needed in the settlement that no money has been or can be forthcoming just yet for anything beyond bare necessities. But the school-room wanted "doing up" very much. It was perfectly sweet and clean, and there was no occasion for any inspector to measure out so many cubic feet of air to each child, for the breeze from the mountains was whistling in at every crevice and among the rafters, and the floor was well scrubbed daily; but it wanted new stands and desks and forms—everything, in short—most sadly. Then just think what a boon it would be if the most intelligent and promising among the girls could be drafted from this school when twelve years old into a training-school, where they could be taught sewing and cooking and other homely accomplishments! There is no place in the colony where one can turn for a good female servant, and yet here were all these nice sharp little girls only wanting the opportunity of learning to grow up into capital

servants and good future wives, above merely picking mealies or hoeing the ground.

As I have said before, I am no political economist, and the very combination of words frightens me, but still I can't help observing how we are wasting the good material which lies ready to our hands. When one first arrives one is told, as a frightful piece of news, that there are three hundred thousand Kafirs in Natal, and only seventeen thousand whites. The next remark is that immigration is the cure for all the evils of the country, and that we want more white people. Now, it seems to me that is just what we *don't* want—at least, white people of what is called the lower classes. Of course, every colony is the better for the introduction of skilled labor and intelligence of every kind, no matter how impecunious it may be. But the first thing a white person of any class at all does here is to set up Kafirs under him, whom he knocks about as much as he dares, complaining all the time of their ignorance and stupidity. Every man turns at once into a master and an independent gentleman, with black servants under him; and the result is, that it is impossible to get the simplest thing properly done, for the white people are too fine to do it, and the black ones either too ignorant or too lazy. Then there is an outcry at the chronic state of muddle and discomfort we all live in. English servants directly expect two or three Kafirs under them to do their work; and really no one except ladies and gentlemen seem to do anything save by deputy. Now, if we were only to import a small number of teachers and trained artisans of the highest procurable degree of efficiency, we could establish training-schools in connection with the missions which are scattered all over the country, and which have been doing an immense amount of good silently all these years. In this way we might gradually use up the material we have all ready to our hand in these swarming black people; and it appears to me as if it would be more likely to succeed than bringing shiploads of ignorant, idle whites into the colony. There is no doubt about

it: Natal will never be an attractive country to European immigrants; and if it is not to be fairly crowded out of the list of progressive English colonies by its population of blacks, we must devise some scheme for bringing them into the great brotherhood of civilization. They are undoubtedly an intelligent people, good-humored and easy to manage. Their laziness is their great drawback, but at such a settlement as Edendale I heard no complaints, and certainly there were no signs of it. No one learns more readily than a savage how good are clothes and shelter and the thousand comforts of civilized people. Unhappily, he learns the evil with the good, especially in the towns, but that is our own fault. In a climate with so many cold days as this the want of clothing is severely felt by the Kafirs, and it is one of the first inducements to work. Then they very soon learn to appreciate the comfort of a better dwelling than their dark huts, and a wish for more nourishing food follows next. It is easier to get at the children and form their habits and ideas than to change those of the grown-up men, for the women scarcely count for anything at present in a scheme of improvement: they are mere hewers of wood and drawers of water. So the end of it all is, that I want a little money from some of you rich people to encourage the Edendale settlers by helping them with their existing schools, and if possible setting up training-schools where boys could be taught carpentering and other trades, and the girls housewifery; and I want the same idea taken up and enlarged, and gradually carried out on a grand scale all over the country.

There are several Norwegian missions established on the borders of Zululand, presided over by Bishop Schreuder; and I have been so immensely interested in the bishop's report of a visit he paid last year to Cetywayo (there is a click in the C), the Zulu king, that I have copied some of it out of a *Blue Book* for you. Do you know there is a very wrong impression abroad about blue books? They contain the most interesting reading possible, full of details of colonial difficulties



and dangers which are not to be met with anywhere else, and I have never been better entertained than by turning over the leaves of one whenever it is my good fortune to come across it. I remember one in particular upon Japan, beautifully written, and as thrillingly sensational as any of Miss Braddon's novels. However, you shall judge for yourself of the bishop's narrative. I will only mention what he is too modest to cause to appear here—and which was told me by other people—that he is one of the most zealous and fearless of the great band of missionaries, beloved and respected by black and white. In fact, my informant managed to convey a very good impression of the bishop's character to me when he summed up his panegyric in true colonial phraseology, though I quite admit that it does not sound sufficiently respectful when applied to a bishop: "He is a first-rate fellow, all round."

This document, which I have shortened a little, was addressed as a letter to our minister for native affairs, and has thus become public property, read and re-read with deep interest by us here, and likely, I am sure, to please a wider circle:

UNTUNJAMBILI, August 20, 1875.

DEAR SIR: I beg to send you a short sketch of my last trip to and interview with the Zulu king, in order to present to him your report of your embassy, 1873, and leave it to your discretion to lay before His Excellency the whole or a part of this sketch, got up in a language foreign to me.

After an irksome traveling right across the Tugela from here to Undi, I arrived the fifth day (August 5) at the king's head kraal sufficiently early to have a preliminary interview with the headmen then present—viz., Umnjamana, Usegetwayo, Uganze, Uzetzalusa, Untzingwayo, etc.—and, according to Zulu etiquette, lay before them the substance of my message in the main points, the same as I, the day after (6th August), told the king.

(N. B. In the course of the evening one of the headmen hinted to me that as re-

gards the killing of people, all was not as it ought to be, and that I ought to press the matter when I had the interview with the king, as he needed to have his memory (I would rather say his conscience, for his memory is still very good—even remarkably good) stirred up, and that the present occasion was the very time to do that. The result proved this to be a very safe and timely hint.)

They spent the forenoon communicating in their bulky way this news to the king, so it was midday before I got an interview with the king, when I opened the interview verbatim, thus:

"My arrival here to-day is not on my own account. I have come at the request of the chiefs across (the Tugela) to cause you to receive by hand and by mouth a book which has come from Victoria, the queen of the English—the book of the new laws of this Zulu country, which Somtseu (Mr. Shepstone) proclaimed publicly at Umlambongwenya the day he, being called to do so, set you apart to be king of the Zulus. Victoria, queen of the English, says: 'I and my great headmen (ministers) have read the new laws of the Zulu country, which you, king, and all the Zulus, agreed to with Somtseu; and as we adhere to our words, so also I wish you, chief of the Zulus, to hold fast to these words of yours of this law which you agreed to adhere to the day you were made king by Mr. Shepstone, who was sent to do that by the government of Natal.' I have now finished: this is the only word I have brought with me from the chiefs across (the Tugela)."

The royal inscription of the copy was of course literally translated.

After having thus delivered the government message entrusted to me, I added, in the way of explaining to the king and his councilors the merits of the case at issue, by saying:

"You have heard the government word, but that you may clearly see the line of this book of the new laws, I wish to explain to you as follows: The day the Zulu nation brought the head of the king, laid low, four oxen, to the government, the Zulu nation asked that Mr.

Shepstone might come and proclaim the new laws of Zululand, and set apart the real royal child, because they no longer had power of themselves to set apart for themselves a king. Mr. Shepstone came, and began by consulting you, the Zulu nation, at Umlambongwenya on the fifth day of the week, on all the points of the new law which he had been sent for to proclaim; and he conversed with you until the sun went down, having begun early in the day. He then left you Zulus to consult together and investigate the new laws on the last day of the week and on the Sunday; and when Mr. Shepstone returned to the wagons (camp) he wrote in a book all the points of the new law; and on Monday he again came with all his attendants, and it was in accordance with his previous arrangement with you; and he came to the Umlambongwenya, the residence appointed for the purpose, that he might set apart in becoming manner the young king. We all were present: we heard him, standing publicly, holding in his hand a paper, and pointing to it, saying, 'That forgetfulness may never, never happen, I have written in this paper all the points of the new laws of the country which we agreed upon, two days ago and to-day, in the presence of all the Zulu nation, the royal children and the nobles;' and he then handed that paper to his son, that it might be accessible and speak when he himself is no more; and this proclamation of the new laws was confirmed by the English custom of firing cannons seventeen times, and according to the Zulu by the striking of shields. On the second day of the week Mr. Shepstone returned to the Umlambongwenya to take his leave of the king, and again the points of the new law were explained; and Utamni (Cetywayo's brother) explained to Mr. Shepstone the history of this house; and on the third day the nobles all went to the wagons (camp), being sent to the king to take leave, and Mr. Shepstone went home satisfied; and when he returned to the colony he wrote this book of the narrative of his journey and his work in Zululand; and, as is done (in the colony), then he sent it to the governor,

and the governor read it, and read it all, and said the work of Somtseu is good, and the new laws of the Zulu country are good; and, as is done there too, he sent it forward to Victoria, the queen of the English; and Victoria sent back this book of the new laws by the same way to the governor, and the governor returned it to Somtseu, and here it is come back to its work (discharge its function) in Zululand, where it was set up to rule over you. And as Victoria binds herself by her words, so are you also, king, and you, the Zulu nation, bound by this new law made for you here by Somtseu at Umlambongwenya. And this is the generation of this book of the new law: It was born an infant; it went across (the water), the child of a king, to seek for kingship, and it found it; it was made king far away, and here it is returned with its rank to its own country, Zululand; therefore do not say it is only the book that speaks. No, I tell you, Zulus, of a truth, that this book has to-day rank: it took that rank beyond (the water): it has come back a king, and is supreme in this country.

"The words of the governor are finished, and my explanation is finished; but there are small items of news which I wish to tell you in your ears, which the authorities (in Natal) did not tell me, but which I speak for myself because I wish to see for you and reprove you gently, that you may understand."

Uganze then commenced in his usual tattling way to make some remarks, that they, as black people, did not understand books and the value of such written documents; whereupon I said to him, "That won't do, Ganze, that you, after having applied, as in the present case, to people who transact business through written documents, now afterward say you do not understand the value of books. You all know very well that book-rules are supreme with white people: it is therefore of no use that you, after having obtained what you wanted from the white people, now come and plead ignorance about book. If you don't know yourselves to read book, there is nothing else for you to be done but to get a trustwor-

thy person to read for you, or learn to read yourselves."

By these remarks I stopped effectually all further talk of that kind; and, evidently displeased at Uganze's talk, the king repeated very correctly all I had endeavored to say. (You know the king has a good memory.)

While I was translating, the king and his nobles often expressed their astonishment, uttering occasionally that it was as if they were living the thing over again, and that what was translated was exactly what was spoken and transacted in your way to and under your stay at the place of encampment; and, having finished, I told them that the fullness and correctness of the details of the report was a natural result of the habit of white people under such circumstances, daily to take down in writing what transpired, in order not to forget it itself long time afterward.

As the king and his nobles now entered upon a discussion of the merits of the new laws as set forth in your report, and this discussion evidently would take the turn of being an answer to the message delivered, I found it necessary to tell them that I had received no commission to bring back any answer to the government message; and stated my own private opinion about not having received such commission by saying most explicitly, "My opinion is that the chiefs across the Tugela did not tell me to take back to them your answer, because your right words to adhere to the new law are completed. They are many: no more are necessary. The thing wanted now is your acts in accordance with the law."

Here, again, Uganze asked what I meant by *acts*; and the answer was, "That you rule and manage this Zululand in accordance with the new law, and never overstep it;" and I explained this further by telling them frankly that many reports circulated in Natal of the extensive killing of people all over the Zululand; that from the time I this year had crossed the Tugela, Natal people had with one mouth asked me if the killing of people in Zululand now really was carried on to such an extent as reported, in spite of the new

law; that I had not with my own eyes seen any corpse, and personally only knew of them said to have been killed; that I myself had my information principally from the same sources as people in Natal, and often from Natal newspapers; that I myself personally believed that there were some, and perhaps too much, foundation for said reports: there were many who pretended having seen corpses of people killed both with guns and spears. And, after having lectured my Zulu audience very earnestly upon this vital point, I concluded, saying, "Well-wishers of the Zulus are very sorry to hear of such things, as they certainly had hoped that the new constitution would have remedied this sad shedding of blood; while, on the other hand, people who did not care whether the Zulu nation was ruined or not, merely laughed at the idea that any one ever could have entertained the hope of altering or amending the old-cherished Zulu practice of bloodshed, as the Zulus were such an irrecoverable set of man-butchers. Further, I tell you seriously, king, your reputation is bad among the whites; and, although it is not as yet officially reported to the government, still it has come to its ears, all these bloody rumors, and nobody can tell what may be the consequences hereafter—to-morrow."

The king and his izinduna seemed wonderfully tame—even conscience-smitten all along—while the rumors were mentioned, for I had expected some of their usual unruly excitement; but nothing of that kind was seen. But, although the king and his nobles present had, as mentioned above, with astonishment uttered that your report had reported exactly everything done and said there and then, he now tried to point out that you, in your report, had left out to inform the queen that he, in his transactions with you, had reserved to himself the right of killing people who kill others, who lie with the king's girls, who sin against or steal the king's property—that it is the royal Zulu prerogative "from time immemorial," at the accession to the throne, to make raid on neighboring tribes. I went into details of both questions, and

proved by plain words of your report, as well as by logical conclusion therefrom, the fallacy of both complaints; and especially as to the pretended "from time immemorial," that this was nonsense, as that bloody system of raid only was from yesterday (*chaka*), and therefore there were no reasons why it should not be broken off to-morrow; and much more so as this raid-system only tended to exasperate all neighboring tribes against the Zulus, and eventually bring on their (Zulus') ruin, for it was well known that all neighboring tribes were gradually coming under the protection of the white people. The king made, in self-defence, some irrelevant remarks, and was of course supported by the izinduna in the usual Zulu-duda way, but, most remarkably, in a very tame way; but I thought by myself, "It is easy to make an end to this support and combination, for I shall split your interest, and then combat you singly." So I turned the current of the discussion in this way, saying, "I do really believe that there is going on killing people in such a manner that the king is blamed in Natal for doings he first afterward is made aware of—viz., the grandees will, for example, kill a man of no note, take a few heads of cattle to the king in order to shut his mouth, saying, 'I found a rat spoiling my things, and struck this rat of mine, and here is the few cattle it left behind.' Then the king will—although the thing does not suit him—think by himself, 'If I stir up in this poltroon matter, my grandees will say that I trouble them;' and so the thing is growing on, and brings on such rumors and bad names over in Natal. But was it not agreed upon, king, at your installation, that the common saying, 'My man,' or 'My people,' must not be tolerated any longer? It must cease in the mouth of the grandees in the country. Here in the Zululand is now 'my people' of the grandees, but all are people of the king. The grandees have no right to the people: the king is the owner of them all solely. And was it not agreed upon that no Zulu—male or female, old or young—could be executed without fair,

open trial and the special previous sanction of the king? But now, by the old practice creeping into use again, and the grandees killing their so-called people, and the king killing his, it is like the real owner and the other imaginary owners killing independently cattle out of the same herd, without telling each other, till the herd is cut up. By executing people who really only belong to the king, the grandees will, in the same degree as they do so, detract from and diminish the royal power and prerogative, so that there in fact reign several kings in this same kingdom, at least as far as the authority over life and death concerns. The grandees are concealed behind their king in the bad rumors over in Natal; so the king gains a bad name and blame for the whole, while the grandees gain the satisfaction of succeeding in killing people they dislike."

The king assented to these my remarks; so the izinduna found themselves deserted and silenced. Umnjama only tried to put in a few very tame remarks of his usual ones, but I quickly brought him to his senses by remembering him sharply of his sayings and doings at the installation. I now thought it high time to cut the further parlance short by saying, "I find that I am going to be dragged into an argument about matters that are no business of mine, and I will therefore talk no more of these things, for the new law-owners are still alive; and, moreover, the new law is there invested with undeniable royalty; so that even when Her Majesty Victoria, her present counselors and the rest of us are no more, the Umteto will be there, and numerous copies of it are in the hands of the white people, so that they at present and in future times will be able to compare whether the doings of yours (Zulu) are in accordance or at variance with that law, and take their measures accordingly. Victoria binds herself by books, and so you are bound by this book of new law that now is ruling supreme: that is the long and short of it, for this book of the law will decay with the country. . . . I have now talked myself tired, finished

my verbal errand to you, king, and now I will hand over to you this splendid copy of the new law." He then said, "Lay it down here" (pointing to the mat under his feet). "No," I replied, "that won't do: the book is not at your feet, but you are at the feet of the book; and if my hands are not too good to hand it over to you, your hands ought not to be too good to receive it. Don't make any difficulty." So he received the copy with his hands, laid it himself on the mat, placed both his elbows on his knees, and holding bent over his head between his hands, uttered that peculiar native "Oh dear! oh dear! what a man this is!"

The king evidently felt himself so out of his depth that he quite forgot his usual final topics, begging for a royal cloak (the standing topic of late) or some similar thing, and dropped into begging for a dog to bark for him at night.

Lastly, in order to test him how he now was disposed toward mission-work, I told him that, as my business with him was finished, I should immediately, without sleeping that night at Undi, commence my homeward journey, for I had left much work to be done behind, having commenced a new station over in Natal, as here in Zululand is no work for us missionaries as long as he prohibited his subjects from becoming Christians; therefore it was at present quite sufficient for me in Zululand, where it, under present circumstances, was useless to get new stations only to live and not work on, while we over in Natal could buy, and from government, who approved of the mission-work, get land for stations; moreover, the people—for example, over at Untunjambili—were very anxious to be taught. With an heedful air the king asked, "Do the Kafirs really wish to be taught?" "Yes, they really do," I answered him.

Thinking that it would do them (the king and councilors) good to hear a bit of those proceedings, I inserted a few words about the contemplated and proposed federation between the colony of Natal, Cape, the Transvaal, and Orange

States by mentioning that an important letter from the great people beyond the water had come and proposed a grand meeting of men chosen from these four states to deliberate of the best mode of establishing such federation among themselves, and the advantage and importance of this federation, which I tried to point out by a few practical instances. The king and his induna now insisted upon my not leaving before next morning, as the king wanted to prepare for me (get me some living beef); and in the course of the evening I got a special message from him to you to get from a doctor medicine for a complaint he had in the chest, rising at times from regions about the liver, and medicine for an induna who of late had been completely deaf. The messenger also told that the king already had sent to you for medicines, but as yet got no answer. I think that he has found out that it comes very expensive to call a dotela from Natal, and that it therefore would be cheapest to get the aid of genuine doctors through your kind unpaid assistance.

Under the conversation with the king the headman Usagetwayo (a rather stupid man, but whose assumed grandeur is so great and supercilious that he pretends never to know anybody, but always must ask somebody who this is) asked in his well-known hoarse way, "Who is he there who speaks with the king?" (meaning me). Umnjamana answered, "Bishop Schreuder, native man: he is Panda's old headman. You are joking in saying you don't know him: it was he for whom they cut off the large bit of land at Enlumeni." (One of my Christian natives present overheard this conversation getting on in a subdued tone while I was speaking with the king.)

When our interview commenced the king seemed rather sulky, but got gradually brighter, at least very tame, which hardly could have been expected after such dusky beginning, for which there were also other reasons, needless to specify here. I remain, etc.,

H. SCHREUDER.



## LOVE IN IDLENESS.

## CHAPTER V.

MAURICE had been but three days at the cottage when Mrs. Meredith and Violet arrived and made the domestic circle complete. Mrs. Meredith, the youngest sister of the mother of the Laytons, was now well past forty, but still retained much of the spiritual beauty of her youth. She was a brilliant, eccentric woman of fashion, who had led her world for years, although she had made the mistake of a foolish marriage, having at seventeen broken off an auspicious engagement, approved by her family, to run away with Hubert Meredith, the only son of a Catholic gentleman who had married an Italian woman of superb beauty but doubtful antecedents. The good looks he inherited from his Roman mother had proved to be young Meredith's sole recommendation, and these, with some of his other characteristics, were repeated in his children. Violet had inherited all the pride, passion and obstinate self-will of her ancestors, and with remarkable beauty had been able to indulge a caprice for thoughtless flirting which had injured her chances of marriage. She had been engaged over and over again: why should we dwell upon the pitiful stories which were told concerning her love-affairs? She seemed to take a pleasure in disappointing not only her lovers, but her friends, and in setting the world to wondering at her behavior. She was now engaged to Leslie Wilmot, a good-hearted, generous boy, several years younger than herself, and heir to very large estates; but as she had already refused his request to be married at Easter, and made no promises for the autumn, her present caprice in coming to America for the summer had filled the breasts of her family with lively convictions of the insecurity of temporal things. Perhaps one man held the clew to much of this irresponsible behavior: at least Maurice Layton had often remembered with a mixture of shame and disgust a

promise she had made him ten years before—a purely disinterested promise which he had been far enough from requiring at her hands—that she would never marry until he was entirely beyond her reach. He could not help recalling this when she sent him word that she was coming over to his wedding.

The ladies arrived late at night, and it was ten o'clock next morning before Mrs. Meredith came down from her room, and finding no one, went peering about the library and parlors, glass at eye, half in curiosity to see what manner of house the outside barbarians of America lived in, and half in search of her nephew. She arched her brows at his priceless Psyche, and raised her hands at an Etruscan vase; then, seeing Frank outside, she parted the curtains and stepping out of the open French window upon the terrace, went down the walk to meet him. "I discover," said she, "that I am in Paradise."

"Do you like my little place?"

"Immensely. I've been prying all over your house. It is as pretty as need be, and some of your trifles must have cost a world of money; but, better than all that, one can live in your rooms. You know, from sad experience, that our tumble-down old Grange always suggests a place to die in."

She was so petite a woman that Frank could lift her in his arms: he did so now, kissed her on both cheeks, then placed her on the garden-bench and sat down beside her. But although her stature was not mighty, she carried more state in her presence than many women with a third more inches: In her youth her admirers had declared that she resembled Marie Antoinette, and the likeness had settled her style of dress for life: she always wore a profusion of lace over pale rich silks in the evening, and, no matter what was the prevailing fashion, the masses of her fair hair were drawn high over a slight cushion. The result

was, if not a resemblance to the unfortunate queen, at least an extraordinary grace and piquancy added to her arched chiseled features.

"I slept well," she returned in answer to her nephew's inquiries: "it seemed such a comfort to be on land and in a bed again. I was seasick to an unearthly degree all the way over. I used to wonder dimly in my agony why we were coming to America, and had a vague consciousness that we were what my husband declared, the two idiots of the universe, to have renounced a firm footing on earth for the animated calamity of a steamer which was equally horrible to hear, to smell and to feel. But now, the 'billows past,' I am glad we came."

"Now you want some breakfast? Here is Luigi for orders. Will you wait for Violet?"

"I should as soon think of waiting for angels to descend: their comings are equally uncertain. But I do not wish to go inside. Why can we not breakfast here?"

"We will breakfast in the summer-house, Luigi."

"Is not Maurice up?" asked Mrs. Meredith in an injured tone, looking at her watch.

"Oh yes: Maurice is out of bed at six o'clock, and settled down after breakfast by seven."

"How very droll! Why is he not here taking care of me? What is your man's name?"

"Luigi."

"Luigi, take Mrs. Meredith's love to Mr. Layton and ask him to breakfast with her in the summer-house.—Frank, I suppose that is the little Italian beggar you picked up?"

"Yes: is he not a handsome fellow?"

"Altogether too handsome for a servant. Absolutely, there comes Violet!—Good-morning, dearest child. Did you sleep, or did you feel the motion of the ship?"

"I generally sleep," returned Violet, kissing her mother and offering her bloomy cheek to Frank. "In fact, in this life of ours the difficulty is to do

anything else. What a nice little house you have, Frank! My room is the prettiest I ever slept in. What fine roses!" And walking to a rosebush, she stripped it of blossoms and put them in her hair and in her belt. She was a beautiful woman, but beyond her beauty she impressed the most casual beholder with the distinction of her manner, voice and most trivial gesture. She always dressed with daring simplicity in the morning, and now wore a white lawn made like a peignoir, but as she stood there decking herself with roses, only less rich and glowing than her own vivid coloring, she needed nothing in the way of art to make the picture complete.

"How well you are looking, Violet!" remarked Frank with undisguised admiration.

"Am I not? I expected to be green and yellow after my voyage, but, on the contrary, it quite set me up. Besides, you know, I've been and got engaged since I saw you, Frank, and contentment is the true beautifier. Weren't you glad to hear there was a chance of my settling at last?"

"I never was so relieved in my life," asseverated Frank. "I have always been haunted by the fear of having to marry you myself in order to keep you out of mischief."

"What a nice idea! I can imagine nothing more charming. If you will only offer yourself now, I will go in and write a little note to Leslie telling him that circumstances over which I have no control, etc.— Then I will marry you tomorrow. You are not so rich as he is, but then you are several inches taller, which is a fortune in itself. It is so dreadful to be obliged to waltz with a man who only comes up to one's chin. But after I am really married to Leslie I shall never be forced to dance with him nor take his arm, so that one of my acutest sources of suffering will be over."

"I don't seem to remember Leslie, but he has grown up since I was much in London. I know his family very well—thoroughly nice people."

"Yes. Papa Wilmot is the fine old English gentleman entirely, and Mam-

ma Wilmot is a fine lady, as only a woman born to wealth, and not to station, can be a fine lady. No end of money is coming to Leslie."

"I am glad you are satisfied at last."

"Oh, we are satisfied—aren't we, mamma? Why should I not be satisfied, Frank? I am twenty-eight years old. Once I had limitless aspirations, vague desires, sentiments, dreams, despair! Now I like jewels, lace, china, good dinners and more money than my neighbors. Youth is the season of discontent: I am getting so philosophical! And you and Maurice are both settling down, dear cousin?"

"I have got a house, at all events; and it is something for me to have a home who have had none since I was thirteen years old."

Violet gave a grimace: "You're almost pathetic. Thank your stars that you have had none if the absence of a home has left you any belief in it."

"Oh, Violet!" exclaimed Mrs. Meredith, "you are too cynical."

"Only matter-of-fact, mamma. What is home to most people, from peers down to peasants, but the spot that is sacred to the secret failings, meannesses, tempers, dreariness and dullness of a family whom one is happy to escape from? Give me the outside world instead, where people wear their best manners and offer sweet smiles, kind words and bright thoughts."

"There comes Maurice, and I see cups and saucers in the distance," said Mrs. Meredith. "I shall be glad of a cup of tea: I don't know how people can be epigrammatic before breakfast.—How are you, my dear Maurice?"

Maurice entered the summer-house and kissed his aunt's little hand. "Are you well, Pansy?" he went on, addressing his cousin after he had responded to his aunt's affectionate greetings. Violet answered his motion toward her by extending two fingers. "Just as you say," said he with a provoking smile. "If you are indifferent to my modest civilities, I will not bore you."

"Your modest civilities mean so little."

"I never found modesty to succeed with women," he retorted. "How do you like

my audacity?" And he kissed her, but Violet gave no token of preferring his audacity.

"I like breakfast out of doors in June," said Maurice, sitting down. "I had a chop and a cup of coffee hours ago, Aunt Agnes, but this sort of thing tempts me into eating again. I will have some strawberries and cream."

"I delight in everything rural and rustic," observed Mrs. Meredith. "I should like to dress like Watteau's ladies, and go about with a crook and live out of doors. All my tastes are pastoral, and nothing but the want of a few sheep and a good-looking shepherd prevents my turning shepherdess at once."

"I know plenty of sheep," said Maurice; "and if I were not obliged to get married next week, I should like nothing better than bucolics, and would pipe to you all the day long."

"Harry Morton is here," put in Frank, "and I have no doubt he will rejoice to play 'ye gentle shepherd.'"

"Harry Morton!" cried Violet. "You surely do not mean Hubert's old tutor?"

"But I do, though. I knew it would be a surprise to you, pleasant or unpleasant as the case might be. He has been in America six months, and is at present settled down here finishing a novel."

"How exceedingly droll!" exclaimed Mrs. Meredith. "He shall put me in his book. His novels are very clever, and I always tell people their author is an old crony of mine. He is witty, but an awful radical. I feel myself a burden to society while I am reading his works."

"I'm a radical myself," said Violet: "I never could see that I am any better than our gardener's wife. In fact, she is the better woman and Christian of the two."

"Nonsense! Why don't you go and marry the under-gardener? Molly the housemaid has dismissed him. As for radicals, I've no faith in them: they're all thoroughpaced snobs, who would throw over an 'affable archangel' for the sake of dining with a lord. But they tell a good story of Morton, and the way he put down Lord Randal. They were both

dining with a party at Richmond, and Morton was quite the hero of the night, and kept the whole table in a tumult over his witticisms. 'By Jove!' cried Randal, who is always a fool, but a greater fool than ever after dinner, 'why aren't you in society, Morton? I should like to introduce you to my mother. Such a clever fellow ought to be a gentleman.' Morton turned and smiled at him. 'Are you a gentleman, Lord Randal?' he asked in the sweetest way. 'Of course I am: who says I ain't?' shrieked out poor Randal, glaring around the table. 'Why, then,' murmured Morton with a puzzled air, 'how could a clever fellow be a gentleman?' "

Violet laughed. "Yet," said she, "Mr. Morton would give all his brains to have been born a gentleman, as the phrase goes."

"The phrase is worn out," retorted Frank. "Morton is as good a gentleman as any man I know."

"Oh, I have no doubt," said Violet with her arch, mischievous smile, "that he will be received as such in the kingdom of heaven, where we are told that earthly titles, rank, precedence and other dross shall vanish away. But don't fear, Frank, that I shall not be very good to him. He deserves it, for, as somebody said before me, 'he loved me once.'"

"That is," remarked Maurice, "he made you believe so."

"I hope he is amusing: I long to be amused."

"I never found him amusing. Why should you long to be amused?"

"Do not look so scornful," retorted Violet with one of her swift, brilliant glances at her cousin. "To be sure, amusement is exclusively a masculine privilege in this tiresome world, where society has endeavored by every possible combination of usage, formula and tradition to make the weight of ennui enforced perfectly insupportable to us women. Everything conspires to render your existence easy and agreeable. You have the first choice of pleasures: our ambitions, knowledge, emotions even, come to us second-hand. We have scarcely an independent source of pleasure. Our lives are made

by the books we read, the conversations we hear, the variations of folly in our lovers. Mr. Morton was clever when I knew him, with little, parrot-talk or simian modelings of himself upon other men's ideas and manners."

"I dare say he has not grown uninteresting. Amuse yourself by all means, my dear Pansy," said Maurice in a tone which indicated high moral intention, "but don't fail to remember one thing which women are always forgetting—that amusement brings cruel consequences at times. Your sex has some intuitions, but you always fail to recognize one crude and startling fact—that causes have effects and effects causes. A man readily sees that a lighted fuse will in time burn into the magazine, but you believe the powder non-inflammable, or think the match will go out, or if you for a moment catch a glimpse of possible danger, you shrug your white shoulders and say, 'Va! après nous le déluge.'"

"You are a very poor preacher, Maurice," exclaimed Violet, laughing, "but you never lose a chance of being severe upon women. Yet the *délassements* of your long courtship ought to have inclined you to a better appreciation of the sex. Tell me about Miss Clifford. We have brought her some wonderful lace flounces. When do you set out to meet her, never to part again?"

"To-night," returned Maurice: "I must reach Oaklands to-morrow evening. What can I tell you about Rosamond, Pansy? She is anxious to meet you: I hope you may be good friends."

"Don't dream of it," said Violet tartly. "I no longer go in for friendships of any description. Besides, we should never suit each other. I hear she is very cold and stately. Excuse my frankness, Maurice, if I say that I wonder at your choice: I fancied such a glacier as yourself would have preferred something warm and sunshiny."

"The only chance of self-preservation for a glacier is to stay among snow-covered peaks, my dear Pansy."

She looked at him steadily. "Of course you have met Miss Clairmont," she murmured drowsily.

"Of course I have met Miss Clairmont."

"How did you like her?"

"What a woman's question! I suppose you expect me to say she is 'nice'?"

"Under existing circumstances," observed Violet, blandly, "you could scarcely be expected to be absolutely candid. But you need not pretend that you fail to admire her."

"I admire her immensely."

"She is remarkably beautiful. I hear that all American women are beautiful, but I do not believe she is surpassed by many of your countrywomen."

"Without depreciating my countrywomen's claims to beauty, I must say I think their style a little less perfect than Miss Clairmont's. There is something about her face that I have rarely seen outside of a painter's canvas: there is something ideal about her."

"Then," pursued Violet, watching her cousin closely, "she has infinite tact and is remarkably clever."

"Is she clever? That had not once occurred to me. She is certainly little of a talker."

"She makes you talk, is it not?"

Maurice laughed. "Yes," he exclaimed, "I confess I have found a good deal to say to her."

"Has she sung to you?"

"Many times."

"Few voices equal hers."

"Very few," said Maurice absently; "at least it is to be hoped there are few voices like hers, for I think with many such sirens singing on the earth, men would go to perdition generally, and the world's work would never be done."

"Oh, you too are under her spell," cried Violet contemptuously.

"Oh no," laughed Maurice. "Frank is bewitched, not I. There she comes now;" and Violet, turning, saw Felise alighting from a pony-carriage. Frank sprang down the drive, and led her to the summer-house, where the party was still loitering. The gentlemen drew back and watched the ladies embrace, their light draperies melting into each other's like clouds while they looked into each other's faces and bestowed those soft,

zephyry cheek-caresses women call kisses.

Violet and Felise remained standing together, their tall slender figures thrown into delightful contrast. Felise's guileless baby-smile irradiated love and sunshine. Violet's face was all fire and pride: some Trastavernian ancestor had bequeathed her a stately pose of head and throat, and all the passion of Southern races was in her eyes; the haughtiness of sovereign and cruel generations showed in her mien, and nothing saved her face from arrogance but the charm of her smile, which was sunny, open, captivating, like a burst of sunshine from behind a cloud.

Frank folded his arms and tried to look pleased while the ladies exchanged these little social amenities, but in his heart he was conscious of an inhospitable wish that these relations were still across the summer seas, for he perceived at once that they were fond of petting Miss Clairmont. He seemed to see a prospect that the exquisite joy of his summer days was to be diluted into a waste of infinite twaddle. He watched them with a frigid eye. Pretty women quiver and plume themselves like birds, and group like flowers; and even if they do not love each other, it seems to hapless man as if they did, and as if they loved nothing else. Man grows giddy as he regards their demonstrations: men do not affect the same intimacy among themselves, do not caress and cling to each other, cooing little insipidities of delight into each other's ears. Accordingly, such kisses and pet phrases and embraces induce temporary self-disgust and despair in the masculine mind. Alone, a woman is assailable, but in a phalanx she is terrible.

"Is it not droll that we should all meet here?" said Mrs. Meredith as she sat down and smoothed her ruffled plumage like a canary-bird. "The ends of the earth have been ransacked and the affinities brought together."

"I thought I had left almost all my friends behind me in the Old World," said Felise, deigning finally to accept the garden-chair Frank had brought to



her, "but if they follow me I have nothing to regret."

"I have been expecting a depopulation of the kingdom," observed Mrs. Meredith, who always carried about a little pebble to fling at the person she loved best, and, not wishing to be too particular, now flung it at once; "but the flying feet of your votaries, Felise, have been clogged by circumstances beyond their control. Lord Palliser has been crippled with the gout; Hubert has had his debts paid on condition that he does not cross the Atlantic; and Ralph Wyld has given his attention to ameliorating the condition of his tenants, and invented a new chimney and boiler for his cottages."

"Thank you very much," returned Felise with a magnificent air; "and now tell me about the rest of my friends: how are Miss Wyld and Georgy?"

"Laura has gone in for intellect this season, and has receptions for all the long-haired people. Nobody has a claim upon her sympathies unless he has written a book which nobody will buy, discovered a planet, found a primeval man, or believes in something naughty and heterodox. Well-bred, comfortable church people have no chance with her at all. I was anxious to go, for I thought the conversation of these monsters must be so spirituel, but dear Laura does not seem fond of me this year. As for Georgy, she is going to marry the curate down at Dudley, and they are putting wax candles on the altar, flowers in the font and training the ploughboys to sing responses through their noses."

"Every one seems well occupied," remarked Felise. "How far away from home you are! and how do you like your first glimpses of America?"

"I confess myself a little disappointed. Nobody has yet committed any of those enormities which we attribute to 'those dreadful Americans.' However, I trust I shall be more fortunate before I go home. I have a great many droll stories to tell my friends for which I should like to have some shadow of a foundation."

"Oh, I dare say you will see some trespass upon polite rules which will give you an opportunity for a shudder," said Miss

Clairmont; "so you can at once generalize your experience and declare that all Americans commit the same fault habitually. I used to despair when I lived in England of finding any person well enough informed to understand the enormous extent of the United States, and the possibility that manners and customs among the pioneers and in the frontier settlements did not govern the cultivated classes."

"No, indeed!" said Mrs. Meredith. "At home we all thank God that we know nothing whatever about America. Ignorance on most points is considered a crime in good society, but we pride ourselves that this country and its inhabitants are altogether beyond our comprehension."

"I intend to admire America and its institutions," said Violet, yawning. "I am tired of the old, and intend to worship the rising sun."

"Ah, you'll grow wiser, my child," rejoined her mother. "I have wasted enthusiasm upon rising suns whose days have ended in fog and drizzle, and I now abide by the old régime. Yes, I intend to look down on America."

"We do not mind being looked down upon by the English," retorted Felise, laughing, "for everybody knows that the insular mind regards with contempt all nations too large to live on your little island."

"Ah, petite! so you set up for an American? Who has nationalized you?"

"But I was born here, and my French blood gives me an ardent love of liberty; and where else is liberty to be found?"

"Why do people rave about liberty?" mused Mrs. Meredith. "I don't know what they mean. The French idea of liberty is to build barricades and guillotine everybody whom they feel to be better than themselves. At home our radicals want to pay no taxes and do nothing for the support of the royal family.—What is liberty in America, Maurice?"

Maurice shrugged his shoulders, laughed, and looked at Miss Clairmont, to whom his aunt repeated her interrogation.

"You must read the Declaration of Independence," rejoined Felise slyly.

"What is the Declaration of Independence?"

"Alas! it would be so uncivil to tell you!"

"Maurice will say nothing," put in Violet. "I suppose he is like Fox, 'so used to the applause of the House of Commons he has no wish for that of a private company'; used to throw dice for a thousand pounds, he does not care to do it for sixpence." But I have heard that it was a characteristic of Americans to wave their stars and stripes on the least opportunity, and to make orations in private life."

"Yes," said Maurice, "I too have heard that when Henry Clay was on a journey through the West he stopped all night at an inn, 'the world forgetting,' and, he hoped, 'by the world forgot;' but his host discovered the name of his guest, and next morning, when the statesman asked for his bill, the landlord begged that instead of making it a paltry affair of dollars and cents, he would requite their hospitality by making him and his wife a little speech."

"Who was Henry Clay?"

"No common clay. — Here comes Morton."

Mrs. Meredith turned, put her glass to her eye and regarded the new-comer with a supercilious British stare. Morton was advancing from the grove of willows at the foot of the ground with a book in his hand and an umbrella over his head. He remarked quietly to Frank that he was afraid of this dazzling American sunshine, but it is to be feared there was too hot a fire in his veins at the thought of seeing Violet for him to feel the fiercest noontide blaze. He had been in the woods on the hill, he went on to tell Frank, and the flickering light in the copsewood coolness had been so much more attractive to him than his book that he had idled away the entire morning.

By this time Mrs. Meredith had looked at him from head to foot, decided that he was sufficiently good form even for her fastidious taste, and probably worth cultivating. Accordingly, she held out a little jeweled hand. "How d'ye do, Mr. Morton?" said she, looking up in his

face demurely. "Is it not droll that we should come across each other here? How many centuries is it since I have seen you?"

"Looking at Mrs. Meredith," returned Morton, gravely regarding her, "persuades me it was yesterday I spoke to her last; otherwise I should say twelve years."

"Twelve years! I must have grown very old since then. Alas! I do not love to look in my glass any more, but twelve years ago it was my favorite occupation."

"I assure you there is no need of your imitating Laïs for thirty years yet."

"Who is Laïs? I know nothing about her."

"She was a beautiful woman, and when she grew old she gave her mirror to Venus, for she could not bear to look at herself in it."

"What a pretty story! Mr. Morton, I am delighted to see you. I always liked you, you know, for you were always telling me something different from the twaddle I have heard all my life. We were just speaking about our impressions of America. You must like it here. One man is as good as another in America, they tell me. Now go and speak to my daughter. Do you remember her all these years?"

Morton turned at last, and dared to look at Miss Meredith. Did he remember her? He was sure of nothing for a few seconds, and felt a dazed sense of insecurity in his position. The long colonnades of trees beyond him seemed to tower higher and higher into the sky, and there was a sound in his ears as of innumerable song-birds in unison. When he had last seen her face to face he had held her in his arms defying Fate, and he could have sworn then that not a throb of his heart but was answered by hers. Had she not tearfully returned his long gaze, given him back his kisses, promised to be faithful to him through life and through death? She had been a child then, with a child's rosy contours of cheek and throat, a full babyish figure, and ways, it must be said, a little hoydenish. She had changed, but not out of his remembrance. She

turned at the sound of her mother's words, and he advanced toward her with some indistinguishable murmur of words about being glad to meet Miss Meredith.

"I recollect you very well, Mr. Morton," she said with an easy voice and smile, then as carelessly raised her eyes to his; but she met the gleam in his with enough emotion to send the color to her temples. For one moment he had his triumph in her recognition of their mutual past, then she had shaken off the momentary embarrassment. "How long it is since I have seen you!" she went on, toying with the roses in her belt. "Twelve years? Then I was sixteen, now I am twenty-eight. What a difference!"

"Precisely," answered Morton smiling—"what a difference!"

"I was a child then," resumed Violet, "and liked bread-and-butter and bonbons. I had one passion, a strong one, and it was for cream tarts."

"And now you no longer care for cream tarts?" inquired Morton with an air of solicitude.

"Oh dear! no: I find them very insipid. In fact, I no longer have a passion for anything."

"I never liked cream tarts," he replied with an inscrutable smile, "but I once had a passion for beauty and truth, and an unsatisfied craving for the apples of Hesperides. Now-a-days, I am so old and lazy I would not cross the narrowest sea to pick them all."

"But then you have had so many golden apples without lifting your hand to the branches! We all know of your literary successes, Mr. Morton."

He bowed with a deprecating air, and passed on to speak to Miss Clairmont, but did not succeed in gaining her attention, for Felise was listening to Maurice, who was giving her an outline of his projected wedding-journey. She was, besides, a little dull to-day, perhaps because the wedding was to take everybody away from Saintford for a time. Morton accordingly went back to Mrs. Meredith, who made a place for him beside her on the garden-bench, and began to prattle to him in her pretty scrappy way, trying at first to flatter him, in the

way women who know the world declare to be most irresistible to men, by talking to him about himself. But he seemed so bored that she took a wider field and gave him the last London gossip, told about a peer's new book, alluded to the ministerial crisis and the races. "Did you congratulate Violet upon her engagement?" she inquired at last with sly malice.

Morton flushed. "I did not presume," he returned quietly. "Do you allow it to be talked about?"

"Talked about? Why not? What is the use of unexampled good luck unless it is talked about? I assure you this engagement is well worth talking about. It is the prettiest thing of the season—so particularly suitable in every way that I am quite satisfied with the match, although I always intended Pansy should marry a title. The Wilmots are *so* well off! There is no end of ready money, besides the two estates. The settlements are in progress, and I may whisper to you as an old friend that the provision for Violet is princely—*absolutely princely*. I wish you could see the diamonds she is to have reset for her. Really, I never knew anything to equal Violet's prospects of happiness."

"Of such is the kingdom of heaven," murmured Morton in his sweetest way.

"Oh no: I really don't think that. Society isn't heaven, and what is the use of putting on airs as if it were? I am the best of Christians, but I never mix up matters. I live in a world where wealth and position make all the difference in one's conception between vice and virtue. So, not to pretend to be better than my neighbors, I adore position and wealth, and consider all people who possess neither poor creatures."

Morton laughed. "Did you ever hear of Douglas Jerrold, dear Mrs. Meredith?" said he. "He had a little dog who followed him about, and one day a lady stopped in the street and stared at the animal, ejaculating, 'What an ugly little beast!' 'Madame,' returned Jerrold, bowing, 'I quite agree with you; still, I wonder what, on his side, he is thinking of us at this moment?'"

"Oh, I catch your moral," rejoined

Mrs. Meredith. "I know there are plenty of sharp things to say about the lucky people of the world; and I know that wealth and precedence are not given to the best and wisest of men and women after a competitive examination. Still, abuse them as you please, what you would best like would be a taste of their cakes and ale. You remind me of a *bon mot* of one of those fair, frail women at the regent's court in France. She used to wear two bracelets, each containing a portrait, one of Charles Edward the Pretender, the other a picture of our Blessed Lord. When people used to ask her what possible connection there could be between the two, she would reply, 'Their kingdoms are not of this world.' So with you clever people, who believe that you are laughing at and despising temporalities and aspiring toward something better, 'your kingdoms are not of this world.'"

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#### CHAPTER VI.

MORTON had, however, some reason before he slept for believing that some of the rewards he most longed for awaited him in the kingdoms of this world. Maurice having started for Oaklands toward evening, Morton took his place at dinner at the cottage. Afterward, Mrs. Meredith and Frank sat together in the parlor discussing everything in heaven and earth which touched their individual interests, while Morton followed Violet to the side-piazza and stood beside her while she looked at the sunset absorbed in her own thoughts. It was a delicious evening. The western sky had been brilliant with masses of rose and crimson clouds, until now they had moved onward to the east, and as the sunset light faded the trees gloomed together against a background of primrose sky, where the evening star shone faintly.

Miss Meredith rarely hesitated to avail herself of unlimited freedom from small social duties, and just now, as it was her pleasure to be silent, she allowed the twilight to pass like the sunset, and still sat absorbed in thought, reverie or dreams

when the moonlight crept over the lawn. She was, to tell the truth, recalling the circumstances of her old acquaintance with Morton. Who knows how that early gush of feeling seemed to her now after so many ardent dreams, such bitter disappointments, such triflings with feelings which ought to have been sacred to her? There was at least nothing to dread when she brought back that childish past and looked it in the face. Let the affair have been as foolish as it might, there was sweetness in its folly: that it had been abruptly ended was the fault of relentless circumstances. Other men had knelt to her, and she had seemed to listen to them, beguiling their love of all its eloquence: more than that, she had sometimes welcomed it with smiles and caresses, had fooled them almost to the top of their bent, then turned her back upon them and beckoned another to her feet. These men, whom she had so shamefully tricked, she hated to meet when time had cooled them, but Morton could reproach her with nothing. He had aspired beyond his sphere in loving her, but she had met him halfway and forgiven his presumption: he could only blame the pride of Mrs. Meredith and the artificial distinctions of a society he had long declared that he despised. He had loved her in her youth, and no woman ever forgets her first lover: the only roses in her garden that she counts absolutely fair and sweet are those which are first picked, and for those who come afterward to find beautiful blossoms she has a smile and a sigh. Yes, she was inclined to allow herself a full reminiscence of the summer at Meredith Grange twelve years before, since meeting Morton face to face again had not degraded the picturesque interest of her first love-affair. When she did break the silence she knew well enough how to fascinate and perplex him, and arouse his imagination concerning her feelings toward him. If she laughed at him a little in her heart, it was only that she had accustomed herself to laugh at any one who was thoroughly in earnest: she was skeptical, if not by temperament, by experience and education, and the idea which his

words and manner conveyed, that he had been faithful to his early love for her, piqued her curiosity. She was well used to men of a certain sort of cleverness who could pretend to a devotion strong enough to penetrate the coldest consciousness, but to one like Morton, who said little, yet seemed to feel so much in meeting her again, she was quite unaccustomed.

In fact, when Harry Morton awoke next morning he felt as if he had gone to bed intoxicated body and soul. He had talked with Violet on the piazza for an hour; then they had listened while Frank Layton sang all his old songs to his aunt; afterward they had entered the parlors and spent the evening after the easy fashion of the house, Luigi dispensing tea and iced claret, while Mrs. Meredith and Violet talked in their wildest way, lending a charm to gossip and a grace to folly. There was no one memory which Morton could decide had been the spark to fire his soul, but everything seemed to have conspired to make him remember things it would have been wiser for him to forget, and to forget things it would have been wiser to remember.

He awoke dispirited and hopeless. It would have been better, he told himself again and again, if he and Violet had not been alone together—if they had not for ten minutes strolled down the garden-path arm in arm. The scene was not new: must not she too have remembered summer nights in the gardens at the Grange twelve years ago, when the late sun was setting and the sleepy governess dozed in the summer-house, and the tutor and his favorite pupil wandered up and down the shrubberies and flower-bordered paths, conscious perhaps of the placid beauty of the skies, but more conscious of the warm tingling pleasure of youth and happiness and love? Impossible that she should have forgotten what he remembered so well. Whatever influences might have asserted their supremacy over her since, she could never be so young again, nor so hopeful nor so happy. Memory, otherwise colorless to Morton, had concentrated itself upon

that time, and all the capabilities of his emotional nature, diffused in other men's lives over a dozen experiences, had expended themselves upon his one love-affair: in all the years passed since he had needed but one slight token, a perfume, a melody, a strain of love-poetry, to point with a luminous ray to that source of all his light, and make his heart throbbingly renew all its old pulsations.

As soon as he had been dismissed from his position of tutor in the family he had set to work to gain money and reputation. He had not told himself that they would win Violet for him, but he was angry with himself that he had had so little to offer her that he felt like a house-breaker when Mrs. Meredith said to him, "And what did you expect to support my daughter upon, Mr. Morton, if all your pretty schemes were carried out and you had run away with her?" So, with a feverish desire to overcome in some measure this inequality of position, he had worked his hardest against humiliations and discouragements. If he had possessed capital or influence, a literary life would have been far from his choice, because he wanted to make a fortune in a hurry, and as well because his own individuality was sacred to him, and he hated to disclose the secrets of his heart and mind, as he should if he wrote honestly, while he loathed the dishonesty of invention. But he had no career before him except literature, and here, to his own surprise almost, he found success: not at first, but after long, patient and continuous effort. His gains were not princely, but he soon attained some portion of his wish for independence, and saw the way to further prosperity. If he had really put the winning of Miss Meredith as the motive of his ambition, how could he fail? Had he known, however, the history of these years for her, spent by him in arduous toil, all his honest endeavor, his strenuous endurance, patience, courage and fidelity, must have appeared to him to be wasted.

He heard about her occasionally—of her beauty and success and admirers; of her jilting that man, and being jilted by



this one in return. He had no faith in gossip, and his mind dwelt upon but one phase of these rumors—that, in spite of so many chances, she did not marry. What could it mean, he asked himself again and again, except that she was true to her first love? And in his hopeful moments he dreamed of standing beside her, of telling her of his long service in the hope of winning her. He had not degraded his memory of her by any lesser passions, and could say,

Oh, a kiss  
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!  
Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss  
I carried from thee, dear, and my true lip  
Hath virgin'd it e'er since.

But now he had seen her, and in seeing her had been reminded over and over again that she was not his to win, but the promised bride of another. Last night he had forgotten it, but to-day it was the first thought he encountered, and he left his bed and began the labors of the day sadly disenchanted. He had made himself no chivalrous creed, but he knew it was not a part for an honorable man to play, that of injuring the cause of a rival.

He laughed bitterly to himself at his visions of happiness. What had led him to imagine that he could be happy? Had not every experience of life taught him not to hold out his hand, lest instead of gaining bread he should be cut by a sharp stone? He felt master of himself again, and decided that he could endure his misery, and told himself that his rôle in life must be that of a stoic, all the time that he was rapidly packing his boxes and deciding to leave Saintford at noon. He took some satisfaction even in thrusting his things pell-mell into his trunk, and then ramming them down with a walking-stick that he might make more room: some hours afterward, when he took out his dress-clothes preparatory to investing himself in them and dining with Frank Layton and the Merediths, he wished, with those unavailing regrets which characterize most of us in reviewing our day's proceedings, that he had not wrinkled them so unalterably.

In fact, packing one's clothes, even cording one's luggage, is a mere initia-

tory step to going away. Morton decided that bare civility constrained him to make farewell visits, and the church-clock was only striking eleven when he rang at the door of Frank's cottage, and on entering made his way to the library, where his friend was writing letters. He was alone, no ladies were visible, and Frank had a grave face and a sad demeanor, which presaged disaster. "Sit down," said he, pushing a chair to Morton. "Did you ever hear such dreadful news?"

"Dreadful news?" repeated Morton, bewildered.

"Has nobody told you? Hubert Clifford was drowned last night at half-past seven. You must know whom I mean—the brother of Maurice's engaged wife." Morton made some vague but proper ejaculation, and Frank went hurriedly on, giving his news: "The morning papers have it, and half a dozen despatches have come from Oaklands. The house was full of visitors, you know, and poor Bert was rowing three or four girls on the river last night, and left the boat to climb the rocks for some flowers. His foot slipped and he fell into the water, striking his head against the lower ledge. He was quite dead when they picked him up."

"The death will postpone the marriage, I presume," said Morton abstractedly.

"I fear it will," returned Frank sadly. "It is the third time something has occurred to put it off. Maurice will be terribly cut up. He was strongly attached to poor Bert, who was the best fellow in the world. I shall ask you to find my aunt, Morton: I have some letters to write, and must go up and tell Miss Clairmont our bad news. We have been discussing our plans, for everything is upset. You know we were to start on Monday for Oaklands; the wedding was to come off on Wednesday; we were to remain a week, and then join Maurice and his wife and travel with them for a time, and return here together."

"What do you think of doing now?"

"The ladies are so overcome by the heat they dislike the idea of travel, and

I have no doubt but Maurice will be back shortly. Altogether, I am in favor of remaining here and putting off our journey until September."

"So Mrs. Meredith and her daughter will remain in Saintford?" observed Morton in a dreamy sort of way. Days like yesterday, then, were to go on indefinitely, blissful as blue skies, warm airs and sweet ruinous idleness could make them! It required his strongest resolution to stop his mental balancing of expediencies and plausibilities, and announce his approaching departure to his friend, who received the news with that unconcern which most of us have the luck to see in others when we are conscious of bravely managing the supreme temptation of our lives, and long for a little aid or sympathy.

Yet Frank realized very well the nature of Morton's struggle respecting Violet, and thought the better of him for his discretion in going away from Saintford at once. But he was too afraid of being intrusive to express his feelings; so with a curt farewell he shook hands with his visitor, and, parting the curtains, pointed out the figure of Miss Meredith on the lawn, and bade him go and make his adieux to her as she sat reading beneath the willows. Morton obeyed him, making his way to her slowly across the lawn and garden. He tried to feel that he was quite cool and collected, and well able to read any problem that the coquetry of a woman might offer him for solution; but, on the contrary, he was excited beyond any capacity for calm decision.

Violet sat beneath the willows, their delicate sprays making a setting for her face as she drew the light branches down, playing with them involuntarily as she read. She was dressed in thin white, the lace at the neck clasped by a sapphire, and her perfect feet in blue silk slippers rested on the little King Charles, who sulked at the burden she forced him to bear. She looked up at Morton so cool and self-possessed that her indifference, coming in contact with his heroic passion, almost enraged him.

"Good-morning," said she. "Is it not too warm to live?"

"Yes: this seems terribly warm for an Englishwoman, who thinks at home the heat is scorching if the glass stands at eighty."

"I am reading your last novel," she remarked, nodding and smiling. "I found it in Frank's bookcase an hour ago."

"Don't waste any time on it: it won't repay you."

"Don't undecieve me. I think it so clever. I have been wondering how you know so much about love. Is it subjective or objective knowledge?"

Morton's dark face grew darker. He did not answer her, and she went on reading voraciously.

"Where in the world did you get your ideas about love?" she demanded again presently, finishing her chapter.

"Entirely from books," he returned coolly. "I looked out its definition in the dictionary, and afterward read *Jane Eyre*."

She yawned and closed her book. "I suppose you have heard the shocking news about Miss Clifford's brother," said she. "The wedding is off for the present, I presume. Is not Maurice lucky to marry such a tremendous heiress as his bride is turning out to be? She is the only child now."

"Well, certainly, regarded from that point of view, it is a good thing to get rid of one's relations. At first it foolishly occurred to me that Miss Clifford was to be pitied."

"Oh, I am not altogether heartless. I merely regarded the matter from a standpoint of absolute disinterestedness. But have you heard that we are to stay here until the heat of the season has passed? We expect Maurice to come back: will it not be delightful?"

"I trust so."

His tone was peculiar, and Violet looked at him sharply.

"I am going up to spend the morning with Miss Clairmont," said she, making a motion to rise. "The carriage was ordered at twelve: you can come with me."

"No," returned Morton, sitting down beside her and speaking entreatingly, "do not go away yet. This is my last

morning in Saintford: I shall never again be alone with you. Give an hour to me."

"But why are you leaving Saintford?"

"Because it is better for me to go."

"Say that you are leaving the place because we came. That is the truth of the matter."

"I go away because it is right for me to go," he answered again, his eyes meeting hers. "You had better not try to keep me here," he added with a bitter laugh as he saw entreaty in her face. "I am not likely to be wise or prudent if I stay."

"But it is absurd for you to think of going," said Violet in a quick, earnest way. "It was pleasant for me to find my old friend here. Pleasures rarely come to me now-a-days. Why must you spoil this for me?"

"God knows," cried Morton, "pleasures are not in my way. It is because seeing you is such supreme pleasure that I am obliged to renounce it. It is hard discipline even for me, who am used to hard discipline. I can swear that, Miss Meredith."

"I do not believe in hard discipline," she rejoined, smiling at him lazily. "You may gain the kingdom of heaven by it, but you don't know that for certain, while you are sure of losing the kingdom of earth. I will not have you go away," she went on, looking at him with a glance too dallying and dangerous for him to meet coolly—"I will not have it, I say."

They were silent, but she kept her eyes upon him still, and he continued to stare dumbly into her face. She was holding a branch of the drooping willow in her fingers, and struck him lightly with it across the back of his hand. "Come," said she, springing up and starting forward, "I will change my dress and you shall go with me to Miss Clairmont's. She will sing to us. Come," she cried again, standing on the terrace a little above him and waving her hand.

He advanced with a stride and stood beside her. "I will follow you anywhere," he said with strong emotion, "if, after what I tell you, you bid me 'Come.' I was going away because—

because I love you so dearly still that to see you, knowing all the time I could be nothing to you, would drive me mad. Let me stay with a chance of your being to me what you promised to be once, and I will stay. But if you mean to marry that boy—if you can give me nothing of what I want—for God's sake, Violet, let me go—the sooner the better."

She listened with a drooping, half-averted face, without change either of features or color. Then came a brief silence, which Morton's heart-beats measured heavily. At last she moved slowly along the terrace and pulled a rose and myrtle from a vase. "Put that in your buttonhole," she said, stealing a little glance at his grim face, and smiling and dimpling. "You are going to see La Belle Clairmont, and you must deck yourself accordingly. I am so glad there is no need of your going away!"

#### CHAPTER VII.

FRANK and his guests were reading their papers and letters at breakfast one warm morning a fortnight later when Maurice descended the stairs with his swift, half-boyish bound, entered the room, shook hands with Frank, kissed his aunt, and, extending two fingers to Violet, ordered Luigi to bring him some iced coffee. These proceedings, although not irregular in themselves, were somewhat disconcerting to his family, who believed him to be some hundreds of miles away.

Frank stared at him helplessly. "My dear fellow," he exclaimed, "I know the first duty required of a host is not to make himself a bore, yet, try to suppress my curiosity as I may, I can't help wondering how the deuce you got here."

"By the last train from New York last night," returned Maurice.—"Luigi, some more ice."

"Where did you sleep?"

"Here, in my most comfortable bachelor bedroom."

"I'll swear you weren't here at twelve o'clock," said Frank, laughing, "and

now you got in after that is a mystery to me."

"Allow me to explain," observed Maurice with bland hauteur. "I came on from Oaklands with Mr. Clifford and Rosamond yesterday: they left by the night-boat for Newport. I took the eight o'clock express, which broke down at Norwalk, and we did not reach Bridgeford until half-past twelve."

"Did you get a carriage there?"

"Not one was to be procured."

"How did you reach Saintford?"

"I walked."

"What did you do with your luggage?"

"My secretary, Perkins, is with me. I sent him to a hotel in Bridgeford with my traps."

"I am so sorry!" cried Frank in dismay. "I might so easily have sent for you had I but known. Then to think after your four-mile tramp of your having no supper!"

"Oh, but I did, though. Ask Luigi if I slept fasting."

"Ah, Luigi is in the plot? He let you in?"

"Luigi was on the back lawn with a guitar," said Maurice with a chuckle at the remembrance of the serenade he had interrupted. "He admitted me of course. Depend upon it, Frank, your cook believes in burglars this morning. I devoured everything in the larder. It was not a time for unlimited fastidiousness: I was too hungry to hesitate before anything that could be eaten."

"Tell us what you ate," whispered Mrs. Meredith with a morbid curiosity, as if she expected details of a cannibalistic feast.

"A dish of lobster-salad," recounted Maurice gravely, "evidently untouched from your dinner; a huge *pâté*: some strawberries, with a quart or more of cream; several pounds, I should suppose, of rich fruit-cake. Unsatisfied with this, I sent Luigi foraging again, and he found me some crackers, a bottle of salad-dressing, and three boxes of sardines."

"And you ate them, salad-dressing and all?"

"Everything, except the tin boxes and the glass bottle."

"Of course you never closed your eyes afterward."

"On the contrary, I slept like a cherub, my dear aunt."

"But how do you feel this morning?" she inquired with ghastly concern.

"Rather grim and ogreish, but don't blame my supper for that, as I was still worse yesterday."

"Why on earth did you not wake me up?" inquired Frank, deeply injured. "There was not a drop of wine out. All the keys were in my room."

"I wanted no wine, but I did feel a desire to see you, so I opened your door as I stole up to bed, and stood over you with a candle a full quarter of an hour."

"A new Cupid and Psyche," remarked Violet, looking up from her letters. "I wish I could have seen you."

"Frank was quite a pretty picture, but I assure you I lent no poetry to the scene. I was a perfect blackamoor after my tramp through the dust. Slumber gives you back your baby-face, Frank: I mistrusted what you were dreaming about."

"I wish I had waked up," said Frank, laughing. "I am not used to the honor of having my beauty-sleep watched by Psyches of any sex. If you had left a patch of wax on my pillow, I might have had a pleasant hour of mystery this morning."

"And how," inquired Violet deliberately, "is the fair Rosamond, cousin Maurice? A sort of mourning bride isn't she, by the way?"

"Quite well," returned Maurice briefly. "She requested me to give you these notes." And he produced from his pocket-book three envelopes, all directed in a large slanting hand and heavily bordered with black.

"She says nothing about your plans," remarked Mrs. Meredith, looking up at her nephew from the perusal of hers. "When shall you be married now?"

"I have no idea. I expect to serve Jacob's time."

"I could not express to you by letter, Maurice, how grieved were both Violet and I at the calamity which broke up your happy plans. It was so sad a thing for the Cliffords—then the consequent

disappointment to yourself. Let me offer—"

"I can bear calamities better than condolences," cried Maurice, starting up. "It has been a most painful time to me. I cannot speak of it yet.—Frank, if you are through breakfast, suppose we take a turn in the garden?"

But not even Frank was to hear anything of his brother's grief for his friend or of his disappointment at his postponed wedding-day. Yet Maurice was full of talk, and, the other taking the cue, the two discussed most matters within the province of the newspapers as they passed to and fro on the graveled paths; and although such speech was barren enough, it was better for Maurice than either unconstrained confidence or silence. He was quite out of temper with Rosamond in particular and fate in general, and had he relieved himself of all his thoughts, he might have said something better left undefined even to his innermost consciousness. He was in the habit of making a decision as to the course he contemplated taking, and then adjusting circumstances to suit. Though not in the least in love, he had regarded the idea of wedlock with complacency, and had arranged for a summer of pleasant travel, its monotony varied by visits to political friends whose interest in him and his promised wife was both warm and familiar. What made the occasion peculiarly auspicious for his marriage was the fact of its being the "off year." Nothing was doing in politics, and Maurice would have needed to give up no excitements in order to yield himself thoroughly to the *délassements* of early married life.

The death of young Clifford had altered all his plans. After the horror of the fresh catastrophe had changed into the life of quiet mourning—which, though taking up its broken existence sorrowfully, nevertheless does take up hopes and interests again—he had urged Rosamond to consent to a quiet marriage ceremony, after which, with Secretary Clifford, they would go to England and Scotland for the summer. But Miss Clifford was far too well aware of the necessities of strict etiquette at this juncture to yield any-

thing to the solicitations of a lover, no matter how eloquent. She declined to be married under six months—"by Christmas perhaps," she added with downcast eyes as she arranged the folds of her fresh *crêpe*—and she had governed too long not to govern now, even though her will came in conflict with the wishes of the most inflexible of men. There had been, in truth, a strife for mastery between them, and the advantage had not lain with Maurice. Like most men, he enjoyed the conviction that he could judge much better for the woman who loved him than she could judge for herself, and now in his secret heart he was accusing her of that most unpardonable of feminine faults, coldness, since in this period of bitter sorrow she could not understand that her husband's arms would be her best refuge, her sweetest comfort. Besides, he instinctively divined why his claims were set aside. Miss Clifford had all her life been a very great lady, and her marriage must be a social event, and could not be performed hastily and privately like an ordinary marriage, since it was to crown a brilliant career with still greater *éclat*. Insensible himself to any fascination in the pageantry attending the ceremonial, which, man-like, he considered the unessential accompaniment of an event of vital importance, his pride was wounded that the woman whom he had chosen should not be willing to forget her little vanities when she was to marry *him*. So, altogether, Maurice was out of spirits, and in returning to Saintford was quite indisposed to allude freely to his change of plans. He had refused to accompany the Cliffords and Herberts to Newport, but had felt eager to reach his brother's, although he had not yet defined to himself the sort of comfort he expected to meet there.

The hall-clock struck the half hour, and Frank looked at his watch, which pointed to half-past eleven.

"Don't mind me," said Maurice, pausing abruptly in their walk. "You want to go to Miss Clairmont's?"

"I had thought of going at this time."

"If it is not too point-blank a question, how do you proceed in your wooing?"



Frank shrugged his shoulders. "I wish I knew myself, in order that I might tell you," he exclaimed with a slight grimace.

"As if a man could not tell in a thousand different ways if a woman loves him!"

Frank stared at his brother. "I wish," said he under his breath, "that I had a quarter of your audacity."

"My audacity!" said Maurice, laughing. "My audacity at its height never began to equal your beginnings. Go along with you!" and he waved his hand toward the gate. "I wish you would win her at once. I'm sure she must be fond of you, and I confess I quite long for such a sweet, dear, bewilderingly pretty sister-in-law. She is the sort of woman who rests me. I could sit and watch her all day, and feel highly entertained if she gave me a glance and smile and said yes or no at intervals. If you weren't bound there this morning, I believe I should intrude on her myself: she could draw this surly humor out of me."

"Poor old fellow!" said Frank warmly, throwing his arm over his brother's shoulder. "Go up there in my place. I'm so awfully sorry for you!"

"Stuff! Go along!" And Frank went.

Maurice watched him issue from the little side-gate, and for want of something better to think about his thoughts vagrantly followed him up the hill and into Mrs. Knight's pretty blue morning-room. He had been there so frequently before he left for Oaklands that it required scant effort of memory to bring the picture before him. It was a simple but pretty room, always fragrant with flowers and suggestive of Felise, from the music-strewn piano to the workbox on the table. She would be sitting in a certain low chair beside her aunt, and Frank would enter and wake her out of the sweet abstraction of her maiden dreams over her sewing. Frank was sure to do his part well there, Maurice said to himself. The influences of love-making generally mould a man into something less admirable than his best

words and ways, but Frank could keep his dignity even through such an ordeal of absurd homage and foolish duties. Foolish and absurd though they were, no doubt under right circumstances they might be very pleasant, very sweet.

It may have been from a wish to certify these impressions of Miss Clairmont after an absence of nearly three weeks that Maurice himself mounted the hill and entered Mr. Knight's gate four hours later. He found only Mr. Knight down stairs, but accepted with alacrity that gentleman's invitation to dinner; and Felise, after loitering over her toilette in the hope of being too late for hot soup on a summer's day, descended to find the meal tolerably advanced, and Maurice and her uncle talking politics vociferously over the fish. She listened dreamily as she ate her dinner, and felt like a little girl, for Maurice scarcely looked at her or spoke to her during the entire meal. Mrs. Knight put in a word now and then, asking the meaning of this or that, as women love to do when great subjects are under discussion, thus showing their capacity for grappling with and easily mastering what men call problems of state; demanding reasons, then failing to grope through processes of thought which compel the reasons; deciding *ex cathedra* on the right or wrong of the matter, and giving counsel from a higher stand-point than the stupid logical male creature has been able to arrive at from his knowledge of his own imperfections and his perception of the faultiness of mankind in general.

They all went on the piazza after dinner, and while they were taking coffee the pony-carriage came round and Zoo-Zoo ran down the steps and jumped into it, barking joyfully, while the man stood waiting at the horse's head holding the reins.

"Are you going to drive?" asked Maurice, going over to Felise and taking her coffee-cup from her hand.

"I did tell Thomas I should drive after dinner," she returned with a timid questioning look at her aunt, "but perhaps I shall not go, after all."

"Why not?" he demanded. "Because

"I am here? I was hoping you would invite me to accompany you."

Felise looked at her aunt again.

"Suppose you drive Mr. Layton to the beach, Felise?" said Mrs. Knight tranquilly. "It is pleasant there at this time of day.—I am sure you will take good care of her," she added to Maurice with a smile, "especially if I tell you that she never did any gentleman such an honor before."

"I will take the best care of her," he returned gravely, and gathered up Miss Clairmont's hat, gloves and wrappings from the hands of Rachel, who appeared with them in the doorway. "I am the safest kind of an old gentleman. It is not in the least my own fault that I have not yet passed '*de l'allégo sautillant du célibataire au grave andante du père de famille*.'"

Felise put on her hat and gloves, was handed into the low carriage, and the two set off. She was a little embarrassed and altogether speechless, while Maurice, sitting beside her with Zoo-Zoo on his knees, was extremely amused by her silence, divining its reason at once. He tried to gain a glimpse of her face, but her wide-brimmed hat thwarted his efforts.

"Aren't you going to speak to me?" he asked finally. "You have not paid me the slightest attention to-day."

She looked up for a moment smiling and dimpling, but speech was farther off than ever when she met his smiling glance.

"Are you sorry I have come back again?"

"Oh no," she exclaimed heartily; then half ashamed of her dullness, and half feeling that it was inexcusable for her not to have told him before this of her sincere regret for the occasion of his coming back, she blushed so deeply that he could even see the flush upon the neck and arms that showed through the transparent muslin of her dress.

"I am afraid," said he, piqued, "that I have presumed too much in asking to accompany you?"

"Ah, do not think that," cried Felise in distress. "I am glad, very glad, to

have you come. I do not know why I am so dull to-day, but—but—"

"I wonder," said he with a short laugh, "if you are not a little afraid of me this afternoon? I knew that I felt like the traditional ogre who devours little girls, but I did not know that I looked like him." She laughed and blushed again. Maurice took the reins from her hands. "Let me drive you: I don't trust your horse's instinct, as you appear to do. I know the way to the beach. Don't ever be afraid of me again, my dear child. You have no need to be, I assure you. Do you know, I have been longing to see you all day? I envied Frank when he set off for his visit this morning."

"Why did you not come too?" she asked.

"I wanted you all to myself. I am the most selfish fellow. Besides, Frank is a youngster compared with me, and must have his innings. I took all mine years ago. Does he spend all his mornings with you? What do you find to talk about?"

"I forget."

"Which is a woman's formula for saying 'I don't choose to tell.' But what did you talk about this morning?"

"Nothing very wise. I was finishing a dress, and I teased your brother and Aunt Laura into giving me ideas for trimming it."

"Peaceful domestic scene!" said Maurice, looking at her with a keen glance. "Was it the dress you are wearing?"

"No, a blue muslin. We went shopping the other day in Bridgeford, and Mr. Frank Layton chose it for me."

"What a paradise it all seems!" exclaimed Maurice abruptly. "But I feel very unparadisical myself."

"I wish," murmured Felise, looking up into his suddenly-clouded face with her wistful glance—"I wish I dared say something to comfort you. I know that you have had a great grief, and that it resulted in a bitter disappointment for yourself."

"Yes, poor Bert was my dear friend. He was a good fellow, not of brilliant parts, but thoroughly honest and sincere. 'Tis a heavy blow to poor Clifford. Rosamond is the only child he has now."

"I wish," said Felise earnestly, "that your marriage need not have been delayed."

"So do I," he burst out impetuously. "It was a great mistake for Rosamond to put it off again. We have been engaged eighteen months, and no obstacle existed to our marriage in six weeks after I offered myself."

Maurice had apparently forgotten that he had never pressed Rosamond to set a limit to their engagement until some eight months after his proposal. He had, in fact, been so busy he had forgotten about it until that time.

"The months will soon pass," said Felise with tenderness in her voice: "Christmas will soon be here."

Her face was so pathetic and her tone so eloquent of commiseration that he could not restrain his amusement.

"How good you are!" he said warmly. "You seem actually to take my troubles to heart. I am afraid you look at my position through the rose-colored atmosphere of early youth, and regard my marriage prospects in a more romantic light than they deserve. Do you then consider me a desperate lover full of burning regrets for his paradise missed?" She was confused, and dropped her glance beneath his. "That side of life is over for me," he continued, his voice sinking almost to a whisper—"over, without my having availed myself of its enjoyments. I am not in love, so you must not waste that sweet pity upon me. Rosamond knows I am not in love. I have made no such professions. I am marrying into a connection which is delightful to me, as well as suitable to my position, but my dreams of wedded life have little to do with private happiness. It is the privilege of youth to have marriage an excuse for surrender to the sweet deliriums of love. I am too old. My future wife regards me as I do her. Of course, after a man is forty he cannot expect a woman to love him otherwise than soberly and sensibly. Can he, Miss Clairmont?"

"I do not know," exclaimed Felise, looking a little bewildered: "I have never thought about it."

"I should like to have you and Miss

Clifford know each other," he remarked with a mental glance ahead into the pleasant probabilities of their future intercourse as sisters-in-law. "Rosamond is rather cold and grand at first, but those who know her recognize that at heart she is a whole-souled, noble woman, with qualities far surpassing the average endowments of her sex. She is a trifle spoiled by society. She is now thirty-two, and ever since she was fifteen has been at the head of her father's house, both here and when he was minister abroad. There are few women of any position who have greater social experience. You would be sure to please her, and I really think you would grow to like her sincerely."

Felise smiled: she was ready to love Miss Clifford dearly. Maurice drove rapidly along the fern-bordered lane: it was a pleasant road, running between sunshiny fields of ripening grain, sloping away toward green-aisled forests on the one hand, which here and there parting disclosed glimpses of the sea between the tranquil line of woods. They soon reached the beach, a long strip of white shining sands extending for three miles along the placid Sound. Maurice threw the lines over the pony's back as he stood knee-deep in sand, and left him to nibble at the coarse grass that grew on the knoll above him; then, taking the afghan from the carriage, he flung it over his arm and led Felise down to the shore. Zoo-Zoo had leaped out the moment they came in sight of the water, and was now barking with exuberant delight at the waves that came crawling up to lick his feet.

"This is pleasant," observed Maurice when he had spread out the afghan on the sand and they had seated themselves upon it. "Let us stay here for hours. In fact, I never wish to go away."

Felise did not answer: she was looking across the sea, her head resting on her hands as she crossed her arms on her knees. "We all have some sympathies which are the result of our temperament and our experiences," he continued, stretching himself full length at her feet. "Mine are for the ocean: nothing

else in Nature perfectly soothes me. I hope when my time comes I may hear the billows breaking on the shore as I lie dying."

She started violently and looked at him, terrified for a moment; then reassured, apparently, with a half smile she went back to her old position and watched the white sails going up and down.

"What do you like best?" he asked, his eyes fixed vaguely on her face. "Tell me about yourself. Why are you so silent with me?"

"If," she said, looking timidly at him—"if I am silent with you, Mr. Layton, it is because you make me think about yourself: I am all the time thinking about you and wondering—"

She spoke with exquisite grace, but with the unconsciousness of a child. But it was well for her composure, perhaps, that she did not meet the kindling glance of the man beside her, nor see the glow on his cheek. For Maurice, who was not yet cool enough to hear with serenity that this beautiful, coy young creature thought frequently of him, turned his head away and asked her in an indifferent voice where she was born.

"We love best what we love first," said he. "It was in the south of France you spent your early life, I believe?"

"I was born here in Saintford," returned Felise—"in the very room where I sleep now. My father was attached to the French embassy at Washington, and my mother met him there, and they were married three months afterward. But he died in less than a year, and my grandpapa brought her back here to her old home, and in a little while I was born. She stayed here with me until I was more than six years old: then she took me to France to visit the Clairmonts, and she fell sick and died. Is it not strange? She is buried there among papa's people, while he sleeps here in the village churchyard with hers."

"You must have some recollection of your mother."

"Oh yes," said Felise, but she would say no more. She could never forget those weeks when her little feet took such weary pilgrimages up stairs and

down, in doors and out doors, anywhere and everywhere where she had once seen her mother in that crumbling old château, and her heart burst with the agony of the questless search.

"What became of you, poor little girl?" he asked.

"Old Mademoiselle de Clairmont—'la ma'amselle,' as we all called her—stayed on in the old château, and I lived with her. She had been my father's aunt, and was old, very old. Then Madame de Ferrars was often there, papa's sister: she was sad—she was always weeping because her husband did not love her and was cruel to her, and her three children were dead. They were good to me, but many of the servants seemed to love me better. In bright weather I was always out of doors when I had nothing to do, and when it was wet or cold old René used to go about the château with me, telling me stories about the faded, deserted rooms, the portraits, tapestries and embroideries. The Clairmonts were never very wonderful people, but they had lived their lives out there for many, many generations, and it seemed to me then that no lives had ever been richer in romance and pathos. Indeed, the pathos was the most, for however bright and gay their early life had been, it was all the same at the end: they grew old and died, and were forgotten except by poor old René."

She was silent for a moment, then continued with some enthusiasm: "You ask me what I like best. I think I never loved anything better than the old gardens at Clairmont. I long for them now in the cold, desolate winter. I have never seen such sunlight since as shone there: it was more golden, more peaceful, than this radiant sunlight here. I often find myself thinking of the forest there: it was full of beautiful mysteries to me, with its whisperings and sighings. Nearer the terrace the roses trailed over the white walls and hung from the urns, and even twined around the statues. Those statues used to awe me: some of them lay broken on the ground, others had been snapped in two by the coil of the heavy vines about them, but were still upheld in their places, and looked at me

with their sealed, beautiful dead faces as if they would not complain. Oh, those decayed old gardens, all unpruned and uncared-for, all overrun with vines and creepers, were very beautiful to me as a child. I have seen a great deal of the world since, but I have seen nothing that satisfied me so well as my old nook on the terrace, with the sun shining on the lizards, and the dial, and the roses; and all set to a sort of music by the moan of the trees."

"Who has the old château now?"

"I never asked: it is enough for me to remember that the Clairmonts no longer own it. I am quite the last of the name, and when old ma'amselle died I had to give up my kingdom for ever: the old château was sold to pay her debts. I have no money from my father's family—nor indeed very much from my mother," she added laughing. "I have only five hundred a year."

She was silent, regarding him frankly, then suddenly burst out laughing merrily. "I have told you everything now about myself," said she. "How could I talk so much?"

"Oh, go on, do go on!" he rejoined, quite in earnest. "I want to hear about everything you have ever done."

"There is nothing more to tell," she cried.

"Oh, but there is, though," he said with a sudden intensity of manner. "You too have stood on the threshold of marriage, and have yourself inflicted bitter disappointment."

She grew grave. "That was very different from yours," she returned with some effort. "Your engagement is not broken: its consummation is merely postponed."

"Do you mind my alluding to your engagement?" he asked, giving her a keen look. She shook her head, but grew a little reserved. "Few women could have refused Ralph," he pursued. "He is a thorough woman's ideal man—an Apollo indeed, well born, well bred, yet with none of the vices of his order: highly educated, yet as pious as an old woman, and goes to church on week-days. How could you fail to appreciate him?" Fe-

lise looked very disdainful. "As for myself," resumed Maurice, "I have a virtuous pride when I remember he is my first cousin. He has an ugly temper, but then he is so handsome. Don't you call him handsomer than either Frank or myself, Miss Clairmont?"

He had bared his head, and the south wind had ruffled his dark hair and blown it back from his temples: his eyes expressed both fire and mischief, and his smile was full of amusement. Felise laughed, but made no confessions or comparisons.

"I see," said Maurice, "that you will not commit yourself. But is not Wyld a finished gentleman?"

"Oh yes."

"Charitable and pious and orthodox as one of Miss Yonge's heroes?"

"He certainly is."

"Why, then, did you not love such a paragon?" She laughed. "Well, why not?" he demanded.

"How do you know I did not love him?"

"Had you loved him you would have married him, and I should not be sitting at your feet this happy afternoon."

"Perhaps so," returned Felise with rising color, "but you surprise me by seeming to consider love an essential for marriage, when you just told me—"

"Ah!" cried Maurice roused, "you are aggressive, mademoiselle. You think I am marrying without love, and that I urge such marriages on other men. You do not know me. I loved with all my heart once—with a passion that tears me when I think of it: my love was for my mother. You err, err much, if you believe me to be cold or heartless. I am neither; so much the reverse, in fact, that what alone saved me from drifting into a meaningless life was good hard work. I have two natures—one all feeling, the other all intellectual activity. I am not like other men: I cannot combine them. Enjoyment, calm content, renounced me years and years ago. I have filled my life with other interests than love-making. Rosamond understands this, and is satisfied with my views. I may despise the sweet fooleries of lovers, yet I shall make an excellent husband.



I dare say two years after I am married I shall love my wife as well as even your romantic heart could desire." Felise was looking at him in a way that perplexed him: her lips were smiling, but her eyes were sad. "I see you do not believe me," he went on more calmly, "but you don't quite know me yet. I admire Rosamond already, and be a woman what she may, an honorable man can yield no less to the wife who shares his existence than his sacredest confidence, his supremest tenderness."

But Felise had dropped her eyes and maintained a disconcerting silence.

"What are you thinking of?" he demanded sharply.

"I do not doubt," she faltered—"of course you understand yourself—I believe you."

"You are quite wrong, then," said Maurice, laughing, "for I do not understand myself. No man knows what he would be under the influence of any passion until he has felt it. I told you how I loved my mother, but that, after all, is different. I have never been in love. Tell me what it is like," he went on, coaxingly, "this being in love." And he continued to look at her with smiling audacity.

"Mr. Layton," she cried with a flash of color to her face, "I have never been in love."

"I knew it!" he exclaimed exultingly: "I knew you did not care for Ralph. Confess that his perfections bored you."

"I shall confess nothing of the sort."

"But you did not love him, I was certain of that. So you have never been in love? Neither have I. Let us go on. I never want to be in love: do you?"

But Felise said nothing.

He looked at her with sudden gravity. "But you will love: you will always be beloved, and not always in vain. A man's destiny is influenced by the love he gives—a woman's, by the love she accepts. So choose rightly when you choose."

"You do seem to believe in love, Mr. Layton."

"I know men, and I believe in it. The young believe that it is the privilege of

youth alone, but it is not so. I know old men, gray-headed, powerful, whose word settles affairs for nations, who are yet the slaves of women whose capricious wishes are higher laws than any they recognize on earth. I believe in such love as I believe in other calamities, but I think it may be avoided. There is a perilous fascination in its first advances, and great passions, easily mastered at the outset, are nurtured by yielding to the charm of pleasant hours until they grow too headstrong to be controlled. A man must hold himself in check. As for me—" But he remembered that he was talking to a girl who listened to him with some wonder, and he broke off abruptly.

The tide was coming in, and the monotonous roar of the surges filled up the pause. Zoo-Zoo had found some sea-monster, and, startled by its spasmodic movements, began barking vociferously. Felise sprang up and ran along the shore toward him. Maurice looked after her with an indulgent smile on his face as the wind blew back her bright hair and made her white draperies cling to her, disclosing the slender ankles and feet. She seemed to lean toward the breeze and drink it in; then she turned and ran around the point, with Zoo-Zoo after her, and vanished. Maurice watched the twinkling feet as long as they kept in sight, then he too jumped up and followed her with mighty strides. He soon overtook her, for she had paused in her race and seemed plunged in deep thought. The noise of the surf hindered her from hearing his approach, and believing herself quite unperceived, with an intent face she leaned down and with the tip of her parasol wrote something in the sand. Maurice was all the time looking over her shoulder, and smiled as he saw her trace the word *Love*.

"You do not need to write it there, child," said he, "for you have written it imperishably on many hearts."

She started and lost all self-command, looking at him with trembling lips and an air of terror.

"Forgive me!" he exclaimed: "I have frightened you. I supposed you knew I was here, although you did not turn

round. I was horribly rude to watch you, but since it is such a secret I promise to tell nobody."

He stooped down and erased the magic word with his hand. "Not that when 'Love' really comes into your life it can be rubbed out like this," said he softly as he still knelt, looking up into her face. But she could not answer his smile, and murmured something inaudibly about its being time to go home; and they walked gravely back toward the carriage.

"Since this particular subject has been under discussion," said Maurice, after a long pause breaking the stiff silence, "I will tell you a story if you would like to hear it. Some twenty years ago I knew a very beautiful and singularly clever woman of thirty-five, and we played a very neat game of flirtation together. She was of course a married woman, and prided herself on her knowledge of men. When we parted she gave me a letter, remarking that it contained a story whose moral I must lay to heart. It ran thus: An Eastern prince was setting forth on his travels, and his father, the king, and his teacher, a venerable priest, laid their heads together to devise some plan to protect him from the snares of this wicked world. Accordingly, they selected a hundred wise books for him to carry. But the prince laughed, and asked how he could encumber himself with two camels' loads of musty folios. The priest selected the six which seemed fullest of profound lore. Still the prince refused, and even when the number of volumes was reduced to one, he declined it, since he could not force its wide covers into the knapsack which hung over his shoulders. The king and the priest were now in despair, but the priest went barefooted up the mountain and became a hermit, studying and praying, fasting. After an absence of many days he came down, and finding the prince just ready to leave the palace-gates, said to him solemnly, 'Since, O prince! you travel without caravan or slaves to bear written words of sacred wisdom, I have sought by much fasting and long prayerful vigils for the essence of all knowledge for the guidance of the unruly footsteps of the denizens of

the world. Carry this maxim, which has been disclosed to me, in your mind, and let it be imprinted on your heart. For this is the sum of all wisdom—the meaning of all commandment: Beware of woman, for in loving her thou shalt find in thyself weakness and wickedness, and liking temptation better than uprightness."

Felise laughed.

"I hope the prince was always wise," said she archly.

"Can you doubt it?"

"Your fascinating friend really believed love would be unlucky for you. You are wise to have avoided it;" and she turned her face toward him full of amusement.

"Avoided it?" he retorted. "I swear to you I never yet needed the lesson."

#### CHAPTER VIII.

THEY drove home slowly. The shadows lay upon the grass as if they had gone to sleep; the birds twittered in the trees as they sought the densest greenery to cover their night's repose; the inland air seemed warm and sultry after the fresh breezes from the sea; and both Maurice and Miss Clairmont were weary and did not care to talk.

Felise was driving now, and when she reached the cottage she turned into the avenue at her companion's suggestion, that he might be dropped at the door. He laughed a little as he made the request, for it seemed both lazy and discourteous for him to proffer it. But he was all the time thinking it but fair that he should give his brother an opportunity of seeing Miss Clairmont, she was so exquisitely pretty as she leaned forward holding the reins. Maurice had always thought her beautiful, with a finer charm of graciousness and wit than other girls possessed, but not until to-day had he mastered the secret of the charm she might possess for the man who loved her. She was lovelier than others, but Maurice was familiar with a society which contained many pre-eminently beautiful women, and mere beauty moved him lit-

tle except to criticism and comparison. Felise's charm lay in the peculiar feminineness of her character and its manifestations, so he began to tell himself. She was, as somebody said of another fair woman, "*mieux femme que les autres femmes*," and stirred the wish in men to kneel before her and make her the object of some chivalrous endeavor. But exaggerated devotion of this stamp expresses itself differently in different social epochs, and Miss Clifford's engaged husband said and did nothing picturesque, although he mentally decided that his fair companion was quite worthy of even Frank's infatuation. He even told himself that unless he, Maurice Layton, possessed rare self-control and the capacity for mastering vagrant fancies, it might be better for even him not to sit too often beside Felise, as he sat now, free to watch in a luxurious mood the dark fringes of those rare eyes, the pale yet bloomy cheek, the contours of chin, throat and ear, with the golden hair flying back as they met the wind. But he did not hesitate to drink the enjoyment of the hour to the full, while he told himself that he regretted Frank had not been in his place. His brother had confessed to him that he enjoyed but rarely the chance of seeing Felise alone.

Mrs. Meredith and Frank were on the steps, and ran down to meet the pony-carriage. Felise was persuaded to stay to tea and allow the carriage to be driven home by a servant, to whom she gave a message for her aunt, requesting to be sent for at ten o'clock.

"Tell Mrs. Knight," said Frank, "that I shall myself take Miss Clairmont home at eleven o'clock.—You are the victim of circumstances," he added, leading his welcome guest into the house. "Give me your hat and gloves. No, you positively shall not go away to make yourself look more charming."

"But my hair is all blown about," pleaded Felise, adjusting her ribbons and necklace.—"I am sure," she added pathetically to Mrs. Meredith, "that I am very untidy."

"Nonsense!" returned that lady. "I dare say the gentlemen will not look at

you, and Violet and I quite prefer that you should appear as frightful as possible. Are you hungry? Violet is making tea herself. It is the only point where Frank's cook fails. Mr. Morton is cutting bread-and-butter."

"Werther fell in love with Charlotte when he saw her cutting bread-and-butter," observed Morton, resting a moment from his labors to make his bow to Miss Clairmont. "I never could imagine for what reason, but now I quite understand it was because she saved him the trouble."

"The scene is very pretty," said Maurice, looking through his hand with the air of a connoisseur at the group in the bay-window with Violet at the urn. "Quite a Dutch picture!"

"You prefer the French school, apparently," retorted Violet.

"Felise," cried Mrs. Meredith with her little tinkling laugh, "what have you done to put Maurice in a good humor? He was like a bear this morning, and his sorrow and disappointment were so contagious that we have all taken a gloomy view of life ever since."

"I assure you, Aunt Agnes," put in Maurice, "Miss Clairmont thought me very formidable when I first asked her to let me drive with her."

"Was he very, very cross, Felise?"

"On the contrary," he again interposed, "I was soft and confiding as a cherub. I confessed all my weaknesses to Miss Clairmont."

"Indeed! What were they?"

"I shall tell no one else. One Delilah is enough for a man."

"There might be safety in numbers. But it's far from proper, Maurice, to call Felise your Delilah."

"I agree with you, and call her nothing of the sort."

"What on earth did you say, then?"

"I made a remark on general principles that one Delilah was enough for a man."

"Oh!" Mrs. Meredith exclaimed, as if enlightened.—"Now, Felise, let me tell you our news. We have had a visitor since dinner—two visitors. One was a remarkably pretty woman in a toilette that filled me with envy. The other was

a mite of a creature—a sort of attendant sylph or sprite in vivid blue—an inch of skirts, voluminous embroideries, lace enough for a court-suit, and high blue kid boots."

"Mrs. Dury and her little girl?" asked Felise.

"Is she not a droll person?"

"Which? I think Mrs. Dury very magnificent, and as for Bel, she is an angel."

"Ask Mr. Morton if she is not an angel. The gentlemen were devoted to the fair widow of course, and heaped flattery and bonbons on the little girl. Mr. Morton asked the sweet infant which she preferred—himself or Frank. Miss Bel answered in her shrill voice, 'Oh, I like Mr. Layton best: he is not so ugly as you are.'"

"Mr. Morton did not mind, however," said Violet, "for the lovely widow turned her blue eyes upon him with a look which showed that she at least had a soul to be moved by his good looks."

"Frank," observed his aunt in a voice of solemn warning, "I hope you feel the perils of your position. A house like this, without a mistress, exposes a good-looking young man to peculiar liabilities. I think the widow had an intention when she declared her admiration of your tea-cups with dragon handles."

"Depend upon it," rejoined Frank, "I am quite safe where Mrs. Dury is concerned. But I tremble for Morton, as she makes no secret of her admiration for his giant intellect. It is hard upon me to see where her preference lies, but I will do nothing to injure the cause of my friend."

"Mrs. Dury is a very charming woman," said Morton.

"Isn't she?" observed Maurice. "And, like other widows, she saves a man a world of trouble. I consider widows a dispensation of Providence in behalf of shy men."

"Why so?" demanded Violet. "Is it easier to please a widow than an unmarried woman?"

"Most certainly it is. Few men but have a fear of the tender, innocent-eyed girls who come out every year, to whom

everything is a surprise, a sensation, and perhaps a shock. Now, with widows, tout va sans dire."

"I never knew before," said Violet, "why it was that men run after widows as they do. Now I perceive that their crowning fascination consists in an absence of 'shock.'"

"Precisely."

"Men never speak well of widows," pursued Violet, "yet let the most commonplace woman lose her husband and she becomes a social centre at once, and is certain to secure the best *parti*."

"My own theoretical convictions are in favor of the *suttee*," said Morton—"an admirable invention for preserving society from these dangers."

"Yes," observed Maurice, "the *suttee* is the proper thing, depend upon it. Every man at heart believes in it. But society tolerates widows, and hence,

Seen too oft, familiar with their face,  
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

"I wish I were a widow," sighed Violet. "I might have been one. Do you remember old Mr. Macpherson, mamma? I refused him because he was ugly and deaf, and wore false teeth and a wig; but he was frightfully rich, and died of heart-disease six months after he proposed to me. Now, had I only known that when he came to know me well and love me he was sure to die, I would certainly have married him. In that case I might at present be a powerful rival to Mrs. Dury."

Frank had meantime taken a seat very close to Felise. "And where," he asked, "have you been taking my brother, Miss Clairmont?"

"To the beach," she answered.

"And very pleasant it was at the beach," remarked Maurice, looking up from his papers.

"I don't doubt it," declared Frank with a sigh. "I console myself, however, for not having been in your place, Maurice, by the flattering conviction that Mrs. Knight considers me far too youthful and charming to be permitted to go alone to the beach with her niece. Advanced age has its prerogatives, I grant, yet it is something to be young and fascinating,

even if when I take Miss Clairmont to drive we need to be duly chaperoned."

"It is not my gray hairs in which Mrs. Knight puts her faith, but my discretion," retorted Maurice, laughing and again looking up from his papers.

"There is something quite affable about Maurice to-night," said Mrs. Meredith, preparing to open a budget of home-letters which had just come in. "But he is generally happy when he has the newspapers.—Does Rosamond allow you to read them before her, Maurice?"

"If you ask her, she will say I do nothing else."

"Maurice is a cross between a blue-book and a statue," said Frank. "When I am so lucky as to be engaged, I shall not read papers as I sit by my —"

"Your —? What under heaven does he mean? When, my dear innocent victim of hallucination, you are so unfortunate as to be engaged, you will begin to appreciate the real worth of a newspaper: you will be so tired of fiction and fantasy, of the unreality and unsubstantiality of your world of thought, that you will be but too thankful to settle down on a basis of calm sense. Dreams are very well for a time, but give me facts, facts, facts!"

Frank, sitting by Felise in the window, looked at her so fixedly that presently she turned and met his eyes. "This is pleasant, is it not?" he whispered—"so much better than the dull evening I expected."

"It is charming," she returned with a smile.

"Is the blue dress finished?" broke in Mrs. Meredith.

"Not quite, but I shall put on the last ruffle to-morrow."

"May I go up and sit by you while you sew?" inquired Maurice from behind the *Express*.

Frank burst out laughing. "I shall be there," said he.

"But is there not another vacant chair beside Miss Clairmont's work-table? I love to see a woman at her needle."

"Oh, Felise," cried Violet, "how can you sew? I should as soon think of building the house I live in as of making the dress I wear."

"I should suspect, Pansy," said Maurice, "that you would have an aversion to needlework."

"Pray tell me if Miss Clifford sews," she asked satirically.

"Never: at least I have never seen her with a needle."

"Since you admire white fingers at work, why not set Miss Clifford to sewing for your amusement?"

"My dear Pansy, it might not amuse me. As a rule, I have little time to sit by the distaff. I find Saintford air develops many tastes I never knew before: you may regard them as phenomena, not as essential traits of character."

Luigi had lit the lamps in the library, and Maurice and Mrs. Meredith took their papers and letters there. Violet and Morton vanished through the long French window into the shrubberies and the gathering twilight. Frank was alone with Felise, who was sitting on the low window-seat, leaning out and playing with a vine that stretched across and twined around the shutter. She was smiling, the light breeze swayed her floating hair, and the loose lace-bordered sleeves fell back from the perfect hands and wrists. She was as unconscious of her charming attitude as a child, and presently she turned back and sang a verse from an old song in a tender voice, quite ignorant of what a fever she was stirring in his heart:

"Through groves of palm sigh gales of balm,  
Fire-flies on the air are wheeling,  
While through the gloom comes soft perfume,  
The distant beds of flowers revealing.

That makes the night perfect, does it not?" she said, looking at him archly.

"Not quite," he answered with a throbbing heart.

"Not quite? I think you are hard to satisfy. What else would you have?"

"Shall I tell you?" he murmured, bending over her so closely that she felt the meaning of his smile and the light in his eyes with a full perception of his further requirements, although she would not confess the knowledge to herself.

"No, no!" she cried, shrinking back, "do not tell me."

"It shall be just as you say for a little



longer," said he sadly. "But do you care nothing for my wishes?"

She leaned from the window again and pulled a rose from the vine. "This is what you want," she said coaxingly: "I will give this to you."

"You give roses to every one. I saw you pick six roses from your bush yesterday and give them to six different men, all equally obnoxious to me. You are like Flora—you scatter roses."

"But I will do more with this: I will put it in your buttonhole." She turned as she spoke to place it. He bent toward her, and her slim fingers adjusted the flower. He looked down at her as she stood so confidently within the circle of his arms had he outstretched them, and felt a lover's fierce longing to seize and hold her there. But Felise, glancing up in his face, thought him cold and indifferent.

"Are you angry with me?" she cried tremulously.

He took her hands, held them tightly an instant while he gazed into her eyes: then he thrust them from him. "Felise," said he smiling, but with some passion, "what a child you are!"

"But I am not a child," she returned, half pouting. "Why did you seem so strange? Were you really angry?"

"Angry!" repeated poor Frank. "What do you think about it? What may I say? Do you give me leave to say what is in my heart?"

"No, no!" she cried, drawing back and trembling at his vehemence.

"Well, then," said he with a wild sort of laugh, "I am not allowed to speak, yet if I make a supreme effort and hold my tongue, you think me disagreeably cross. I said just now, 'What a child you are!' Let me say, rather, what a woman you are!"

She perceived that he was entertained by something and could hardly smother his inclination to laugh out. "What is it?" she demanded imperiously. "You must tell me what it is. I will not have you laughing at me: I am too old to be treated like a child."

Frank laughed uncontrollably, but he could not tell her what secret thought

diverted him. A man in love is always liable to be moved at times by a sense of the absurdity of his position, and if his suit has a chance of ultimate success, he can afford to smile at the dainty defiance of the lips he means soon to kiss, the mutinous glance of the eyes he intends shall soon droop before his own unveiled gaze, the touch-me-not dignity of the hands he believes will shortly be but too glad to nestle of their own accord within his clasp.

"I treat you like a child!" he exclaimed. "On the contrary, I stand completely in awe of you. Tell me, please, how old you are."

"I shall be twenty in October."

"And I am almost thirty-six. Think of it, Felise—I am almost sixteen years older than you! Still, I would not be younger, even if I could. Do you remember the French proverb, 'Si la jeunesse savait—si la vieillesse pouvait'? My age has all the advantages of both capacities. I know the possibilities of youthful happiness, yet have not passed the period—or at least I hope I have not—when I may seize and hold them."

"Men are so fortunate!" said Felise after a moment's pause. "If women are wise, it is because their beauty has gone, and their youth, and they have looked desolation and sorrow in the face. Then only do they know what the inspiration of their youth was worth."

"You shall never be wise," cried Frank ardently. "Felise, you shall never be old."

"How can I help it?" she asked. "But, alas! I fear you are right in one way: even if I grow old I shall never grow wise."

"Let me be your friend," he cried again impetuously, "and you shall go through life without experiencing the bitterness that comes to so many. Oh, I could not endure to see you anything less than you are now—that innocence and purity upon your brow, that smile of a waking child!"

"Hush!" she murmured: "you must not flatter me;" and she hung her head, for Frank was far less guarded than he had ever been before.

The parlor where they were sitting was almost dark now, and Mrs. Meredith, issuing from the lighted library, laughed at the two for sitting so romantically in the summer twilight. She had news, she came to tell them. Leslie Wilmot had written her that he could not endure England without Violet; that his expedition to Norway had been given up; that he was about to follow them to the States; and that she must not let Pansy be too hard upon him for doing so. Luigi brought in lights, and Mrs. Meredith chattered gayly on of the miseries of a woman's life when she was so unfortunate as to have a marriageable daughter. If the marriage had only taken place at Easter! Nothing but Violet's caprice deferred the consummation of the engagement. With her only daughter comfortably invested with a respectable man's name, the volatile lady declared she could begin life anew without an annoyance in the world. The peal of the door-bell interrupted her, and Mrs. Meredith went down the entire length of the long parlors with her letters for a fresh perusal of them in her particular nook in one of the bay-windows. Luigi brought in a card to his master, who looked at it with a puzzled face.

"Malcolm Leslie Arbuthnot Wilmot," he repeated, staring blankly. "I cannot seem to think who he is."

But while he was speaking a young man advanced into the room, hat in hand, and walked eagerly up to him. "Don't you know me?" he asked. "I remember you perfectly, Mr. Layton. Are the Merediths here? I am Leslie Wilmot."

Mrs. Meredith fluttered toward them, and while Frank was making hospitable inquiries of Wilmot she turned to Felise and whispered a request to her to go quietly and find Violet, apologizing hastily for asking this service of her.

Felise ran out gladly, and as she passed the study-door Maurice joined her. "Where are you going?" he asked. "To look for Violet? She is in the garden with Morton: I had a glimpse of them in the shrubberies. May I go with you?"

She took his proffered arm, and they

strolled down the garden-path in the odorous July dusk. "So the bridegroom has come for the unwise virgin?" continued Maurice with some glee. "Do you suppose Pansy will be glad of the news?"

"You engaged people know your own secrets best," retorted Felise, laughing softly. "I suppose she will be charmed to see him."

"Nous autres fiancés, we know that under certain circumstances even our nearest and dearest are altogether in the way. For instance, do you fancy I should have been glad to see Miss Clifford this afternoon if she had risen like Venus from the sea-foam to find me stretched at your feet discoursing of love? Or, indeed, even now, for what could be more suggestive of romance than this innocent little promenade of ours?"

Felise did not know exactly what to say, so with a smile she slowly raised her eyes until they met his, then dropped them. It was late evening now: the stars shone golden in the pale hazy depths of the sky, but the glow of the sunset still lingered in the west and gleamed through the interlaced branches of the elms on the one hand, while on the other the tall trees stood like motionless giants glooming together in a sombre mass. Not a leaf moved, scarcely a sound was to be heard, yet there seemed no silence.

"Yes, there they are in the arbor," remarked Maurice, shaking off a sort of disinclination to speak. They paused opposite the summer-house, where they could distinctly see two figures revealed in silhouette against the background of daffodil western sky. It was startlingly evident to both observers that Morton was standing with Violet's hands in his, and, half kneeling, half bending, was kissing them repeatedly.

"Violet!" called Maurice in a voice which struck his cousin's ear like a bugle réveil. She turned slowly. Morton started back, and leaned against the framework of the arbor.

"Is that you, Maurice?" she asked.

"It is. Here are Miss Clairmont and I quite worn out with our search for you. Somebody wants to see you."

"What an exigent some one! Who

is there in this hemisphere that I need see unless I feel inclined? I thought I had left that sort of thing behind me in England."

"That sort of thing is ubiquitous, awfully mal-apropos: it follows one everywhere."

At the same moment another form became defined out of the rapidly-thickening dusk, and another voice called "Violet! Violet!" and the chief actor entered and carried off all the honors of the scene.

"What! is it you, Leslie?" she cried in surprise.

He put his arms about her and clasped her closely. "My darling!" he whispered, "I could not stay away."

"Silly boy!" said she in her witching way, but evading his embrace, "remember how to behave yourself. But I am very glad to see you.—Good friends, it is too dark here to make introductions, so we will wait until we meet in Frank's parlor."

She passed on with Wilmot, leaving Maurice and Felise by the door of the summer-house, and Morton within, quite invisible in the gloom.

"Here, Morton," said Maurice, "give your arm to Miss Clairmont: I have a fancy to walk about and get cool before I go back."

Morton left the shadow and offered his arm to the young girl. Maurice's knowledge of men was certain, and it was creditable in him just then to draw the angry man within the circle of conventionalities. The two walked toward the house together, following Wilmot, whose voice was clearly distinguishable as he rattled on to Violet, loitering along the path with his arm around her.

"Oh, I am glad to see you of course," Violet returned after he had inquired a dozen times how she felt regarding his unexpected advent. "But I don't know how you can amuse yourself here. We are as quiet as church mice, and have put off traveling until September."

"Oh, as to that," said Leslie, "I'll manage capitally. I inquired at once if Saintford touched navigable water anywhere, and engaged a yacht as soon as I landed."

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"Was it easy to suit yourself?"

"Not at first. This one was engaged for the middle of July for a two months' cruise, but I offered too powerful an argument for any Yankee to refuse."

"What was your argument?"

"The only one I ever needed yet. I could afford to bid higher than other men. Don't you know, I always get what I want? She'll be here in a few days. I ordered her freshened up—new carpets and cushions, you know, and that sort of thing—fit for ladies, you know. You'll cruise about with me a little, won't you, Pansy?"

"I hate yachts. You love your yacht better than you love me."

"Do I, though? When once you marry me I'll give up yachting entirely if you say it, though it is such a jolly life cruising about. Who was it said I was her idea of a 'jolly tar'? Oh, Lulu Thatcher."

"Don't dare to talk about Lulu Thatcher!"

"By Jove! you've no call to be jealous about her, Pansy. She used to propose to me regularly every day last year when we went up to Skye, but she never caught me tripping. Oh, Pansy, to be with you again! Do you know, this yacht was called the Tide Wave, but I had it painted out and your name put in its place. But you never saw the real Pansy. She's a perfect beauty—purple velvet and gold trimmings, pansies embroidered everywhere—painted on the panels, even on the china. I wanted to come over in her, but the good mamma was ill at the bare notion, so I gave it up."

"Where is your old Pansy now?"

"I lent her to Cromley: he and his bride are among the Hebrides, I have no doubt."

"That was very pretty of you."

"Isn't he your cousin? I hope Mr. Frank Layton has ordered me some dinner, supper or something. 'Hungry' is not just the word for me." And with this artless prattle Wilmot beguiled Violet's walk to the house, and Morton, ten paces off, heard every word, chewing meanwhile the cud of his own bitter thoughts.

ELLEN W. OLNEY.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## ON THE EASTERN SHORE.

## THIRD PAPER.

## LAND INDUSTRIES.

IF there is anything besides oysters which gives a marked and peculiar character to the Eastern Shore of Maryland, it is fruit. Large or small, wild or cultivated, growing on vines, on trees, on bushes, by the roadside, in the woods, in the orchards and gardens and private yards, from May to November, wherever one may turn, he will certainly find fruit. The soil and climate seem to be peculiarly adapted to the production of this class of vegetation, and Nature requires but the gentlest hint to make her pour out a wealth of ripened sweetness which over-supplies every demand. It is most probable that the Matapeakes and Nanticokes who owned the soil before Claiborne or Cecil laid claim to it were content with the blackberries and whortleberries, the "hog-plums" or "mountain-cherries," the persimmons and black-haws, which grew then, as now, in rich profusion on every kind of soil; and perhaps the rounded butts of the stone axes which are still found on their old hunting-grounds were designed to crush the hard shells of the walnut and hickory-nut, as the sharp edge did the skulls of the Delaware and Susquehannah braves. But now, thanks to the kind offices of the woodpecker, the robin and the squirrel, the variety and quality of the wild fruits have been increased tenfold. In this way the strawberry and raspberry have escaped from the limits of cultivation, and may be found jostling their wilder brethren in the old fields and meadows. The cherry has become one of the commonest shade trees along the roads, the stones having been dropped by the birds from their perches on the fence-posts with as much regularity as if man had planted them, the trees attaining a very large size and the fruit being often of excellent quality. So also with the apple, the peach and the pear, the seeds and stones of which have been

widely scattered by feathered and furred depredators, and wherever falling seeming to find a suitable "environment." Notwithstanding this peculiar adaptability of the soil to such crops, but little attention was paid to their culture until within the last fifteen years. The demand, indeed, has risen so rapidly since the introduction of hermetically-sealed cans that the farmer has been compelled to exchange his wheatfields for orchards and berry-patches. Ten years ago ten thousand bushels of peaches would have created a glut in the Baltimore market on any day of the season. Last year that city alone consumed thirty thousand bushels a day, while the opening of other markets by improved means of transportation probably quadrupled that demand at the least. And yet thousands of bushels were distributed gratuitously among the poor, thousands more flung into the docks and on the city dumping-grounds, and probably one-third of the crop never reached the city markets at all, but was consumed on the farm or left to rot where it fell.

The culture of the peach is not confined to any section, but is extensively carried on all over the Shore. By far the greatest number of trees, however, are to be found in the counties of Kent and Queen Anne. For a distance of ten miles by at least two in width the banks of the Upper Chester form a continuation of orchards, one of which alone, known as the "Round Top," contains over one thousand acres. This little river is navigable for not quite thirty miles, yet in 1875 it required seven steamers and more than twice that number of sailing craft to carry its peaches to market, and that notwithstanding the facilities offered to the same country by two lines of railroad. These boats carried at least ten thousand bushels of peaches a day, the railroads carrying from three to ten car-loads daily. During the same

season the Dorchester and Delaware Railroad, a short line between Cambridge in Dorchester county and Seaford, Delaware, carried 134,094 baskets of peaches, besides 4272 baskets of apples, pears and quinces, 14,730 buckets of blackberries, 391,641 quarts of strawberries, and 22,448 quarts and 10,167 buckets of other "small fruits"—the ordinary painted wood water-bucket being used for carrying berries. Besides the fruit shipped in its natural state, there were put up in 1875, in Queen Anne county alone, 900,000 three-pound cans of peaches, and 33,000 pounds of fruit were dried. No account is here taken of the very large quantity of refuse peaches sent to the still, or of the number of boxes preserved and canned at home for family use.

These figures will give some idea of the enormous quantity of fruit of various kinds—and especially of peaches—which Eastern Maryland produces, the yield of Delaware being at least equal. Without any question this peninsula is capable of supplying the world, even if the world should very largely increase its capacity for eating canned peaches and drinking peach brandy. An immense area is still devoted to wheat and corn which would do better in fruit, and which will certainly be put in fruit if a remunerative demand shall arise. The two great problems which are now occupying the mind of the fruit-farmer are—how to transport his peaches in a fresh state to distant markets, and how to prevent his orchards from bearing more peaches than he can sell. Two or three consecutive crops like that of 1875 would ruin all the growers. The trees, being overtaxed, yielded undersized and inferior fruit, which was generally too small for canning purposes, but which served to glut the market and lower the price of the finer qualities. Such was the quantity that only about two-thirds could be gathered, and of these a large proportion could not be transported: the markets were glutted the whole season through, and the majority of shippers failed to clear expenses. In many cases whole consignments were returned to the farmer, who had to pay freight both

ways, because the commission-merchant could neither sell the fruit nor have it hauled away to be destroyed.

The culture of the peach possesses many features of interest, and gives a peculiar charm to the face of the country in which it is carried on. In the early spring the stranger, standing on the upper deck of a river-steamer, notes a singular reddish-purple haze, giving tone to the distant landscape and contrasting strangely with the clear blue of the sky and the rich verdure of the wheatfields, which are just beginning to wave and ripple under the kiss of the passing breeze. As he nears the landing he observes that the background is one long stretch of dull-brown orchard, but as he looks back at its receding outlines the purple-red haze again begins to appear. This soft and peculiar color is that of the swelling peach-buds, unnoticed by the near observer, but developing as they mass together in the distance. It is the season of anxiety for the grower, all the dangers to the promised crop being concentrated in the next six or eight weeks. Happy will he be if the lingering touch of winter shall check the rising sap and prevent any further development of the bud for a month to come. Only the most exceptionally cold weather can damage the trees until the blossoms open, and until that time the fruit is safe from ordinary frosts; but with every mild spell the buds make some growth, experiencing a check with each return of colder weather; and the chief peril lies in their making too much "headway" under the influence of the March and April suns, so as to open the blooms just in time for execution by the late spring frosts. On the other hand, should these frosts be deferred until the trees are well in leaf and the young fruit considerably advanced, there is little danger except from ice or sleet. After a very heavy crop the preceding year the vital force of the trees seems weakened, and they exhibit less power of resistance to cold. A half crop, however, is more remunerative than a full yield, the fruit being finer and the prices running higher than in a heavily-stocked market. There are several insect pests which threaten the peach in this



State, especially the borer, which injures the trees by converting a large portion of the sap into gum, and a species of *Aphis* which preys on the young leaves.

When the blooms are fully open there are few lovelier sights than an extended orchard landscape, and the man must be indeed a poor creature who can fail to be charmed by its flowered beauties, and, breathing in the balmy air freighted with delicate perfume, thank God just for *being*. Here and there on the far horizon are masses of dark forest foliage, with the clean stems and feathered, palm-like heads of some pine grove cut clearly against the sky; overhead, the glad sunshine smiling through the bright blue ether, the fleecy cirrus clouds floating on the higher currents of unfelt air, the fishing-hawk circling with joyous cries, and far, far above him the lordly eagle, a mere speck upon the sky, calmly sailing beyond the cloud-wreaths on seemingly motionless wing; in the foreground, and stretching into the distance until lost in hazy uncertainty, an expanse of many-shaded green, broken by receding road-lines, cut into squares and polygons by fence and hedge, and varied by broad patches of pale pink color, with now and then the snowy hue of apple-blossoms, the white flash of a sail upon some unseen water-course, and, it may be, the silvery gleam of water from the far-off bay. Add a snug farm-house here and there, a group or two of cattle and the glad song of sweet-throated birds, and one has an experience of what Nature and industry together can do in the way of sensuous beauty which dwarfs every effort of human art.

But all this beauty is evanescent, and shades off rapidly into the sober hues of practical utility. The blossoms fall, and are replaced by the all-pervading green of summer foliage; the birds betake themselves to the simple duties of domestic architecture and its sequences; the cirrus clouds mass themselves into heavy *cumulus* and *nimbus*, and begin to weep over the fallen blooms; and, following Nature's example, we leave the peach-orchards for a while to catch a glimpse of the "small-fruit" interests,

these latter being now in season. There is one visitor, however, who, having like ourselves but recently become interested in peaches, is not disposed to leave the orchards so readily. Within a year reports have spread through the peach-region of the appearance of a new bird which feeds upon the buds, and promises to become very destructive. The writer has not been able to secure a specimen, but from all the descriptions, it must be no other than the rose-breasted grosbeak stopping in small flocks on his northward journey from the distant South to replenish his commissariat from this newly-discovered base of supplies. There need be no apprehensions of serious mischief from this source, for the hungry songster will never come in numbers sufficient to make him terrible. He has no special predilection for peach-buds, but will feed on any other sort quite as readily; and, indeed, will do a real kindness to the producer by relieving his trees of their surplus fruitage in a way much safer for what is left than that pursued by either frost or threshing-stick. By all means let the grosbeak or "peach-bird" be encouraged.

We have already seen, from a few figures representing a small section, how great must be the small-fruit interest of this region. All kinds are cultivated to a great extent and with very profitable results, but the strawberry, the raspberry, the blackberry and the grape are the most important; the cherry, too, growing rapidly into favor. Every part of the peninsula is well adapted to this industry, but it flourishes especially in the lower counties, where the light, sandy soil makes but poor returns of other products. The small town of Princess Anne, in Somerset county, has this season shipped as many as six car-loads of strawberries daily. Of this luscious berry there are innumerable varieties, the finest of which are retained for home consumption. The "Wilson," a prolific and firm fruit, though very acid, has practically driven all others from the market on account of its attractive size and color and its excellent carrying qualities. The finer fruits, as raspberries and strawberries, are carried to

market in pint and quart boxes, packed in crates of from sixty to seventy quarts' capacity. The other kinds go in open buckets, except the grape, which is sent in cases or small boxes. No sooner is the berry season opened than everything is in confusion. Domestic servants, the colored population and small boys generally begin to show signs of an unrest which soon ripens into utter demoralization. Everybody turns out to pick berries at five cents per box. The growers obtain gratuitously from the can-makers the tin disks cut from the covers, have them stamped at a trifling cost and issue them as checks. A regular office is established in the field, where boxes are distributed to the pickers, and a check given for each quart of berries returned. These are cashed at the close of the day's work, and the cashier needs to be very wide awake to frustrate the "crooked" schemes of the *gamins*. If the yield is abundant, one meets with sundry resultant inconveniences. Everything gives way to berries. Conventions or meetings for Church or State objects are slimly attended; public conveyances become utterly unreliable; trains are thrown out of schedule; steamers are delayed for hours receiving fruit or unlading empty packages. The only compensation for one who does not own a strawberry-patch is found in the profusion and cheapness of that delicious fruit, of which no one ever tires. The general excitement continues as the various berries ripen in their order, though the pressure shifts from point to point like the chain-box of a bay-steamer. Thus, strawberries produce the greatest confusion in domestic arrangements, requiring a larger force of pickers; raspberries disturb the home-consumers most, because most sought after and least abundant; while black- and whortleberries cause the greatest delay and inconvenience to the passengers upon the steamboats. The black-cap raspberry is not a favorite, the red "Brandywine" being the variety most generally cultivated. The culture of the improved blackberry, treble the size of the wild species, grows in favor, as it costs but little to produce and send to

market, while the heavy yield and steady demand make it always profitable.

Hardly has the raspberry begun to grow scarce when the peach-orchards reassert their claims, and notes of preparation begin to be sounded for the coming campaign. Temporary saw-mills spring up by the roadside, where the slatted boxes will be made, and various patterns of open baskets advance their respective claims of superiority. The agents of the canneries are found everywhere buying up such orchards as have not been "sold in the bud"—*i. e.*, those which have not been engaged at so much per box or at a round sum for the estimated yield. The latter method is a simple gambling speculation, generally resulting in heavy loss to one or other party. An individual appeared in Cambridge last season, and, taking a public position, announced his purpose of eating, then and there, three hundred dollars' worth of peaches. The feat was accomplished when he had swallowed *three* peaches, the entire yield of an orchard for which he had paid that sum "in the bud."

And now comes the "peach-pluck," almost the only species of the genus *tramp* known to the peninsula. Barefooted and unshaven, exhibiting unmistakable hydrophobic symptoms, suggesting by his attire the amative character in "The House that Jack Built," and happily independent as to couch or domicile, he scents afar the ripening fragrance, and hastens to offer his assistance in gathering for market such portion of the luscious crop as his surreptitious appetite may decline. The chaotic condition of society which the berry-season shadowed forth is now fully developed. Peaches! peaches! *semper et ubique!* The air is heavy with their odor; the sidewalks are slippery with their skins; the monotonous crunching of "pits" is heard ceaselessly from the pigpens which are characteristic of every peninsular town; the roads are cut into ruts and bog-holes by the heavy wagons which night and day are rumbling along toward wharf and station; the boats and cars are accessible only through narrow, tortuous pas-

sages between mountains and pyramids, and even obelisks, of peach-boxes, full or empty. Schedules of travel and timetables are thrown into confusion utter and hopeless. No longer car-loads, but train-loads, of fruit, by twos, by tens, by twenties, pass over the groaning rails. The steamboats, sunk almost to the guards, creep wearily over the surface of the bay, the decks, the gangways, the saloons even, piled with boxes and baskets of mellowed sweetness. The earlier varieties are of little value, and many farmers have uprooted their trees. The canners, who are the chief consumers, do not enter the market until the larger and firmer sorts begin to appear. With the opening of the packing-houses all comfort disappears from the peninsular home. Cooks, laundresses, house-girls, seamstresses,—all drop work, abandon wages, scoff at contracts and rush off to peel peaches. Woe to the peace of mind of the lover of canned and dried fruit should his eye chance to fall, upon a stifling August evening, on the grand army of "peelers" returning from the day's work! The cherry may be stoned and the apple be pared by mechanical devices, but the peach has resisted all ingenuity, and its tender skin must be separated from the yielding, juicy pulp by hands which it is not a joy to contemplate. A visit to one of these establishments, however, is full of interest, and we therefore disregard the "No Admittance" placard and pass in. A long, bare room, unceiled and unplastered, is provided with stools and benches so arranged as to leave an aisle between the rows. Seated here are crowds of women and children—sometimes a few men are found—each provided with a knife and two peach-baskets, one to hold the stones and parings and one for the fruit when peeled and halved. With few, if any, exceptions the parers are all negroes, and the visitor must be prepared to meet with all and several the peculiarities of the race which has been "kissed by the sun." Shining ebony faces hang over the baskets, and bare, black arms are reeking with the sugary juice, while rough jests pass freely from bench to bench,

and the work is relieved by the droning of those sad minor melodies which form the negro's idea of music. Should it be a canning-house, we pass next to the syrup-vat, where the sugared water is boiled by steam, its specific gravity being carefully taken from time to time by means of a test-tube. Large trays of open cans are rolled up to the vat, each tin filled with halved fruit. When the syrup is of the proper consistency, it is ladled into these steaming hot, and the trays are passed on to the solderer, who fastens on the tops. The cans are then set in pans of boiling water, and when thoroughly hot a drop of solder closes the little hole through which the heated air has escaped. Nothing remains but to paste on the labels and pack the cans for shipment. So simple is the process that canneries are everywhere erected, little or no capital being required. The "Alden" drying process, however, is encroaching rapidly upon the canners. Fruit of all kinds, as well as most vegetables, may be dried by this method in such a way that the characteristics of the fresh state may be almost perfectly restored by soaking. The principle is the subjection of the fruit to the action of very hot *moist* air, by which rapid evaporation is produced. After peeling and slicing it is placed on wire frames which fit exactly into a tall, square elevator, at the bottom of which the heating apparatus is placed. Large numbers of these frames are set one above the other, and the process is rapidly completed without discoloration. Fruit thus dried is incomparably superior to that prepared by the action of the sun or by kiln-drying. Indeed, the pies made from apples so treated are certainly superior to those made from fresh fruit—a result, as is claimed, of the change of starch to sugar effected by the action of the moist heated air.

Experiments are now making on a large scale, which have been so far successful as to awaken great hopes of an entire revolution in the business, to the immense advantage of the fruit-grower. The use of refrigerating cars, in which the temperature is kept below 40° Fahr-

enheit by means of ice and mechanical fans, already enables the farmer to put his ripe produce on the market in a fresh state after several days of transportation. If the preservative influence can be prolonged indefinitely, the markets of Europe may be supplied with ripe fruit, and the producer's chief difficulty will be removed. A cargo so shipped during the past season failed for reasons which seem easily remediable, and before another bearing year this important problem will probably be solved. A somewhat different application of the principle, however, offers even greater results. A large building has been erected in Delaware and fitted with refrigerating apparatus for the storing of ripe fruit, to be kept until winter and put on the market at a season when the highest prices might be obtained. As yet the results have not been sufficiently tested to ensure success, but enough has been proved to make ripe peaches at Christmas one of the probabilities of the near future.

The pear is another fruit which is now attracting great attention, the soil of Eastern Maryland being peculiarly adapted to its culture. The Bartlett, especially, though smaller than the same pear raised in California, is far superior to it in flavor. A prominent grower in Queen Anne county has an orchard of two thousand of these trees, covering twenty acres of land. Although not the "bearing year" for the orchard, he sold last season nineteen hundred three-peck boxes at an average profit of nearly one dollar per box. The same grower sold from a vineyard of four acres, on sandy soil unfit for anything else, twenty thousand pounds of grapes at four cents per pound. The manufacture of wine is largely on the increase, and offers more profit than the sale of fruit. Thus, the twenty thousand pounds of grapes mentioned would measure five hundred bushels. Experience teaches that three gallons of juice may be expressed from each bushel, and this, made into wine, sells readily at two dollars per gallon. A barrel of wine is as easily made as a barrel of cider, and after the first pressing an inferior quality is obtained by treating the pulp with water.

But little of this wine is consumed as wine. The prevalence of "local-option" laws prevents its sale for home use, and the greater part of it goes to the city to form the base of "imported" sherries; ports and madeiras. By stringently enforcing the local liquor laws, with a special exception in favor of domestic wines, a valuable home industry would be encouraged, and the terrible "tangle-foot" whisky might eventually be forced out of use, to the vast improvement of public morals. But the fanatical element in the temperance movement can see no difference between *vin ordinaire* and benzine, and presses its object with an uncompromising severity which all experience teaches us will in the end defeat itself. Where the masses of the people have to be kept sober by laws of doubtful principle, they will some time exercise their suffrages to secure the repeal of all prohibitory legislation. The true remedy for intemperance in a wine-growing country is to give the people light wines *ad libitum*, and put distilled liquors practically beyond their reach.

The grapes used for wine-making in Eastern Maryland are almost exclusively the Catawba and the Concord. It is a noticeable fact that the Catawba wine made in Dorchester county is more highly colored, showing a pinkish hue, and also sweeter, than the product of the same grape grown in New York or Ohio — with a fine *bouquet*, rich and fruity. No claret wines have been yet attempted.

Before leaving the fruit interest it may be well to return for a moment to the canneries to note a point or two overlooked in our hurried survey. The chief establishment in Queen Anne county is "Round Top," the largest on the Shore, consuming the yield of one hundred and thirty-five thousand peach trees growing on the farm. This gives employment to seven hundred hands, at a cost of about three thousand dollars per day. These hands are all boarded on the place, the "peelers" being mostly young white girls, who can make one dollar and a half per day. The steam-power required is a forty-horse engine, and the product of the house five hundred thousand three-pound

cans for the season. A cannery in the town of Church Hill has all its paring done by the ladies of the town, every one of whom, it is stated, is engaged in the work, either at the house or at home.

It is not to be supposed that fruit has usurped entirely the place of the standard cereal and grass crops of the region. The soil and climate of the peninsula are well suited to the culture of wheat, corn and clover, and under high tillage heavy yields are obtained, especially in Cecil, Kent, Queen Anne, Talbot and Dorchester. There is nothing peculiar, however, in the development of these interests to make us linger on them. Lime and clover are the special wants of the soil, and the level surface gives opportunity for the use of all improved agricultural machinery.

The lumber interest, notwithstanding the great denudation of the timber-lands, is still of great importance and demands some attention. A glance at its present condition will not only give a more complete idea of the industrial resources of the region, but will serve to illustrate the rapid natural growth of valuable timber which gives to forests their power of resisting destructive influences. Despite the reckless use of the axe during more than two centuries, there may yet be found in portions of Talbot and Dorchester and in some other localities groups of virgin pine of the finest quality, while the white oak and tulip poplar attain an immense size. There are standing now several magnificent specimens of the latter tree, scarred with the tokens of successful strife with the elements for hundreds of years, which almost rival in girth some of the redwood and sequoia giants of the Pacific slope. There is one near Easton still vigorous which is fully ten feet in diameter, and a few years since there was the stump of another in Kent into the hollow of which a horseman might ride and turn his animal.

The forest-growth of the Eastern Shore embraces every variety known to the continent except the northern white pine and some semi-tropical varieties. It is the "second growth," however, which chiefly commands attention, especially the

pine, which, though inferior to the "virgin" pine, is yet of great value, and supplies a very large sawing and shipping interest. It requires from thirty to fifty years to attain maturity, and in Wicomico county alone it is estimated that from eight to ten million feet of this timber grow annually. The celebrated Chesapeake oak, much sought after for ship-timber, is still found on the flat lands near the water, and affords a large revenue to the owners, although no longer worked by local enterprise and capital. Every year these oak-lands are visited by parties of timber-getters from the Eastern States, who bring all their own labor and appliances, pitch their camps upon the ground and hew the timber by their own patterns, the grower having nothing to do but to receive his pay and see that they do not exceed their contracts. The timber thus shaped is hauled to the nearest stream and floated out to deep water, whence it may be shipped directly upon sea-going vessels. These Eastern timber-men seem utterly indifferent to the civilization about them, being as regardless of houses and cities as were the sons of Rechab, but owing their resemblance to them in another particular solely to the local-option laws. They do not board at farm-house or town, however convenient, but pitch their camps in the oak-groves exactly as they would in the wilds of Maine or Minnesota.

In the nine Eastern Shore counties there are about one hundred and twenty-eight steam- and forty-five water-mills, besides nine planing-mills and five sash-factories, almost all the water-mills and a few of the steam having attachments for grinding grain. The aggregate horse-power is about thirty-five hundred, ranging from the six-horse-power mill, with a capacity of one thousand feet per day, to that of ninety horse-power, sawing thirty-five thousand feet. This important industry was started about 1852 in the town of Salisbury, which is still its principal centre. Although the Eastern Shore lumberman has the great disadvantage of being compelled to haul all his logs, with no help from snow-slides or mountain-streams, yet his mills compare favor-



ably in point of management and work turned out with any in the country. An approximate estimate of the lumber shipped during the year 1873, when the trade was at its height, will give some idea of what this region can do toward supplying the lumber-markets of the world. The shipment of pine lumber then reached twenty-seven million feet, of which Salisbury shipped eighteen million. Besides the pine, about eleven million feet of oak and other hard woods found their way to market, some of this going to California and Europe.

While some attention has been directed to sheep-raising, this industry has not been made as profitable as it might, especially in view of the facilities for manufacturing the wool at home. At present there is but a single mill, situated near Millington in Queen Anne county. This mill was established in 1852 by the brothers Mallalieu, two practical English wool-spinners, and has steadily improved until it has reached a capacity of eighty thousand yards of goods per year. The product is in kerseys, blankets, flannels, cassimeres and yarn, and bears a high reputation all over the country. The consumption of wool is about one hundred and ten thousand pounds per annum.

Enough has now been said to show the character, condition and resources of this peninsula, which is attracting attention in many parts of the world, and becoming the home of people of almost every language and nation. In evidence that this is not a wild assertion it may be stated that settlements of Welsh, Germans and Swedes have been made in several localities, while not a few Frenchmen have found their way to this once-sequestered region. In Talbot county there are two very active land-agencies, and at a recent session of the county court it appeared in the course of one case that the advertising pamphlet of one agent had been translated into Welsh and widely circulated, while the evidence in a second case showed that the defendant had been attracted from his home in Scotland by the pamphlets of the other agent circulated in that country.

Thickly settled and well tilled, small

in area and near the centres of trade and population of the Atlantic coast, it might well be supposed that the wild life of the woods and the air would have long since disappeared. And yet both the sportsman and the naturalist will find here ample fields for indulging their respective tastes. Large game, as the deer and turkey, has entirely disappeared, owing to the restricted range which has been left to it, yet the trade in inferior grades of fur is by no means inconsiderable. A single firm near the Delaware line sold last year over seventy thousand dollars' worth of skins. The fox, both red and gray, the raccoon and the opossum, are found in scarcely diminished numbers. The squirrel frolics among the hickory-groves and gum-swamps, and the rabbit harbors in every brier-patch and raids upon the lettuce-beds of the town gardens. The otter still haunts the mill-streams, and the mink and muskrat abound in every water-course. The four-striped ground-squirrel and the woodchuck are the only wild animals which do not seem to increase in number. With the loss of wealth among the gentlemen-farmers and the increase of sheep-husbandry the large packs of hounds once common in every locality have disappeared, and Reynard has it all his own way. The muskrat seems to be "the fittest," from his "survival" triumphing over every method of wholesale destruction. These animals are shot and dug from their "houses," crushed by dead-falls and caught by steel traps, but the largest number is destroyed by the "choke-snare." Hundreds of these rude but effective contrivances are to be seen along the banks of all the creeks which wind among the marshes all over the shore. A strong, springy pole is firmly set in the oozy ground, furnished at its tapering end with a triangular noose, kept open by means of a light stick. The pole is bent down so as to bring the noose over the mouth of the "rat-pipe," just below the water-line, and fastened there by a slight trigger, which the animal displaces upon entering or emerging from his hole, the consequence being inevitable death by

strangulation. Thousands are thus killed every year, their skins forming the largest proportion of the "furs" above mentioned, and yet their numbers show no signs of diminution. When young and fat they are esteemed a delicacy, not only by the poor man, but by many a *gourmand* whose bill of fare embraces the canvas-back and terrapin.

In bird life this favored region is especially rich. The writer of this paper has himself, with somewhat limited opportunities for observation, identified one hundred and eighty-six species, including those which frequent the waters of the bay. Game-birds, though limited in variety, are yet sufficiently abundant to offer rare inducements to the sportsman. The black duck and mallard, the summer duck, gadwal, pintail and other marsh-fowl, afford good shooting over decoys upon nearly all the inland creeks. The woodcock haunts the meadows and swampy woodlands, and a fair bag may be made by one who has little regard for the scorching July sun. The little partridge—erroneously known as the "quail" in more northern latitudes—makes fine sport from November to January, when the protective care of the game laws is withdrawn. The stranger cannot fail to be struck with astonishment by the number of setter dogs which he sees in the streets of every town, leaving the impression—which is not far from the truth—that every other man at least indulges in the manly and healthful recreation of partridge-shooting. The cheery pipe of this fine bird is heard from every stubble-field, and the whirl of his concave wings startles the dreamy traveler who drives along the roads. The numbers have greatly decreased, however, since the introduction of reapers and mowing-machines, which destroy many nests and mother-birds. The waving wheatfields and the dense growth of the clover offer most attractive brooding-places, and little damage was done by the sweep of the scythe and cradle, which cut high and left a tall, irregular stubble. But the low "set" of the harvesting-machines almost scrapes the ground, and I have known as many as seven nests of eggs

crushed in a single field, the old bird, cowering closely over her treasures, being often mangled by the cruel knives or crushed by the heavy tread of the teams. Still, there are birds enough left to enable a good shot to score from twenty to forty as his day's work.

The list of song-birds is very large, and from early spring to winter's advent the air is full of melody. The clear, canary-like notes of the goldfinch practicing orchestral music from the crowded tree-tops; the soft, sweet warble of the vireo as he searches the dense summer foliage for his insect prey; the flute-like tones of the golden-winged oriole, who is feasting among the ripe cherries; the rich song of the catbird,—all these and a hundred more delight the listener during the morning and evening twilight hours. The mocking-bird, Nature's grandest vocalist, pours floods of melody from the shady shrubbery in every portion of the Shore, reminding the Southern exile of those orange-groves and fragrant magnolias, those moss-draped live-oaks and towering cypresses, which he can never forget to love; while the bobolink and robin awaken in the mind of the Northern settler memories of the blooming buckwheat and the odorous hayfields of his boyish days. By night the latter hears the familiar, mournful call of the whippoorwill and the ominous moan of the great horned owl; by day the former listens to the mellow cadence of the woodthrush and the plaintive cooing of the Carolina dove.

Perhaps a word or two concerning this latter bird may not be unacceptable by way of consulsion. Although it is found breeding in New York and Massachusetts, I have never met a Northern man who was familiar with it, the name "dove" being usually applied by the residents of the States mentioned to the domestic pigeon. It is a gentle, timid bird, soft in voice, in look and in plumage, and is very nearly allied in every particular to the favorite ring-dove, or "mourner." It possesses, however, certain qualities which fairly entitle it to rank among game-birds, and it affords fine sport at a season when there is no other shoot-

ing. In the latter part of August the young birds begin to flock, seeking the stubble-fields, the threshing-ground and the sandy old fields where the *Centaurea*, or "blue-bottle," flourishes. Here they are "walked up" by the gunner; and shot as they rise, their flight under these circumstances being almost precisely that of the trap-pigeon at a shooting-match. As they cut by with extreme velocity on a cross-shot, it takes a skillful aim and a good allowance for headway to bring them down. Another method is to find a pond or ditch where some water lies during a very dry spell. The doves are very thirsty, and will fly for miles to drink before roosting, sometimes dipping in rapid flight for a billful from some broad stream. The gunner hides himself under some convenient cover, and shoots as fast as he can load. Dogs are useless, and only frighten the game. The best way of all, though perhaps the least sportsmanlike, is to find a dead tree on their feeding-ground, and make a "blind" near it of grass and bushes. The bird has an invariable habit of alighting for a moment on such a perch to survey the ground before beginning to feed, and

the moment to shoot is when it settles, or a wing-shot is in order when it leaves the tree. Very large bags are often made, though the birds are quite uncertain, and will often abandon their haunts for others at a great distance with no apparent reason. The dove is a choice table delicacy, superior, in my judgment, to the partridge, and fully equal to the woodcock. Indeed, I have seen a very large and select party of *bons vivants* served to their complete satisfaction with "woodcocks on toast," when not a solitary woodcock had been in the market for weeks. Cut off the head and feet, and few could discover the imposition.

In regard to other birds it is scarcely necessary to speak particularly. Under the influence of judicious legislation the various species of hawk and falcon have been greatly thinned out, and a corresponding increase effected in the numbers of insectivorous birds. This is a matter in which the farmer here, as elsewhere, has yet very much to learn, and it is in this direction that he must look at last for the remedy against the moths and larvæ which are now the most dreaded enemies to his success.

ROBERT WILSON.

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TO —, WITH A ROSE.

I ASKED my heart to say  
Some word whose worth my love's devoir might pay  
Upon my Lady's natal day.

Then said my heart to me:  
"Learn from the rhyme that now shall come to thee  
What fits thy Love most lovingly."

This gift that learning shows;  
For, as a rhyme unto its rhyme-twin goes,  
I send a rose unto a Rose.

SIDNEY LANIER.

## GEORGE SAND.

## CONCLUDING PAPER.

ON first coming to Paris to reside, Madame Dudevant eked out her slender means by slight artistic labors, such as painting snuff-boxes and other trifling objects. She received frequent friendly visits from her husband, and it is he who may be said to have opened the way to her literary career by introducing to her on one of these occasions Jules Sandeau, a young writer as yet unknown to fame. The result was a mutual sympathy, and an agreement to co-operate in the production of a novel. It has been generally supposed that a much more intimate connection existed between the two collaborateurs, but a personal friend of Sandeau informs me that the latter has often declared that there was no foundation for this report—that they lived in different circles, and rarely met except to confer on matters of business. It is certain that M. Dudevant, far from expressing jealousy, often dined with the twin authors, and was on friendly terms with Sandeau long after his separation from his wife. The collaborated novel was entitled *Rose et Blanche*, and was signed by Jules and George Sand. The true origin of the *nom de plume* "George Sand" is somewhat curious. When the "Baroness" Dudevant,\* her mother-in-

\* Although M. Dudevant's mother claimed the title of baroness, his father, the colonel, never placed any but his military affix to his name. The Dudevants are not of a noble family, and George Sand herself has frequently denied that she had any right to a title. Yet I have lying before me a *lettre de faire part*, as it is called in France, a private circular announcing the death of the eminent authoress, which is thus worded: "Monsieur Maurice Sand, baron Dudevant, Chevalier de la Légion d'honneur, et Madame Maurice Sand Dudevant (her son and daughter-in-law); Monsieur Clesinger et Madame Solange Sand Clesinger (her daughter); Mesdemoiselles Aurore et Gabrielle Sand Dudevant (granddaughters); Madame Cazamajou (sister); Monsieur et Madame Oscar Cazamajou (nephew and niece); Madame Simmonet; Monsieur et Madame Bartholdi et leurs fils et filles; Monsieur et Madame Villetard et leurs enfants,—ont l'honneur de vous faire part de la perte douloureuse qu'ils viennent d'éprouver en la personne de Madame George Sand, baronne Dudevant, née Lucile Aurore Amantine Dupin, leur mère, belle mère, grande

law, heard that a member of her family was about to turn authoress, she wrote a furious letter to her son, imploring him to prevent such "an outrage to her dignity." This he found very little difficulty in doing, as Madame Dudevant was only too glad to keep her own name out of print, dreading that her early efforts might fail. She consequently consulted an old friend, M. Delatouche, the dramatic writer, as to the selection of a *nom de plume*. He had lately been reading the *Life* of Kotzebue, and at once chose Karl Sand, the name of the assassin of that play-writer and politician. Madame Dudevant was well pleased with the choice of surname, but objected to the name of Karl, because it was that of a murderer. She herself selected George, that being the name of one of her favorite characters in Molière, George Dandin. Of course, Jules Sandeau was content, as the name so closely resembled his own.

For nearly thirteen years Madame and Monsieur Dudevant lived as man and wife, but in reality separated: they were good friends, but nothing more. She spent half her time at Nohant, and the rest in Paris. In the mean time, she became acquainted with many eminent persons, although her eccentricities and certain matters closed many doors against her. Remembering to have heard her mother tell that when she was a young girl her husband used to make her dress as a boy in order that she might accompany him to the cheap seats in the theatres, where women in France cannot go, she determined to follow her example. This, of course, gave rise to many scandalous stories, especially after the appearance of *Indiana*. But her masculine costume was rarely worn, and only under circumstances which presented at least

mère, sœur, tante, grande tante, et cousine, décédée au château de Nohant le 8 Juin 1876, dans sa 72<sup>me</sup> année."

an excuse for its adoption. With all her faults, George Sand was essentially womanly, and would never probably have resorted to such an expedient in a country where greater freedom is permitted to her sex, as in England and America. Her nature, although she affected a manly tone in her writings, was true to Elizabeth Barrett Browning's description of her:

True genius, but true woman! dost deny  
Thy woman's nature with a noble scorn,  
And break away the gauds and amulets worn  
By weaker women in captivity?  
Ah! vain denial: that revolted cry  
Is sobbed in by a woman's voice forlorn:  
Thy woman's hair, my sister, all unshorn,  
Flouts back disheveled strength in agony.  
Disproving thy man's name.

Unhappily, the world was soon confirmed in its judgment of her by the notoriety of her relations with Alfred de Musset. In 1836 she made a journey to Italy in company with the poet and her two children. Subsequently, the publication of *Elle et Lui*, in which she endeavored to excuse herself for breaking off her connection with "the French Byron" in an abrupt manner, made matters worse, and when Paul de Musset, Alfred's brother, sought to vindicate the poet's conduct in *Lui et Elle*, the circle of the scandal was made still wider. It had already led to her legal separation from M. Dudevant, which took place in 1835. Yet her relations with him did not cease until his death, some ten years ago. He came to Nohant in 1855 to be present at his daughter Solange's marriage, and Madame Dudevant was with him, I have been recently assured, when he died. His wife and children accompanied his body to its last resting-place.

In 1836, Madame Sand was introduced to Chopin at Geneva by their mutual friend, Madame d'Agoult. An enthusiastic lover of music, and an admirable musician herself, being a pupil of Liszt, she was naturally enchanted with this charming composer, who added to a frail but graceful person the most gentle and agreeable manners. Their acquaintance soon ripened into intimacy. At Chopin's request, Madame Sand granted him permission to inhabit a cottage on her estate at Nohant, and beneath its shelter he

composed some of his loveliest music. He also—although the fact is not generally known—assisted the great authoress in her splendid descriptions of the beauties of music in her famous novel of *Consuelo*, several passages in which were directly inspired by Chopin, and simply retouched by Madame Sand. Liszt in his *Life of Chopin* tells us that "at first Chopin dreaded Madame Sand more than any other woman—the modern Sibyl, who, like the Pythonesse of old, had said so many things that others of her sex neither knew nor dared to say. Madame Sand was ignorant of this feeling, and when they at last met, her captivating simplicity speedily dissipated the prejudices which he had obstinately nourished against her."

In 1837 the composer fell dangerously ill. His disease was consumption, and in the following year he was ordered by his physicians to try the effects of the climate of Majorca. He set out, accompanied by Madame Sand and her children, and landed at Palma, the capital of the island, late in November, 1838. They found no hotel in this city of thirty thousand inhabitants, and had some difficulty in procuring a lodging. Almost the first place of interest Chopin and his friend visited after they were settled was the palace of the Count de Montenegro, which possesses a very fine collection of paintings. Amongst its treasures is a beautiful map of the world as it was known in 1439. On the back of it is an inscription to the effect that it belonged to Americus Vesputius, who paid for it one hundred and thirty ducats in gold. The chaplain who showed this rare curiosity to the travelers placed an inkstand on one corner of it to steady it. Madame Sand, not seeing it, stretched out her hand by accident and sent the ink in streams over the precious map. Horrified at what she had done, she took Chopin by the hand, and before the chaplain could recover from the shock of the misadventure the authoress and her companion were out of sight. She never dared face that chaplain again, till many years afterward she met him on board a steamer going to Civit  Vecchia, recog-



nized him, and heard to her joy that with infinite trouble he had cleaned the map, and so preserved it for the admiration of the future.

The vicinity of the sea proving too irritating for the invalid, the party removed late in December to the old and ruined Carthusian monastery of Valldemosa, situated in the mountain-passes behind Palma. Here they rented from the mayor of the village four huge rooms which had lately belonged to the prior of the monastery. A few friars still served the ancient and vast church, but they were forbidden to assume their white monastic robes, although Madame Sand saw them wandering round the neglected cloisters by night, saying their evening prayers and wearing their beloved but prohibited costume. The furniture was primitive. A few Gothic chairs from the chapter-house were brought for their accommodation, a stone table, which had previously been an ancient altar, stood in the centre of the salon, and a French lady living in Palma left them a sofa and an old arm-chair. A Pleyel pianoforte, imported for Chopin from Paris, was brought up at vast expense from Palma, and its rich tones often awakened, under the pressure of the fingers of one of the most exquisite performers, the echoes of the decaying cloisters. The splendid scenery in the adjacent valleys, resembling that of the Tyrol, with the additional attraction of tropical vegetation, offered many varied walks and excursions, in which, when well enough, Chopin occasionally joined. But the gloom of the venerable abbey oppressed him, and, although his cough was better, he sank into a profound melancholy. Still, Valldemosa inspired him with some of his most delicate fancies. Here he composed several of his loveliest nocturnes and the whole of those enchanting melodies which he modestly called *études*. Here also he wrote that glorious funeral march which was performed for the first time by a full orchestra at his own obsequies.

Chopin and George Sand stayed only a few months at Valldemosa, and then returned to Paris. For eight years they

were united, but at the end of that time they separated for ever. They did not quarrel, but they parted coldly one evening after a few chilly words spoken on either side. In 1848 she saw him for the last time at a private entertainment. She went up to him and grasped his hand. He withdrew it, and left the room without a word or a look. A few months later he was no more. The cause of their separation—attributed by George Sand to the intriguing intervention of false friends and open enemies—is explained in the following extract, which throws also a fresh and interesting light on other points of her career and on her habits of life. It is from a letter with which I have been favored by an accomplished lady familiar with the literary history of our day, and well acquainted with many of its distinguished figures:

"I suppose you are aware that the Countess d'Agoult, to whom George Sand owed her introduction to Chopin, is no less a person than Daniel Stern, the authoress and politicienne who died lately. She is the mother of Mademoiselle Cosimo Liszt, the quondam wife of Von Bülow and present wife of Wagner. Another daughter is Madame Émile Ollivier. She also has Liszt for father. At one time Madame d'Agoult was intimate with George Sand, but they quarreled. Madame d'Agoult has been drawn to the life by Balzac in his *Beatrice*. George Sand also sat to him as a model for one of his masterly sketches—Mademoiselle de Touches, who gave up fortune and happiness in order to enter a nunnery, so as to ensure the happiness of her lover. You are probably aware that the reason George Sand quarreled with Chopin was not that given in her *Histoire de ma Vie*. He did not approve of her marrying her daughter to M. Clesinger, whom he disliked, and of whom he was jealous. It was an unhappy marriage, and the pair were long since separated. George Sand was at one time on the editorial staff of *La Commune de Paris*. This was at the time she was on the threshold of her charming second style, the delightful *François le Champi* and *Claudie* works. How fascinating she was then! She had

lived through the vulgar vices of her youth, shaken off all the coarse theatrical affectations, and was putting herself down with masculine courage and power to good, honest hard work. There never was any hypocrisy in the woman. She was always straightforward and honest, if she was bad. 'She ruined so many men! She destroyed Chopin. She was the evil spirit of De Musset.' So many say. But we all know that men and women work their own ruin: no one has a right to excuse him or her self by saying, as Adam did, 'The woman gave me and I did eat.' Chopin and De Musset had each put the match to the mine of their lives before their intercourse with Sand: the explosion would have come sooner or later inevitably without her help. Sand was as bad a woman as Stern, but had more sincerity, more true breadth of character, more generosity. Balzac felt the difference between the two women, and expressed it admirably in the strong contrast he makes between Beatrice and Camille Maupin.

"The *Histoire de ma Vie*,' said to me the other day a person who lived in the very centre of that remarkable Parisian society, 'gives a pretty fair account of that time: the sketches Sand makes of the celebrated men who surrounded her are excellent.'

"It is a curious book, however, that *Histoire de ma Vie*. Rousseau was censured, and justly, for blackening the reputation of Madame de Warens. Sand did much worse: she revealed to the world the frail character of her mother. What need had she to describe the unattractive poverty of the old bird-dealer her grandfather, and tell us that her mother was a woman of bad reputation? When I expressed this censure to the person who made the above remark about the fidelity of the life-studies in the *Histoire de ma Vie*, the reply was: 'Sand's excuse might be her exaggerated love of social democracy. But you are right. With all my admiration for her, I must admit she was a woman utterly without shame. But she was a marvelous woman, so spontaneous and fertile! Her energy and power of labor

equaled her genius. You should have known her to judge her properly. I remember her life at Nohant, when she was writing her best works of the second style. She was a great walker, needed very little sleep, was a simple liver, ate and drank moderately, had no luxurious habits, and was an indefatigable worker. We dined late in the day at Nohant. After dinner Sand read to us what she had been writing the preceding day before sending it off to the printer. Then, if Liszt and Chopin were there, we would have music—music as spontaneous as the reading had been—and talk, rapid vigorous talk, sparkling with wit, spirituelle, and vibrant with life. This lasted late on into the night, when we broke up to meet the next day at dinner, for it was a beehive of workers, and each one of us had his task to perform the ensuing day. In the preface to one of Sand's books she mentions that the romance was written in the early dawn, accompanied by the songs of the nightingales and Liszt's piano. For the two were equally hard workers, and did their best labors in the first hours of the day. After her writing was finished, Sand slept, then walked a good long tramp, returned home, and at dinner we all met and renewed the delightful reading, music and talk of the preceding evening.'

"We can see by this, account of the summer life at Nohant how Sand made amends for her early years by an industrious and regular life during the years of mid-age; and this steady habit of work accounts for the enormous quantity she accomplished. She was not only a romance-writer, but a critic, a dramatic and political author. Setting aside the objectionable subjects of her books, and regarding her as a writer simply, she is admirable. Her style is as colorless as a first-water diamond: you can see it is the result of a good intellectual system, just as a fine and clear epidermis comes from a healthy organism.

"The portraits of Sand were numerous. I have heard that the most pleasing and at the same time the most satisfactory is the etching by Calamatta, the great Italian engraver: he adored Sand. Cala-

matta's daughter married Sand's son. This etching is now hanging in front of me. It represents Sand in her full, rich maturity. The coarse defects of her face are idealized, the rare intellectual beauty dwelt on with a loving burin. The superb eyes, fine brow and luxuriant hair are most effective: the full, heavy, sensual jaw, mouth and chin are softened. One who knew her well, a friend who was never her lover, says at each visit to me, in passing out—for the picture hangs over the door of an outer reception-room—'How flattered! and yet after all it is very like Sand. Yes, it is full of her character. It is her very self!'

Madame Sand outlived most of the celebrities of her time, including many who were her intimate friends and associates, and some whom she had tenderly watched by in their last moments. The last twenty years of her life were somewhat uneventful. They were passed at Nohant in peaceful labor and in the exercise of unbounded charity. After a stormy youth, which was undoubtedly traversed by many tempests of passion, it is pleasant to know that death found her serenely and gently awaiting its call. Her later novels have partaken of this happy change in the character of her mind. They are eminently moral, in a wide sense even religious, and abound in unrivaled descriptions of pastoral scenery. Within the past six years she has published a series of fairy-tales dedicated to her little grandchildren, *Aurore* and *Gabrielle Du-devant*, which are among the most beautiful stories of this kind that have ever been published.

As an authoress, George Sand stands at the head of French literature of the nineteenth century. Her style is uniquely graceful and charming, and her descriptive powers have never been surpassed in any language. Unquestionably, the works over which she labored so earnestly and intensely, with a view to maintaining the peculiar theories which were the outgrowth of her vicissitudes and of the passions of her youth, are not those on which her fame will rest with future generations. But we fancy her exquisite romantic and pastoral tales will

carry her name to the admiration of centuries to come, and that as long as the French literature lasts *Consuelo*, *Le dernier Aldini*, *Leone Leoni*, *La Petite Fadette*, *François le Champi*, and others like them will be read and admired.

The following account of her last moments and funeral has been sent me by a friend in Paris who was present at her obsequies: "You ask me to tell you all I have seen and heard concerning the last hours and the funeral of our illustrious dead—*notre illustre morte*. I arrived at Nohant on the eve of the funeral. The house is old, but not very large for a château, although the back courtyard is very imposing. The architecture is essentially French, and therefore picturesque and striking to those who are unaccustomed to it. The surrounding gardens and park are lovely and very well kept. The church, which is small but very neat, is not distant, and over the high altar is a picture of Saint Anne, the local patroness, presented by Madame Sand. It is a copy of Lacroix's Saint Anne, which he painted for her, and which is in the château. As to the interior of the house, it is comfortably but not elaborately furnished. The salons are spacious and handsome. Some good works of art are scattered around, and there are vases for flowers everywhere. They are empty now. The magnificent piano is closed, and some of the great authoress's favorite statuettes are veiled with crape. Madame Clesinger received us. She is the daughter of the deceased, the dear Solange of the *Histoire de ma Vie*. Her eyes were swollen with weeping, and her manner restrained and nervous. Maurice Sand was too much overcome to see any one, and kept his room, where some of his intimate friends went to visit him. This is what they tell me of her last hours. She was only eight days ill. On May 30, whilst the family and her guests were at a wedding, she first felt the symptoms of her fatal malady. She was alone with her servants, who grew alarmed at her evident suffering, and sent at once for the neighbors and for Dr. Pepet, who lives in the village, and who has been

for fifty years a valued friend. He immediately perceived that paralysis of the stomach had set in, and that all hope was vain. When the family returned from the wedding their consternation may be imagined, especially as the celebrated Dr. Favre, who was on a visit at Nohant and in their company, confirmed the statements of Dr. Pepet. On the following day Madame Clesinger told her mother of her true condition. She replied quietly, 'I know it; I know death is coming. Well, I did not ask for it, but I am prepared to meet it.' Her sufferings were terrible. Madame Clesinger wished a priest to be sent for, but M. Sand, they say, refused to allow the curé, an old friend, to enter the sick chamber, 'lest his mother might be guilty of an act of weakness in her agony and return to the Church she had long since abandoned.' This is one version of the story, but whether a true one or not I cannot say, for of course I could not ask any questions on so delicate a subject. There were two other doctors in attendance besides Pepet and Favre, who were telegraphed for from Paris. These were Drs. Pestel and Darcher, but they could do nothing. The poor invalid suffered terribly, but bore all her pain with sublime resignation. She never murmured, but often besought God to grant her relief in death. 'Can't I die soon?' she would ask. 'I cannot endure these tortures much longer.' She saw her granddaughters Gabrielle and Aurore for the last time three days after she was taken ill. She absolutely adored these children. 'Good-bye, my darlings!' she cried. 'You cannot think how dearly I loved you.' Madame Clesinger was with her night and day, and so were her faithful servants and her son Maurice. On the night of June 8, at about eight o'clock, she felt that the last agony was rapidly approaching. She begged of her son to leave the room, for she did not wish him to witness the su-

preme moment. At half-past ten she passed quietly away. Almost her last words were spoken at three in the afternoon. She asked that the grass might not be trodden on. They could not at first make out what she meant: they did afterward. She evidently alluded to the grass over her mother's grave, beside which she wished to be buried. The news of her death spread quickly over the country, where she was literally adored by the poor, and on the day of the funeral, although it rained in torrents, hundreds of peasants came pouring in from all quarters to attend her obsequies. On the day following her death Madame Clesinger telegraphed to the prince-archbishop of Bourges, Mgr. de la Tour d'Auvergne, beseeching him to grant her mother burial according to the rites of the Church. This he readily accorded, because the deceased was baptized a Catholic, and had not publicly refused the sacraments. So she was buried in the little cemetery of Nohant, beside her grandmother, father, mother and child. The ceremonies were simple. The curé, attended by two peasants, said mass and blessed the coffin, round which stood her sobbing family and servants. The pall-bearers were Prince Napoléon, M. Alexandre Dumas and her nephews, M. Simmonet and M. Cazamajou. Her aged sister, Madame Cazamajou, was not present. M. Alexandre Dumas was to have made a speech over the grave. He prepared one, but did not deliver it, because Victor Hugo sent one which was read in its stead. It was not a very satisfactory performance, and, as he did not personally know the deceased, it was not written from the heart, and consequently, as it was full of artificial sentiment, it fell flat. After all, the sincerest and the best tribute to her memory were the tears of her family and of the peasantry. These knew her personal worth, honored and loved her."

R. DAVEY.

## OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

## BOARDING-HOUSES ABROAD.

ALL persons who have been long enough in Europe to "settle down" occasionally in the midst of their traveling, and certainly all such as have gone there with the express intention of settling down, either from economical motives or with educational designs, have heard the warning voice, "You can't be too careful: those hotel-keepers and *pension*-keepers will get the better of you wherever they can. Be on your guard." And in spite of being thus forewarned, and so, presumably, forearmed, what stories are heard of grasping landlords and unreasonable landladies wherever Americans come together! Each one can tell his or her particular tale of crying injustice, or, if the speaker has not been personally a victim, "a friend" has suffered so much the more at the hands of the Philistines. Any one who roves a good deal from place to place has a chance of hearing some of these stories over and over—six months after the occurrence, a year, two years after—and always with fresh interest and indignation. With fresh indignation, naturally: whose heart would not burn within him at the thought of his countrymen despoiled and preyed upon and treated as if they had no conception of their own rights, simply because they are strangers in a strange land? And a fresh interest in twice- or even thrice-told tales can never be wanting so long as they are given with variations like a popular melody. In fact, to a person of a reflective turn of mind they have a peculiar value, as illustrating the nature of oral tradition, and giving a good example of the formation of the legend or *saga*. And if, besides these cases of cheating and robbery in private circulation, one considers those that from time to time find their way into the American or English continental papers—those cases of an especially abominable nature where the

consul plays an active part, and, thank Heaven! always comes off victorious—one is tempted to wonder why so many people persistently cross the sea to expose themselves to such treatment. If the White Mountain district at home had the reputation of swarming with landlords thirsting for our money or our lives, should we not flee to the Catskills, to the Alleghanies, to the Rocky Mountains even, and be at rest? Only, where can we flee from Europe? Are we certain that in Asia or Africa the comparatively humane alternative of money or life would be offered us? Might not landlords in localities where butcher's meat is scarce find it more desirable to take our lives than our money? Let us hold by Europe, then, for the present, and, for the sake of our own peace of mind, try to make the best of this boarding-house business.

In some cases, it is true, there is no best—it is all bad, very bad indeed—but in others, in many of those instances of unjust treatment suffered by our countrymen and handed down as tradition to new generations coming from America, there is a side of the affair left entirely out of the question—namely, the landlord's or landlady's side. For in the course of eight years' experience of hotels and *pensions* in almost every city in Europe where Americans are to be found, it has been borne in upon the writer's mind that even to this vexed question there are two sides. It is often said, for instance, "If you get into one of these houses, they won't let you go again: you are positively kept a prisoner." That does not sound well, certainly. It sounds even worse when one of the victims speaks for himself. "I took rooms two months ago," he says, "in such and such a boarding-house" (in Dresden, Heidelberg or Stuttgart, for the trouble might have occurred in either of these places), "and now I find the climate



does not suit my wife, and we must go to Italy; and what do you suppose? They say we can't leave. Absolutely, we are not free to go where we choose! I have been perfectly satisfied, and should have stayed if it were not that my wife has been ill ever since we came to this place; but of course under such circumstances it is absurd to say that we are bound to remain here till spring." "You did not agree to stay through the winter?" we inquire. "I did not bind myself, certainly. I was asked if I meant to stay, and I said if we found the schools we wanted for the children, we probably should. In fact, if it had not been for my wife," etc., etc. "But, at any rate, this idea of engaging for the winter is ridiculous; and as for paying six months' board when we have only been here two months, I won't do it. It's downright cheating, and I'm not such a fool as to be so imposed upon."

Well! well! well! But let us hear what Frau X— says. She is to the full as much agitated as her recalcitrant boarder, and at first we get a good deal of information not especially bearing upon the matter in hand, such as that she is a widow with six children—that her rent has been raised, and things are twice as dear as they were when she began to keep boarders; but the sum and substance of her view of the case is this: Dresden (let us say) is a place where people are constantly passing in the summer, at which season they may come and go in Frau X—'s house at their own sweet will, or at least with a few days' notice; but in the autumn a new régime begins: the stream of passing travelers ceases, and another set of people arrive—people who mean to study German, to paint on porcelain, to put their children to school. It is now Frau X—'s aim to fill her house from October or November until March or April. After November nobody comes, and whoever has not a houseful by that time must be resigned to "a bad year." In October our unfortunate friend Mr. A— engages rooms at Frau X—'s. He is asked "if he is going to stay?" He says, "He shall if he can find schools for the children." The schools are found; Oc-

tober and November pass; Frau X—'s mind is at ease—her house is full for the season. Can you imagine the unpleasantness of the surprise when Mr. A— tells her that he is sorry, but he fears he shall have to go? There are three rooms vacant for the best part of the winter! And Frau X— is not one of those fortunate persons who grow rich rapidly by keeping boarders: her prices are moderate, her rent is high, her children are six. Perhaps, after all, that extraneous information does bear slightly upon the question: maybe if she were wealthy she would be generous—she says she should be, poor woman! with tears in her eyes; she would be glad to say nothing to Mr. A— about indemnity, as it is certainly his misfortune that his wife is ill; but, oh dear! so many people applied in October! and if he had only said then that he wanted to leave! Finally, the whole matter ends in her charging Mr. A— with the rooms for one month: there is no question of *board* (that was an idea which existed only in his heated fancy). It is simply the rooms that are paid for, but he goes away with a sense of extreme injury.

Now, with all our sympathy for a fellow-countryman, and all our distrust of "these Germans," can we feel that he was unfairly treated? Has he not been in many a boarding-house at home where a month's notice or a month's board would be required after his engaging for the whole winter? To be sure *he* did not consider himself bound. And yet Mr. A— is not a man without a sense of justice, nor is he an illogical man in general matters. Though he takes comfort in believing that the guiding hand of Providence is to be traced in every event of life, he would hesitate to affirm that his wife's illness was especially sent for the present trial but ultimate good of his landlady. Only, if it was not, why should she be the one to bear all the pecuniary loss resulting from the same? He could not tell if you asked him, but he would say with sincerest conviction that "all these people were on the lookout to jew Americans: he had been told so before, and now he knew it." It is the effect of

the warning voice, you perceive: he will go all through Europe with it ringing in his ears. He is on his way now to dispute every bill that is presented to him in Italy, and he will inevitably appear in due course of time before a justice of the peace in Paris. But he will always say, "It isn't the *money*!" and no one will venture to answer, "Of course it isn't: it's your nasty, suspicious temper."

Mrs. B—— has heard the voice also. Her case differs from the preceding one only in a few salient points which shall be briefly mentioned. She "*knows*" she *said* she would stay, but *when* she said so she did not know *what* she wanted." Now, however, she has become aware that a boarding-house is not the place for her; there are too many English and Americans; she can't learn German, and would prefer to go into a private family. Frau Z—— reminds her how the day after her arrival there was an application for the very rooms she had chosen for herself and family, and how she then decided that she intended to remain through the winter: it is now too late to expect any one else to come, and Frau Z—— cannot afford to have her rooms stand vacant, any more than Mrs. B—— can afford to partly make up the loss to her. In reply to all of which, Mrs. B—— simply reiterates that she is not learning German, and she thinks it is very hard she should have to stay where she can't learn German, when she came especially for that. She feels it indeed so hard, and knows so well that she is being imposed upon, that she tells the consul her distresses—how she is kept, as it were, by main force, and how she is sure she never should have *said* she would stay if Frau Z—— had not persuaded her by telling how many people had learned German in her house. The consul sees that it is no case for him, and sees also, no doubt, that it would be useless to try to explain to his much-abused countrywoman the nature of a contract. But he does what he can: he sympathizes with one so anxious and yet unable to learn German, and at the same time he involuntarily contracts more or less of a prejudice against Frau Z——'s house.

Therefore, when next people come to him to know whether they shall go to the *Pension Z——* or the *Pension Y——*, his voice will be for Y——, especially if he reflects how much he has to do, and how long it took Mrs. B—— to tell him what a disagreeable woman Frau Z—— is. Let us imagine that he tells two or three people that he has heard of persons not being very well contented at Frau Z——'s, and that those two or three tell three or four more. The *Pension Z——* might stand empty next year, notwithstanding that its landlady is one of the kindest-hearted women in the world, and would divide her very self into parcels of German for the benefit of her boarders if it could be managed, though she does not feel that she can lose the few hundred marks, which are a great sum to her, simply because a lady did not know her own mind. In this case which is the injured party?

But it is not only in open warfare like this that it behooves us to keep a sharp eye upon the enemy. We have been told that we are to be cheated at every turn, and in the matter of wood, coal and beer our landlady is naturally amassing vast wealth at our expense. Even if we do not tell her so in more or less measured terms, we bear about with us the humiliating consciousness of being unduly shorn until the coal-hod becomes a skeleton in the closet and the beer gives us an indigestion. "All they want is our money," we cry; and it never occurs to us to think, "What else *should* they want?" Can they be supposed to take us into their houses solely for the benefit to be derived from our society, when many of us do not even speak their language, or perhaps at best can only express broken disapproval of sausages, sauerkraut and other institutions dear to the national heart? For, of course, in regard to the table we are no better satisfied here than we have been sometimes elsewhere. Whether we desire "variety" above everything, or require to have our appetite "tempted," and think it ought to be done more easily at a dollar a day in a boarding-house than we could manage it in our own homes; or only want

but little here below so long as that little is of the finest quality and cooked to a turn (latitude being allowed in our case for an individual conception of "little"),—we none of us feel that we are being properly "done by." We never shall feel so, and well would it be could we give up at once all vain expectations in this respect, and simply look for better things in another world. In the mean while, this is only one of our trials. That coveting of our substance which has just been mentioned is aggravated by a tendency on the part of the coveters to attribute to us undue prosperity, by which, as we suppose, they justify their large extortions and little meannesses. "They think Americans are made of money," is our favorite, our most bitter, aphorism. But they don't think so always. Frau Z——, the very woman who has shown herself so rapacious toward Mrs. B——, says, "It *used* to be supposed that all Americans were wealthy, but we are beginning to see now that some of them are no better off than other people. Mrs. D—— is here to educate the children cheaply, and Mrs. E—— has come just for the girls' music, because she could not pay the prices in America." So, now that Frau Z—— has discovered that we are not fearfully and wonderfully made of dollars, shall we or shall we not, when she offers to show us the best place to buy something, say she means to get a commission? Let us not say it: for the credit of human nature let us not even think it. The Anglo-Saxon race may have a stronger sense of the difference between *meum* and *tuum* than has been granted to any other—a keener perception of the shades that lie between truth and falsehood (some of us would not hesitate to say that we think so); only need it follow from this that every un-Anglo-Saxon is a thief and a liar? As we look back, the writer and party, over a long term of years and try to remember what these French and Italians and Germans have done to us, after all, we find nothing worthy of being handed down to posterity in evidence of the black-heartedness of such as keep boarders. On the contrary, memory recalls

to us many little traits of scrupulous honesty and kind feeling. Did not Madame F—— in Paris take that day we spent together in Fontainebleau off the month's board, because, as she carefully explained, we must not pay for lunch and dinner in two places at once? And why was the basket of wood not reckoned that we began upon before leaving our Florence *pension*? Because it was not quite a basketful that we found on arriving four months before. And what did they say to us in Dresden when we went back to spend a second winter? Their prices were raised since the war, and they were so sorry! But there! they would just not mention the coal, for it was so kind in us to have come again like old friends, and no doubt we had not expected to pay more. If it was not an offer to accept, it is certainly one to tell of; and after having had such little experiences as these, and being able to part in peace from all our landlords and landladies, it seems to us that advice from those in Europe to those meaning to come instead of "Be on your guard!" might run as follows: Should any one tell you before you leave home that he and his family lived for nothing in such and such a town, ask how long ago it was: at all events, don't start off with the idea that you will not only live for nothing, but have something given you into the bargain. Then, when you get here and mean to stop in a place, besides how much the board is, inquire what the extras are; and if you are expected to stay a certain length of time, don't rest till you know what the consequences would be if you didn't. Have a clear understanding, make up your mind to everything once for all, and then cast suspicion to the winds. If you have trouble after such precautions, the American consul will see you through it with less damage to your purse and your temper than if you had been lying in wait all the while for double-dealing and spying about after petty trickery, and, in short, knowing no repose until you had found both, and could add your mite to the gloomy chronicle of how we Americans are fleeced.

G. H. P.

## A RIVAL "HOUSE OF LORDS."

THERE runs from Blackfriar's Bridge (London) on the west to the Tower on the east an uncomfortably crowded, narrow riverside thoroughfare known as Thames street. There may be wealth "in the raw" in some of the dingy warehouses, that look too dismal even for prisons, but there is none so apparent as to make the stranger forget the sights and smells of the turbid river and the sounds of that vernacular to which the neighboring market of Billingsgate has given a name. With nothing to distinguish it from a warehouse but a small and unobtrusive bill of prices in the grimy window, and its name painted over the door, stands the George Coffee-house, well known among the street-boys as a paradise of warmth, rest and plenty. On opening the door an aroma of strong tea and coffee salutes us, and once fairly inside, we suddenly forget the uninviting surroundings of the exterior. Everything is very plain, but so clean! There is a plentiful display of clean, white crockery, the sure test of a thriving business, and though tablecloths are unknown luxuries, the white wood tables (nothing but planed boards though they be) are scrubbed cleaner than any tablecloth would be likely to remain for more than five minutes after it was put on. A London contemporary says with regard to this place that "where the cups and saucers are dirty and few in number, there is not sufficient custom to repay the cost of cleanliness." The rough wooden benches are full of customers, mostly workmen, wharf-laborers, sailors, etc., but this gathering does not constitute the "House of Lords;" it is only, as it were, the Commons, the lower chamber. Who or what has bestowed upon the assemblage of boys up stairs the whimsical title of "House of Lords" is unknown: probably some boy's jest originated it, for these children are very different from the sedate and well-behaved generation of prosperous British babies fenced in by strict nursery and school-room regulations, and taught from their earliest infancy the lesson that "children ought to be seen, but never heard." These boys,

whose home is represented in its highest sense by the George Coffee-house on Thames street, are "sharp and smart" and "'cute and clever," if not by nature, then by necessity and friction with others. Neither Paris nor New York could beat London for its street-boys and their bright retorts and impertinent but never unseasonable wit. By this time we have climbed the stairs, and on the first floor, facing the staircase, is the door of the upper chamber. A sudden silence and a steady stare meet the unwonted visitor or intruder, as some of the inmates may think us. The scene is decidedly picturesque, as indeed is every scene where rags and tatters and patched garments are prominent. The bright eyes, and sometimes even the ruddy cheeks, of the young "Arabs" contrast well with the hanging shreds which remind one of the fleece or goat's skin of St. John the Baptist in the early Italian pictures. But generally the cheeks are hollow and wan, or the color is feverish and unhealthy, and often fitful, though it is seldom that a boy's spirits decline with his health. Bad luck sometimes makes him desperate, but it seldom turns him into a girl. There is material enough here to people the land with convicts, but it is capable of being moulded the contrary way, and producing honest and well-to-do merchants, lord mayors, legislators for the nation or teachers for future youth. But the difficulty is, Who is to have the moulding of the material? No government supervisors can do it successfully, no professional missionary even can do it, much less a simple philanthropist: in fact, to our mind, no organized body of workers can cope with the task. It is essentially a labor of love and a work of individual influence. Neither coercion nor even any system, however flexible, would work satisfactorily with such utterly independent and self-supporting boys. Probably the only channel through which religion and knowledge could be made attractive to them is that of reward and relaxation; and it is needless to say that any one who would reach their hearts need not hope to do so through their conscience. It is of little use stooping from

a high moral pulpit to pick up a creature of a totally different clay from your own, but if you choose to approach him on an equal footing, and play the part of One who rent His hands in the briers that detained the lost lamb against its will, then you may perhaps hope to do some good among the inmates of the George Coffee-house. The pencil of Leech, Gavarni or Doré would alone give a just picture of the motley gathering of children from five to fifteen, who seem to be rather the inmates of a casual ward in a workhouse than the customers of a decent coffee-house. There are between thirty and forty of them just now: in the evening there will be more. The hours are from 2 to 6 P. M., and two hours later for the men in the room below. The prices are low enough to suit boys whose earnings seldom exceed sixpence a day. For twopence or threepence a satisfying meal of coffee and bread-and-butter can be obtained, and often two boys will club together for one meal, to be divided between them. Even half cups of coffee are not unknown, and, as it is fairly good, this allowance is not so short as it seems. This house, with its moderate prices, is almost the only available spot of refuge for the young city street-sellers, the only place where they can get a warm meal, and, above all, a civil welcome, at a rate possible to their slender means. The city magistrates know this house well, and think it a better institution than even any amount of gratuitous charity or government provision. Honesty and independence are fostered in the young customers, and yet there is no bar to their practicing hospitality, now and then, toward their more unlucky colleagues. A pint of hot coffee and two thick slices of bread-and-butter, costing, at most, threepence, leaves the fortunate boy, who has not failed to make his average sum of sixpence, threepence for his *bed*, such as it is—probably in some shed, loft or roof, among a few seldom-removed bundles of straw, in the crowded districts of Lambeth, Whitechapel, Seven Dials, etc. The landlord of the George Coffee-house has had this branch of his business for seven flourishing years, and

though he was obliged to give the boys the upper floor "for fear of offending" the men, his regular customers, he has found both branches work and repay him well.

Such is the ramification of caste-feeling in England that between the wharf-laborer and the street-boy there is yet a wide gulf, which the former, at least, jealously guards from being bridged over. Men are ever prone to look rather to the present than the future, and to measure their worldly standing by what they earn to-day rather than by what they may lack ten years hence. It is not impossible that one of these sturdy, haughty laborers may one day be glad to take wages from the junior partner of a firm with whom his last meeting will have been on the threshold of the "House of Lords." Indeed, if many a true word is spoken in jest, this is truest of all under such circumstances as these.

The members of this upper chamber have one tendency in common with their august prototypes of Westminster—*i. e.*, their fondness for cold water. Southwark Bridge is their favorite bathing-place, but bathing unfortunately develops a tremendous appetite, so that it is only the lucky possessor of a few pence over and above the bare sum necessary for a dinner who can indulge in this luxury and pastime. A boy so poor as not to be able to pay for admission into the "House of Lords" has almost reached the lowest depths of poverty, and it is possible that even the members of the House might look down on such an unlucky wight. But, as a general rule, there is no section of society more clanish than street-boys, unless where individual rivalry is in question.

The title "House of Lords," bestowed on this fantastic gathering of what not only the verdict of the prosperous classes, but even that of the poorly-paid day-laborer, is pleased to call outcasts, is one that suggests a comparison between England and America. In the former country, no doubt, not more than one in two hundred of these bright, hopeful, promising children comes to a good end, while in the latter certainly a fourth of that number would rise to comfort and com-



petency, and a dozen or so to public and well-deserved distinction. Would it were so always by means of knowledge rather than of money!

B. M.

#### HOME PRONUNCIATION.

A TRAVELER who visited the old home of Charlotte Brontë at Haworth some years since relates that he found it very hard to make a peasant in the neighborhood understand whither he wanted to go. He tried various fanciful pronunciations of the name, but none of them seemed to convey any definite impression to the man's mind. At last the countryman said, "Per'aps the genelman means Horth?" This proved to be just what the gentleman did mean; whereupon the other exclaimed, "Well, then, if you *meant* Horth, why didn't you *say* Horth?"

This affords a good illustration of the frequent variance between the orthography of geographical names and their "home pronunciation." In England many places whose titles are really very significant and appropriate receive, in ordinary conversation among their inhabitants, designations which are not only meaningless, but often very ridiculous. And, as the original is seldom changed to agree with the colloquial form, such difficulties as the one experienced by the traveler just mentioned must often occur.

A stranger who should desire to go to Smithfield would be obliged, if he wished to be understood, to ask the way to *Smiffel*. Holborn, in popular parlance, is *Hoburn*; Hyde Park, *I Park*; Gravesend, *Graysen*; Southwark, *Sutherk*; London Bridge, nearly *Lumbridge*; Warwick, *Wark*; Norwich, almost *Narch*; Newcastle, *Newksul*; and Birmingham, *Brummagen*. If space permitted numerous other cases of the same kind might be mentioned.

The same thing occurs, though less frequently, on the Continent. A traveler wishing to be directed to the capital of Würtemberg would probably have some difficulty in making himself understood if he were unaware that the common people pronounce the name

*Shtugg'rt*; while the German name for Munich (*München*) must be turned, in intercourse with the inhabitants thereof, into something like *Minshen*. Frenchmen, as a rule, substitute an explosive, short, nasal sound for their geographical names, very little like what a foreigner would suppose to be the proper pronunciation. In their mouths the old punning witticism about the loss of the letter *a* causing Paris to be "taken" (*pris*) becomes almost a reality; and the Gallic way of pronouncing Metz is, literally, "making a *Mess* of it."

We Americans are not much better than the English in this respect. We have, in fact, inherited a great many of their names in which this variance occurs, such as Leicester, Worcester, Gloucester, etc. But we have also followed their example by mispronouncing names of native origin. This is especially noticeable in the numerous American names which were taken from the Indian dialects and from the French, Spanish, German and Dutch. Among these are Taliaferro, which must be called *Tolliver*; San Francisco, which is fast becoming *Frisco*; Arkansas and Illinois, commonly called by their citizens *Arkansaw* and *Illinoy*; and St. Joseph, a name given in all good faith by the French Canadian *voyageurs* or fur-traders, but shortened by the present inhabitants into the strikingly irreverent form of *St. Joe*. In numerous cases belonging to this class the spelling as well as the pronunciation has been altered. For example, Key West has been formed from the Spanish *Cayo Hueso*—"Bone Islet;" Rappahannock, Rahway and Raritan have grown out of *Tupahanoc*, *Lahway* and *Nanaton*, the true names in the Algonkin language, which lacks the letter *r*; and Rhode Island is, it is said, a corruption of *Roode Eiland*—"Red Island"—the name given by Dutch navigators from New Amsterdam to the island called by the Indians *Aquetnek*, and first seen by the Hollanders in the full glory of autumn foliage.

Besides such cases as these, which have the excuse that some confusion has necessarily arisen from the differ-

ence between the language of the givers and that of the present users, there is another large class which cannot be palliated on the same ground. This comprises names given by British colonists or American citizens, and carelessly corrupted in later days by their descendants. Among these are such instances as Baltimore, called by a very large number of its inhabitants *Bawltmer*; North Carolina, frequently turned, within its borders, into *Nawth Kelina*; Delaware, often called by its people *Delawurr*; New York, very generally condensed by the citizens of our American metropolis into *N'york*; and a vast number of similar cases.

But to counterbalance these cases, in which the home pronunciation is incorrect and indefensible, there are many others in which it is much more proper than that adopted by the outside world. This is especially true in America, where many Indian names, which are mispronounced abroad, receive very nearly, if not exactly, the true aboriginal sound. Niagara is pronounced *Niagára* by all the European poets who have used the name except Moore; but as the Iroquois title (meaning simply "a neck," and applied to the neck of land between the lakes), was *Neàugará*, it is evident the American accentuation is more correct. In the same way it is the fashion in England, and even in many parts of our own country, to pronounce the name of the beautiful falls on the Pacific slope *Yo Sémite* or *Yo Semight*, but the home pronunciation, *Yo Seméety*, is entirely in accordance with the proper Indian sounds. The river Potomac also, usually called *Póttomac* in England, furnishes an instance of the same kind; for the Virginian pronunciation, *Potómac*, though it does not correspond exactly with the original Algonkin name, is much closer to it than the other form.

It is evident, therefore, that although home pronunciation is often faulty and deceptive, yet it also, in many cases, affords a true guide to the correct sound; and in consequence it must always be worthy of a fair and careful examination.

W. W. C.

#### PUNNING.

THERE are signs of a reaction in favor of that pariah of jocularities, the pun. With the most amiable feelings toward the oppressed, we find it impossible to join warmly in this movement. Toleration is all we can concede to this intruder among its betters in the circle of wit, unpleasant because pert and most amusing when most absurd.

That punning has a record of its own must be admitted. But everything has a history, and most things a literature—even shoe-blackening. The fact that the names of nearly all the Hebrews, and of many among their coeval nations, were puns, does not help the matter. They did not know any better in those days, and out on the Plains they do not know any better now. The-Young-Man-Who-Steals-Horses has no advantage over Ichabod or Ebenezer. That the family of Beans produced a great general, and that of Chick peas, pois chiches, or Cicers, a mighty orator, does not vindicate the practice of making the same word do double duty, and designate at once a potherb and a politician. But the habit will never die out. It is looked on as a public blessing, a boon to the general good-humor, when a statesman is endowed with a double-barreled name. It brings on a perpetual feu de joie of squibs, and makes him so much the more agreeable to everybody but himself. Where would *Punch* have been without Peel—Lemon Peel, as poor Mark, who labored under the same misfortune, was entitled to call him? Wellington, happily non-available to the British punster, was less fortunate over the way. There, they "punned him down to" Vileinton. But the French will do anything. When the tester, or *ciel*, of Calonne's bed fell on him one night, Paris, with one voice, exclaimed, "*Juste Ciel!*" Royalty, with its ministers, was on the down turn then. The next generation had suffered and learned; and it held up its hands and prayed, *Donnez-nous notre père de Gand (paire de gants)*; Louis the Desired having ventured so near the frontier as Ghent. All generations of that wittiest of nations have been

addicted to puns. Voltaire and Talleyrand stooped to this inferior form of wit. But they did not fall to the idiocy of the anagram, the ne plus ultra of facetiousness with several generations and a favorite weapon of literary polemics.

Nor has the northern side of the Channel much ground for pluming itself on exemption from this weakness. Shakespeare, its bright particular star, was notoriously given to verbal quips, greatly to the disgust of Johnson. Charles Lamb must have caught the punning infection from his particular friends the old dramatists. His efforts are too familiar to quote. Everybody has read how he accounted for the coolness of the Duke of Cumberland, his reflection that the party who dined on the top of Salisbury steeple must have been very sharp set, and his reply to the query of the omnibus cad, "All full inside?" that he didn't know how it stood with the rest of the company, but "that last bit of oyster-pie did the business for me." Elia is better, or worse, remembered for these atrocities than for his deeper and truer charms. With Hood the case is different, although he was a still more inveterate punster, and may be said to have made a profession of it. His epitaph points, as epitaphs do not always, to the source not only of his best, but of his widest, reputation: "He sang the Song of the Shirt."

In the Heralds' College we have a good deal of wit. Amongst the rest, its punning mottoes, like the "Festina Lente" of the Onslows and "Fare, fac" of the Fairfaxes, hold their own well. A magnificent pun lurks in the legend of the Rohans:

Prince ne veut,  
Roi ne peux,  
Rohan je suis.

Rohan rises above roi with an increment of nasality—a haughty snort. This is an improvement, in point of concentration, on the sort of jest that is crowded into a word. It is condensed into an inflexion. It goes back farther than the *mot*, like the old gentleman who stood so straight up that he leaned a little backward. He must have been a Rohan. E. C. B.

#### BAIRD'S DIVISION AT CHICKAMAUGA.

To the Editor of Lippincott's Magazine:

I ASK a small space in your magazine for the purpose of correcting a mistake made by Colonel Kimberly in his graphic account of the battle of Chickamauga, published in your June number.

Speaking of the second day's engagement (Sunday, Sept. 20, 1863), he says: "No: it was too plain that Baird's division was giving way. A moment more, and the lower end of the open field was filled with a dense mass of men as Baird's disordered lines poured forth out of the woods, which were swarming with the exultant enemy." This was in the early part of the day.

I am unable to speak of Baird's *entire* division, but I can do so confidently of one brigade in it—namely, the brigade of regulars with which I served. This brigade went into action on the second day with four battalions of infantry and a fragment of the first battalion 16th Infantry, under Captain Crofton (the remainder of the battalion and Battery H, 5th Artillery, which also belonged to the brigade, having been cut to pieces in the first day's battle). We occupied our position at daybreak, and never once during the whole day was it changed, although we were exposed throughout almost the entire day to one of the hottest fires I was ever subjected to. Occasionally one battalion was relieved by another in the rear during the morning, but never once until sunset did we "give way" or "pour out of the woods." At sunset or thereabouts the woods in our rear became filled with the enemy's skirmishers, and in obedience to orders from Captain Albert B. Dodd, the commanding officer of my battalion, we retired to the line of Johnson's division (I think), which was the next on our right. As this movement was executed at the same time by the other battalions, I presume orders had been received from brigade headquarters, although I did not hear them given.

SAMUEL R. HONEY,

formerly First Lieutenant Fifteenth Infantry, and  
Adjutant First Battalion.

## LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

A Study of Hawthorne. By George Parsons Lathrop. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

It would be hardly possible to write anything uninteresting about Hawthorne, and this small but not short volume is replete with interest. The title refrains from claiming biographical completeness, thereby meeting many demands of delicacy and policy. Hawthorne's outward life was too bare of events, his inner too jealously shrouded even from sympathy, to furnish forth a memoir; besides which, he had deprecated such an undertaking. But Mr. Lathrop has gathered together with painstaking intelligence whatever materials were to be found either in original manuscript or the memories of those earliest, longest and most closely associated with his father-in-law, and co-ordinated them with judgment and understanding; and the result is a clearer and more coherent notion of the influences which shaped and colored that potent genius — so far as it could be externally modified — and of the course of his career, than has ever been given to the public.

The book opens appropriately with a description of Salem, "restored" to the aspects it offered seventy-five years ago, when there was so much both in its quaint, quiet streets and the surrounding country to stimulate and impress the imagination of a sensitive, dreamy child. A key which fits the door of many a dark corridor or haunted chamber in Hawthorne's brain is to be found in the history of his family, the first of whom came to this country in 1630. The sketch of the Hawthornes would be most interesting even had there been no great-great-grandson Nathaniel to make us curious about them: appearing at the present time, it is a welcome contribution to Centennial memoirs. The old, original ancestor, *Stamm-Vater*, was Major William Hathorne, a strong typical figure whose outlines remain hard and firm in the notices which have come down of him—a true Cromwellian, brave, adventurous, unyielding, stern, fanatical, perhaps cruel. He eschewed Episcopalians, fought Indians, discharged legal and political duties, whipped

Quakers—left a name for valor, independence, and eloquence. His son, Colonel John Hawthorne, followed with exactness in his father's footsteps, if he did not inherit all his ability: he was prominent in the colony, and held various offices, among others that of magistrate during the terrible witch-frenzy. In this position he showed himself bigoted and severe, and his harshness provoked a curse from one of the victims, which was believed to have descended to his posterity. His son sank into obscurity as a farmer. But in the next generation the family comes forward again in a band of seafarers, some of them privateers in the Revolutionary war. The exploits of one of them, Daniel, commander of the brig *Fair American*, are celebrated in a delightful old nautical ballad of the true dull and doughty class, another windfall in these days of relics and reminiscences. It must have been a satisfaction to this stalwart old salt when a son, Nathaniel, was born to him in the very year of independence, 1776, when he himself was already sixty-five years old: he did not live to the fuller contentment of seeing his grandson, Nathaniel the younger, born to greatness on the Fourth of July, 1804. In this brief survey of the preliminary portion of the book there is no room for some very striking stories, and some very good ones in the common meaning of the phrase, which are brought in with excellent effect in the account of Nathaniel Hawthorne's forbears. We must pass on to the true subject.

The boy's father, a merchant-captain, died at Surinam when his son was but two years old, and was mourned by his widow with an intensity and tenacity of sorrow which partook of the old Puritan characteristics, of the habits of a small country town and of individual temperament. Hawthorne's earliest recollections were of a gloomy, grief-stricken home, which probably never became much more cheerful, so far as his mother was concerned. People's recollections of him, however, were of a singularly handsome, "taking" child, playing and jumping about in his mother's garden. When he was about eight years old, during the war of 1812, a brother

of his father's went to sea and never returned: his fate has never been known. This event, with its shade of sorrowful mystery, made an impression upon the child's mind which took shape in his *Note-Books* when he was fifty. He went to school about this time, his education being provided for by a maternal uncle, and Dr. Worcester, the compiler of the *Dictionary*, was his instructor. He must have inspired his master with unusual interest, for, being confined to the house by an injury to his foot (which lasted for three years, and threatened deformity and permanent lameness), Dr. Worcester voluntarily gave him lessons at home, that his studies might not be interrupted. This ailment at one time took so severe a form that he was forced to keep a recumbent posture, and, preferring the floor to any other couch, lay there reading, playing with the cat and learning to knit. Mr. Lathrop dwells on this period of Hawthorne's life chiefly as the occasion of his turning from active amusements to books: to many it will suggest other and less happy indications and consequences. The hurt itself, incurred in a game of football, is spoken of as a simple thing, but it is difficult not to suspect some deeper cause of infirmity when a powerful-looking boy of eight or nine, leading a simple, healthy life, a devotee of out-of-door sports, could be laid up for so long, and with the menace of lasting injury, from so apparently slight a cause. Were there not lurking in his system the seeds of that terrible ill by which the climate of New England avenges the conquests of an alien race, and leaves the victor to carry about a wound that never heals, breaking out sometimes in consumption, sometimes in madness, and in a hundred insidious shapes of anguish? It frequently exists beneath the most blooming surface or the most iron frame—sometimes lying in ambush through one generation to wreak itself upon the next. This is the true curse, and not poverty or misfortune or sudden death, or any of the forms in which the poor witch's imprecation was thought to have dogged the steps of her persecutors. This would account in great measure for the morbid, abnormal tendency of Hawthorne's mind, which Mr. Lathrop vainly denies in the face of universal conviction founded on the invariable tenor of his works and actions. If, indeed, he bore through life the sound and sturdy frame which is so often referred to, it is the surer proof that the evil had attacked his less

substantial part. Such a cutting off and reclusion from all the associations and amusements of his age were likely to weigh more heavily in Hawthorne's case than in that of most boys: there seems to have been an entire absence of expansion and demonstrativeness in his home-family, which was but natural in a pure New England breed; but, although the circle consisted of a mother and two elder sisters, one feels a painful lack of the warmth, tenderness and softness which should surround a child, sick or well, and which must have left this little sufferer too much to books, his four-footed friend and self-communing. The effects could not have been happy on the most ordinary, prosaic boy: with this reserved, refined, indrawn nature they must have been doubly unfortunate—unfortunate for himself, for few would regret the circumstances which gave so peculiar a stamp to Hawthorne's talents, and made him, for all the real or fancied resemblances to Bunyan, Milton, Poe and Irving which Mr. Lathrop traces out with rather futile ingenuity, absolutely original and unique.

In October, 1818, the family left Salem and moved to Raymond, Maine, where Mr. Robert Manning, Mrs. Hawthorne's brother—the same who was educating her boy—had built a house for them. Nathaniel, with recovered strength and energy, had a fine field for his love of solitude and exercise in the hillsides, forests and waters of this beautiful region. To this portion of his story belongs a journal which came to light under singular circumstances half a century later, after his death. Its authenticity cannot be proved, but there are strong reasons to accept it; of which the strongest is the absence of marked intellect in the entries; what is really remarkable being the individuality, which is of the most distinct quality, and in all respects corresponding to Hawthorne's: almost anybody making up a boyish diary for him would have made it cleverer. It records principally incidents of village life, fishing expeditions, ghost-stories, homely, rustic dialogues and jokes, showing the germs of much that distinguished Hawthorne's after bent, love of Nature, sensibility to the supernatural, shrewd and humorous observation, and sympathy with humbler men and lives. If it be a forgery, it is one of the ablest in the annals of literature.

He remained at Raymond but a year, returning to Salem to prepare for college, whither he went two years later. During this inter-



val he made his first literary essay in the publication of a little newspaper, of which he was editor, staff and printer, the numbers being neatly printed with a pen on very small note-paper. The verses are not remarkable even for a boy of fifteen or sixteen: the prose is full of immature talent. In the autumn of 1821, when he was between seventeen and eighteen, he entered Bowdoin College, with Longfellow, Cheever, Commodore Bridge, and Pierce (afterward President) as fellow-students; the last two were his particular friends, and this early association was destined to affect his future in unlooked-for ways. "Few records of his college life remain," says Mr. Lathrop, and then mentions the extraordinary and significant fact that this lad, who at sixteen wished his sister to correspond with him in invisible ink, had already formed the habit of destroying all his own letters when he could get hold of them. He impressed his professors and companions as having unusual gifts, but made no mark equivalent to the prodigious power within him: his friend Bridge predicted that he would earn fame as an author, but says it was intuitive conviction rather than reason which inspired the prophecy. He occasionally wrote verses which were published anonymously in newspapers: they are pretty, but little more: the deep poetry of his nature did not find its outlet in metre. His passion for Nature, solitude and sport increased, and found ample opportunity in the woods and streams round Bowdoin College, and perhaps ministering to his inherent shyness and secretiveness, withdrew him from the fuller comprehension and appreciation of those with whom he lived, and retarded the development of his intellectual activity.

Hawthorne graduated creditably, though not brilliantly, in 1825, and went back to Salem, whither his mother too had returned, to begin one of the most eccentric existences of which there is record even among the lives of geniuses, and which gives as strange a notion of his family as of himself. They were in straitened circumstances, and seemed, moreover, born recluses, dwelling apart from each other under the same roof. The brother carried this propensity so far that his meals were frequently brought to the locked door of his attic-room: he sometimes did not quit it for days together. When he did so, it was at sunrise for a swim in the sea, or after night-fall for long, lonely tramps over the hills or beaches.

Having had his education given to him, he was expected to choose a calling and support himself, but there seemed an impossibility in his following any that was open to him. His vocation he felt to be letters, and three years after leaving college he published anonymously a romance called *Fanshawe*, which fell still-born, and the vestiges of which he himself sedulously destroyed in after-times. Neither the outline nor extracts which Mr. Lathrop gives betray any uncommon talent: it is small and tardy promise for a man of twenty-four with undying renown before him. Still he struggled and endured: the travail of his intellect was a long agony. We know of no instance so strange of the birth of a great genius. His next attempt, apparently, was a series of stories called *Seven Tales of my Native Land*: his sister, to whom he read them, told Mr. Lathrop that they were chiefly stories of witchcraft or sea-adventure, and very beautiful. He found a publisher willing and anxious to print them, but in need of capital: this led to delays which wore out the patience or the hopes of the author, who finally reclaimed his manuscript, and in the exasperation of disappointment burned it. The discouragement and depression of this period lasted nearly ten years, and are expressed in some of his later stories, such as *The Devil in Manuscript*, and in fragmentary utterances in his *Note-Books*. By degrees his infant talent, so slow in coming to the birth, gained the power of speech, imperfect at first, but murmuring words which roused attention. Some slight contributions to newspapers and magazines attracted the notice of a small knot of young women, themselves of no common capacity. After difficulties which lasted nearly two years, his future sister-in-law, Miss E. P. Peabody, succeeded in discovering the author, and ultimately in dragging him from his den into a very small, very congenial and cultivated circle, yet so formidable to this self-made Caspar Hauser that he turned pale and fierce with *sauvagerie* at the sight of a lighted drawing-room and a few fellow-creatures. He was then past thirty-two. This was the date of a new era. It would seem as if human intercourse had been the lacking condition to mature his powers and teach him their use. He was soon after drawn to Boston to assist Mr. Goodrich in the publication of his children's histories, and other literary engagements followed. In the spring of 1837 *Twice-Told Tales* appeared in a volume, and the warm-hearted Longfellow, already in the high noon of fame

and favor, came forward holding out both his generous hands to his old classmate, whom he greeted with a notice in the *North American Review* which at once placed him on solid ground before the public.

Thenceforward, the circumstances of Hawthorne's life are well known. His marriage, his connection with the Salem custom-house, the sojourn at Brook Farm, the successive appearance of the *Mosses from an Old Manse*, *Scarlet Letter*, *House of the Seven Gables* and *Blithedale Romance*—which carried his fame to the highest pinnacle, subsequent works only maintaining it there—are the milestones along the road. Shy, reserved and sensitive as ever, he still shunned society, although he numbered among his friends, or those who would gladly have called themselves so, the choicest spirits of the country; and he could nevermore make the pathetic complaint of "writing with benumbed fingers" for want of the warmth of approbation. Then came the long episode of his consulate in Liverpool, followed by his journey to Italy and the publication of the *Marble Faun*; lastly, his return to his native country, from which seven years' absence and the vexations of office had done much to estrange him, on the eve of the civil war, and the succumbing of his energies under the weight of the accumulated suffering of his countrymen. Ever sensitive as he had been to all forms of sin and sorrow, and upheld in this case by no strong sympathy, ardent enthusiasm or lofty principles, he lost hope and spirit, and died May 19, 1864.

The engrossing interest of the subject has left us but little room to say anything of Mr. Lathrop's mode of treating it, or of his judgment of Hawthorne's character, intellect and productions. It is a pity that a stronger hand had not applied itself to the task: Mr. Lathrop's is too feeble to grasp a subject so large and so complex. He speaks of Hawthorne's æsthetic qualities, which were in truth non-existent, as one need but read the *Marble Faun* to see. Hawthorne confesses the want, and the proof that he was not mistaken in himself is that the Elgin Marbles were dumb and a disappointment to him; although the eternal principles and laws of art of which they are, so to speak, the canon and compendium, are instantly recognized by the most untutored taste where taste exists at all. Yet an artist he was, as well as an adorer of beauty. Of Hawthorne's political connections and course, of which Mr. Lathrop makes himself the apol-

ogist, it is not worth while to speak: there was such a fundamental antagonism between all that belongs to public life and the instincts and possibilities of his nature that the idea of Hawthorne as a politician or officeholder is grotesque. Nor had the great questions which are at once the corner-stone and the stumbling-block in our national edifice value or meaning for him. It is vain for Mr. Lathrop to endeavor to balance his attitude toward slavery by the anxiety he showed to mitigate the abuses of the marine laws. Hawthorne's humanity arose chiefly, if not entirely, from personal sensibility: the sight and knowledge of suffering were intolerable to him. His consular duties brought him in contact with the cruelty of shipmasters, and his wounded, quivering temperament strove to find a preventive. In the terrible life-struggle of the nation he leaned toward the Northern side because, he writes, "New England is quite as large a lump of earth as my heart can really take in." The anguish of those years consumed him body and mind: he lost his power to write, and, as we have seen, died at last of mental misery; but it was less the bursting heart of the patriot than the tortured sensibilities of excessive refinement and the crushing weight of a morbid melancholy. Let us not seem to decry Hawthorne. There was a noble simplicity and unworldliness in his mode of life, a complete absence of sham or simulation, a staunch loyalty to all his professions, with many other grand and lovable qualities. But the moment any one tries to exalt his moral to the level of his intellectual being, he becomes, like Mr. Lathrop, an apologist, and is forced to excuse much that he cannot explain away. Mr. Lathrop also takes a tone as if Hawthorne had been ill-treated throughout life, especially at the close of his career; but when we come to facts, he does not seem to have had exceptionally hard measure. Life has for most of us long and bitter probations, fiery ordeals, and they generally take the shape which each seems least fitted to bear. Yet, as a rule, they are shaped by the disposition and character of those who have to undergo them; and this was peculiarly the case with Hawthorne's lifelong poverty, and with the censure—we cannot call it misconception—he incurred regarding his half-heartedness during the war. And, on the other hand, his peculiarities had the strength, and were indulged to the degree, necessary to shield him from a great deal of what was most unpleasant to him. As to the tardy

recognition of his genius, no one can feel aggrieved that it was not recognized before it had manifested itself. On the whole, the chief elements of suffering were within, and that must ever be a mystery: in outer life he had about the common share of good and ill.

Mr. Lathrop's critical power may be estimated from his remark that Irving found his natural vocation in writing history, and by his estimate of Hawthorne's rank in literature as "on a plane between Shakespeare and Goethe." "His creations are statuesquely moulded like Goethe's, but they have the same quick music of heart-throbs that Shakespeare's have," and which, we are to infer, Gretchen, Mignon and Clärchen have not! He is so unable to deal thoroughly with any matter he takes in hand that at one moment he scans a fact with a microscope, the next he will not look it in the face, as where he speaks of Hawthorne's religion. His style, which is neither clear nor forcible, is further clouded and weakened by puerile ingenuities of diction, and by his habit of repeating in a figure of speech what he has already contrived to express without the aid of metaphor or simile. Nor does he always use words correctly, writing "peacefully" for peaceably, and "sentiment" for sensitiveness. There is an objectionable verbosity, moreover, of which the following is a sample: "Whoever reverences something has a meaning. Shall he not record it? But there are two ways in which he may express himself—through speech and through silence—both of them sacred alike. Which of these we will use on any given occasion is a question much too subtle, too surely fraught with intuitions that cannot be formulated, to admit of arbitrary prescription." Unfortunately, this is the jargon of a school.

Mr. Lathrop never personally knew the subject of his study, but naturally approaches his grave with tenderness and veneration. And it is much better and more agreeable for the reader that he should err on this side than in the opposite direction. His book is worthy of all respect for its spirit, and there is much to commend in the execution. The opening description of Salem, with the picture of Witch Hill, is excellent, and Hawthorne's various situations in life are portrayed with an apparent fidelity and accuracy which could be obtained only by great patience and mental effort.

Clarel: A Poem and Pilgrimage in the Holy Land. By Herman Melville. 2 vols. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

If Mr. Melville has written anything since the three captivating books *Omoo*, *Typee* and *Mardi*, which were the delight of our early youth, we do not know it. If we should hereafter discover that he has done so, we shall feel our loss to be great, and that we have missed part of the pleasure that belonged to bygone years, for it would be of no use to read them now. The charm of those fabled isles is like the good dream we cannot remember, the taste of apples from the trees we climbed when we played truant,

The light that never was on sea or land, in short; and Mr. Melville's sea and land were as much mirage as the light itself. Those books belong to the joys of adolescence. After an interval of twenty-five years or more it was rather startling to see his pleasant name of happy memories on the back of a new book, and surprise changed to dismay on finding that this book of two stout volumes was a poem. It is the narrative of a journey through Palestine, as fanciful in its incidents and personages as those former voyages to the islands of the Pacific or Southern seas. He introduces the reader to a crowd of fellow-travelers of the most various and eccentric types, in characterizing whom he takes some pains, which are thrown away, as there is no story, or if there be one, they have nothing to do with it. There are episodes, a skeleton love-affair, some sketches of people and their lives, but there is no plot. The personages are used, like figures in landscape-painting, to animate the scenes through which we follow the author: their conversation turns chiefly on the religious doubt and disbelief which beset many—Mr. Melville seems to think all—thoughtful men in our times, and the social, political and scientific questions interwoven with them. We may as well state at once that no new light is thrown upon these questions. The book is not wanting in picturesqueness, humor, fancy, sentiment, or any of the qualities Mr. Melville formerly possessed: it is good, honest and reverent in intention, although a reader who has felt the beauty and majesty of the biblical style will writhe under the occasional paraphrases of Scripture, which are not much above Tate and Brady's metrical version of the Psalms. There is a facility in rhyming which makes it seem likely that Mr. Melville might, if he chose, use it as his ordinary medium of com-

munication in daily life, but he has more trouble with the versification, and is constantly driven to awkward shifts to eke out or bal- last his lines, such as inane repetitions—

List to the hand-mills as they drone,  
Domestic hand-mills in the court—

of which almost every page affords an instance, or misplacing an accent and pronouncing St. Bernard, St. Bernard', and St. John, Sinjin, which, though in order when used of Bolingbroke, is too unceremonious applied to an apostle. There are a few striking descriptions, such as that of the monk of Saba feeding the doves, which is like a picture of Mr. Holman Hunt's, and some good images and metaphors, especially those drawn from Mr. Melville's old sea-life; but generally there is a want of point and distinctness, whether it be in the figures of speech, word-painting or dialogue: it produces a confusion of ideas and clumsiness of outline, arising not from obscurity of thought, but of expression, and that arises originally from Mr. Melville's imperfect command of metre and rhythm. He gives evidence of wide though desultory and superficial information, presenting rather than anything new a great quantity of things one has heard before. The book is neither dull, stupid, nor heavy, and it is full of prettiness: it conveys an impression that the author is bright and genial, yet it is almost unreadable because of its length and the dead average commonplace level along which it stretches. There is nothing in it which could not have been said as well or better in prose: there are really not six lines of genuine poetry in it, unless (and we say it doubtfully, feeling that our standard may be temporarily affected by having followed this interminable jingle) we except the dirge near the close of the second volume:

Stay, Death! Not mine the Christus-wand  
Wherewith to charge thee and command:  
I plead Most gently hold the hand  
Of her thou leadest far away.  
Fear thou to let her naked feet  
Tread ashes, but let mosses sweet  
Her footing tempt where'er ye stray.  
Shun Orcus; win the moonlit land  
Belulled—the silent meadows lone,  
Where never any leaf is blown  
From lily-stem in Azrael's hand.  
There, till her love rejoin her lowly  
(Pensive, a shade, but all her own),  
On honey feed her, wild and holy;  
Or trance her with thy choicest charm.  
And if, ere yet the lover's free,  
Some added dusk thy rule decree,  
That shadow only let it be  
Thrown in the moon-glade by the palm.

### Books Received.

- Revolutionary Times: Sketches of our Country, its People and their Ways, One Hundred Years Ago. By Edward Abbott. Boston: Roberts Brothers.
- The Poultry-yard and Market; or, Practical Treatise on Gallinoculture. By Professor A. Corbett. New York: Orange Judd & Co.
- Poetry for Home and School. Selected and arranged by Anna C. Brackett and Ida M. Eliot. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- The Complete Poetical Works of John G. Whittier. (Centennial Edition.) Illustrated. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.
- Wych Hazel. By Susan and Anna Warner, authors of "Wide, Wide World," etc. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- The Physical Basis of Immortality. By Antoinette Brown Blackwell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- The Sylvan Year, and The Unknown River. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. Boston: Roberts Brothers.
- Great Expectations. By Charles Dickens. (Household Edition.) New York: Harper & Brothers.
- Living Waters: A New Collection of Sacred Songs. By D. F. Hodges. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.
- Meditations on the Essence of Christianity By R. Laird Collier, D. D. Boston: Roberts Brothers.
- Ladies' Fancy Work. Vol. III. (Williams' Household Series.) New York: Henry T. Williams.
- Miss Molly. By Beatrice May Butt. (Leisure-Hour Series.) New York: Henry Holt & Co.
- Official Guide to Philadelphia. By Thompson Westcott. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.
- Memories of Familiar Books. By William B. Reed, LL.D. New York: E. J. Hale & Son.
- Dead Men's Shoes: A Novel. By Miss M. E. Braddon. New York: Harper & Brothers.
- A Star and A Heart. By Florence Marryat. (Loring's Select Novels.) Boston: Loring.
- The Schuylkill: A Centennial Poem. By M. K. C. Philadelphia: J. A. Haddock.
- Sam's Chance, and How he Improved it. By Horatio Alger, Jr. Boston: Loring.
- The Ancient Régime. By Hippolyte Adolphe Taine. New York: Henry Holt & Co.
- The American Journal of the Medical Sciences. Philadelphia: Henry C. Lea.
- Iphigenia, and Other Poems. By Henry Pride. London: J. Burns.
- Poems. By Christina G. Rossetti. Boston: Roberts Brothers.